





F. H. Atkinson

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1907









A PAGE FROM 'THE SKETCH-BOOK OF GEORGE SHEPHERD, AT LORD'S, ABOUT 1790  
(Reproduced by permission of the M.C.C.)

# THE HAMBLEMEN

BEING A NEW EDITION OF JOHN NYREN'S  
'YOUNG CRICKETER'S TUTOR,' TOGETHER  
WITH A COLLECTION OF OTHER MATTER  
DRAWN FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, ALL  
BEARING UPON THE GREAT BATSMEN AND  
BOWLERS BEFORE ROUND-ARM CAME IN.

EDITED BY

E. V. LUCAS

'Last Munday youre Father was at Mr. Payn's and plaid  
at Cricket, and came home please anuf, for he struck the  
best ball in the game, and whishd he had not anny thing else  
to do he would play at Cricket all his Life.'

*Extract from an old Sussex letter*

LONDON  
HENRY FROWDE

1907

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TO THE MISSES  
MARY, ELISABETH, AND ALICE NYREN  
GRAND-DAUGHTERS OF JOHN NYREN  
THIS BOOK  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



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## BALLADE OF DEAD CRICKETERS

AN, where be Beldham now, and Brett,  
Barber, and Hogsflesh, where be they?  
Brett, of all bowlers fleetest yet  
That drove the bails in disarray?  
And Small that would, like Orpheus, play  
Till wild bulls followed his minstrelsy?  
Booker, and Quiddington, and May?  
Beneath the daisies, there they lie!

And where is Lambert, that would get  
The stumps with balls that broke astray?  
And Mann, whose balls would ricochet  
In almost an unholy way  
(So do baseballers 'pitch' to-day);  
George Lear, that seldom let a bye,  
And Richard Nyren, grave and gray?  
Beneath the daisies, there they lie!

Tom Sueter, too, the ladies' pet,  
Brown that would bravest hearts affray;  
Walker, invincible when set,  
(Tom, of the spider limbs and splay);  
Think ye that we could match them, pray,  
These heroes of Broad-halfpenny,  
With Buck to hit, and Small to stay?  
Beneath the daisies, there they lie!

### ENVOY

Prince, canst thou moralize the lay?  
How all things change below the sky!  
Of Fry and Hirst shall mortals say,  
'Beneath the daisies, there they lie!'

ANDREW LANG.





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## INTRODUCTION

THE Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne, writing to his nephew on August 1st, 1786, adds this post-script:—

‘Little Tom Clement is visiting at Petersfield, where he plays much at cricket: Tom bats; his grandmother bowls; and his great-grandmother watches out!!’

Little Tom Clement (who was the son of the naturalist’s niece Jane) stands here bat in hand, on the threshold of this Hambledon Book, with, I think, peculiar fitness—for he typifies the cricket enthusiasm which was just beginning to burn in the veins of young England, and has been burning with so noble a fire ever since. He came to Petersfield (which is an easy walk from Hambledon) from Alton, also in the enkindling area, at a time when the Hambledon Club was at its zenith. Although only five he had fallen already under the magic spell, and not only fallen himself, but was taking his grandmother and his great-grandmother with him.

That the mother of the Graces played her part in their cricket education we all knew: that is History; but little Tom Clement’s grandmother bowling him of her best, and his great-grandmother watchful ‘in the country’—these ladies were hitherto unknown to the world, and it is time that they had their fame. But

my principal reason for quoting the passage, together with that on the title-page (from Mary Turner of East Hoathly in Sussex to her son at Brighthelmstone, some years earlier), was to show that cricket, even so long ago, was exercising its subtle spell and claiming its slaves just as it does to-day—and was not, as some may have thought, confined to the few illustrious players who in the pages of Nyren and Bentley and Lillywhite represent all the enterprise in the game that was shown for so long a period. Beneath the surface on which they glitteringly performed were depth on depth of that village-green enthusiasm which, for us, Mrs. Turner and little Tom Clement symbolize.

My object in the present book has been to bring together as many authentic praises of the early cricketers first celebrated by Nyren as I could find—together with a few new facts concerning Nyren himself: the whole to form rather a eulogy of the fathers of the noblest of games than a history of its rise or contribution to the literature of its theory. The reader will find few dates, but many traits and virtues; no well-ordered facts, but much enthusiasm.

I have made the introduction of round-arm bowling the end of what may be called the Hambledon period in cricket, for two reasons—one being that I had to fix upon some limit or I should have been tempted to go on for ever; and the other that Nyren himself so sturdily disapproved of it. Some of his strictures will be found on page 40, while in Cowden Clarke's

words, written in 1840 after his old friend's death, we read:—

‘What he regretted was, that the great beauty and finessing of the old style had passed away with the new practice of throwing the balls, and which he maintained will eventually change the character of the game. He has given his opinions in the Book how the difficulties may be multiplied to the batter, and thereby that the desired object of shortening the contest may be obtained: and, indeed, there is no great foresight required to perceive that the present system of throwing, instead of bowling the ball, will not remain long in its present rate of speed, and that some evasion of the standing laws will suggest itself, whereby the ball shall be delivered with such swiftness that no batter shall have time to prepare for it; and then, the great legislators at “Lord’s” must go back to the first principles of the game.’

The prophecy did not come true; cricket was not ruined by the new bowling: but what Nyren would say of Cotter or Mr. Knox one can only wincingly conjecture. If injury has come to cricket it is not by way of round-arm or over-arm.

Some day the first round-arm period may in its turn call for a celebrant; meanwhile I am necessarily excluded from the praise of such great and, to the biographic mind, alluring figures as Lillywhite the Nonpareil, Fuller Pilch, Felix and, above all, Alfred Mynn. But an end must be made somewhere, especially with a subject so rich in seductive by-paths as cricket, and particularly ancient cricket, can be.

Not to begin with Nyren's own book would have been an injustice, if not an impossibility. To say that another edition of it was needed is perhaps too much, especially with Mr. Ashley-Cooper's most admirable reprint (in 1902) before me; but with such an accretion of supplementary and corroborative evidence and information as I have been able to bring together, I hope that its reappearance here is justified. For the pocket Mr. Ashley-Cooper's *Nyren* remains perfection. Since I have gone somewhat minutely into the story of John Nyren and his book in the little paper printed on p. 97 (which first appeared in *C. B. Fry's Magazine*), I say no more on that subject here.

Of Charles Cowden Clarke, who held the pen during the composition of this classic, a word should, however, be said. He was born in 1787, and lived almost as long as William Beldham, dying in 1877. He was at his father's school at Enfield, where Keats also was a scholar. It was through Leigh Hunt that he came to know the Novellos, and the Lambs, and John Nyren; and in 1828 he married Mary Victoria Novello, who survived him until 1898. Together they compiled the *Shakespeare Concordance* by which their name lives. Clarke himself became known all throughout England by his Shakespeare lectures and readings. He made friends all his life, and when he died these lines, from his own pen, were placed on his tomb, at Genoa, by his own wish:—

## HIC JACET.

Let not a bell be toll'd, or tear be shed  
When I am dead:—  
Let no night-dog, with dreary howl,  
Or ghastly shriek of boding owl  
Make harsh a change so calm, so hallowèd.—  
Lay not my bed  
'Mid yews, and never-blooming cypresses ;  
But under trees  
Of simple flow'r and odorous breath,  
The lime and dog-rose, and beneath  
Let primrose-cups give up their honied lees  
To sucking bees ;  
Who all the shining day, while labouring,  
Shall drink and sing  
A requiem o'er my peaceful grave.  
For I would cheerful quiet have,  
Or, no noise ruder than the linnet's wing  
Or brook gurgling.  
In harmony I've liv'd;—so let me die,  
That while 'mid gentler sounds this shell doth lie,  
The Spirit aloft may float in spherul harmony.

The Rev. John Mitford's review of Nyren's book, on p. 121, was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July and September, 1833. Mr. Mitford was then Rector of Benhall in Suffolk, and was 'Sylvanus Urban' too. He had peculiar opportunities of writing with knowledge of the early game, for he kept a Nestor on the premises, in the person of old Fennex, who had been an All England man for years.

'Mr. Mitford,' wrote Mr. Pycroft in his *Oxford*



*Memories*, 1886, 'related to me his first introduction to William Fennex as follows:—One evening we had been practising so much to our own satisfaction that one of our number, doing what he pleased with the bowling, fancied that for the time, with eye well in, he could keep up his wicket at that moment against Lillywhite himself. Just then it happened that I observed a hale and hearty man of between fifty and sixty years of age, leaning on his stick, with a critical expression of countenance which induced me to say, "I think from the interest you take in our game that you have been a player in your day." This led to a few observations about a defect in my friend's play, and eventually Fennex, for he it was, offered to bowl a few balls. Much to our surprise he rattled about our stumps in a way that showed us that in the art of cricket there was, after all, a great deal more "than was dreamt of in our philosophy".

'Fennex had a very high underhand delivery, rather after the style of David Harris, as described by John Nyren, who seemed to force the ball forward from under his arm, pitching with great spin and very near the bat, with a very abrupt rise, and defying forward play. That evening I had much talk with Fennex about the old game and the new. He said, "You can see, sir, my bowling would be queer if I were a younger man; and some of our old bowlers, much as it is the fashion to despise the fair underhand bowling, would rip up your present players in



no time at all. Indeed, people have no notion of what the best of the old under-hand bowlers could do”.

‘This observation was confirmed by Mr. Ward, who said that the round-arm bowling was rendered necessary rather because the old under-hand bowlers were used up, and that there were many difficult bowlers he met in the counties who were not brought forward, and the old style ceased to have its fair chance. In confirmation of this view of the case, I must cite the case of William Clarke.

‘The result of this meeting was that Fennex was hospitably appointed by Mr. Mitford to a sinecure office, created expressly in his honour, in the beautiful gardens of Benhall; and Pilch<sup>1</sup>, and Box, and Bayley, and all his old acquaintance, will not be surprised to hear that the old man would carefully water and roll his little cricket-ground on summer mornings, and on wet and wintry days would sit in the chimney-corner, dealing over and over again by the hour, to an imaginary partner, a very dark and dingy pack of cards, and would then sally forth to teach a long-remembered lesson to some hob-nailed frequenter of the village ale-house.’

Mr. Mitford’s name does not occur in Lillywhite’s *Cricket Scores and Biographies*, and I have no record of his proficiency in the field. But he could write of cricket with gusto, and he revered the past. He died in 1859, aged seventy-eight.

<sup>1</sup> Fennex claimed to have taught Fuller Pilch to bat.

To pass from the Rev. John Mitford to the Rev. James Pycroft and *The Cricket Field* is a very easy transition, for it was upon the MS. volume (where is it now?) of Fennex's reminiscences, which the older enthusiast sent to the younger in 1836, that the historical part of that book was founded. *The Cricket Field*, from the second edition of which (1854) I quote the two chapters on the Hambledon men (together with other matters elsewhere in these pages), remains, after Nyren, the best book on the game. It has that blend of simplicity and enthusiasm which is essential to the good writer on cricket and cricketers. Mr. Pycroft does not seem to have known Nyren personally, but he had the inestimable advantage of conversing with William Beldham, and these conversations, together with the Fennex MS. and correspondence with Mr. Budd (with whom he had also played), put him in a stronger position than any historian of the game can ever occupy again. *The Cricket Field* is now in its tenth edition, and will, I hope, reach many more.

In 1836 James Pycroft was twenty-three years of age, and had just become a B.A. of Oxford, and in that same year he immortalized his memory by reviving, with Bishop Ryle, the Oxford and Cambridge match. Four years later, in 1840, he took orders, and, subsequently settling at Bath, played for the Lansdown Club, and spent most of his leisure in preparing *The Cricket Field*, 1851; *The Cricket Tutor*, 1862; *Cricketana*, 1865, and other books,

including a novel or two. I should also remark that as early as 1835 he had put forth a pamphlet on *The Principles of Scientific Batting*. His last book was *Oxford Memories*, 1886, a work in which the author doubtless meant to be faithful to his theme, but in which the bat beats the University again and again and at length drives it from the field altogether.

Like his great predecessor John Nyren, Mr. Pycroft was a left-hander. During his latter years he lived at Brighton, and I remember well his tall, erect, clerical figure, clad always in black, with a cape and a silk hat, his pure white hair and a fringe of white whisker, his pink cheeks and bright eyes. He disliked to sit formally in the Pavilion; but would walk round and round the ground, pausing, or I might say, hovering, every few steps, to watch the play more closely.

He died in 1895, aged eighty-two—sharing some of the longevity of his friends, Mr. Budd, who was ninety, and Beldham, ninety-eight.

Old Clarke's letter I take from William Bolland's *Cricket Notes*, 1851. William Bolland was Perpetual President of the I Zingari and a great friend of the Pousonbys, with whom and Tom Taylor and others he founded the Old Stagers' Dramatic Club in 1842. His other claim to memory (could there be a better?) is that he was a friend of Thackeray and the original of Fred Bayham in *The Newcomes*. William Bolland was the son of Judge Bolland, for whom he acted as marshal, but he took his legal duties

very lightly. He was a better actor than cricketer, and a better companion than either. Old Clarke, in point of years, is well outside the limits of this book, since, although a great performer at Nottingham from 1816 onwards, he did not play at Lord's in the first-class game (as we say) until 1836, when he was thirty-seven, and was not considered good enough for the Players against the Gentlemen until ten years later. But in all respects save the date he belonged to the old traditions, bowling under-hand till the end. Caffyn, who was a member of his team, says of him, in his excellent book *Seventy, Not Out* :—

‘From what I have read of the old Hambledon Club bowlers I should be inclined to think that Clarke was an exact counterpart of some of them. He was more than an ordinary under-hand bowler, as under-hand bowling was understood both in my time and at the present. He was by no means a bad bat, being a hard and clean hitter; but he was greatly handicapped in this department through having had the sight of his right eye destroyed at fives, at which game he excelled almost as much as at cricket. He would play this game for hours together, and made such hard work of it that when he leaned exhausted against the wall of the fives-court he often left a sort of silhouette of himself in perspiration on the wall. Clarke was above medium height and inclining to stoutness. He had a kind of half-grim, half-smiling expression, especially when he was getting wickets easily. The picture of him in *The Cricket Field* is an excellent one. He was always eager to get the best end of a wicket to bowl on. “I’ll have this end,

and you can have which you like!" he would say to his fellow bowler.'

Better counsel on cricket than Old Clarke's, in this Letter, I never read. It is so wise and so racy too. He thought of everything, and, one feels, by innuendo paid off several old scores on the way. The reference to the funny man, for example, on p. 170—one imagines a distinct offender in the old man's eye.

The conversation with the Sixth Earl of Bessborough I have extracted by the kind permission of the author from a little gossiping and entertaining *History of Kennington*, which Bishop Montgomery, himself a cricketer, wrote in 1889, with a very interesting account of Old Cricket and Surrey Cricket at the end of it. Against the score of the Eton and Harrow match of 1864, Mr. Haygarth writes in Lillywhite's book :—

'Mr. Henry Hutchinson Montgomery's first match at Lord's. Is a fine free hitter, combined with great steadiness; and had he only been able to participate in the great matches of the day, he would most likely have highly distinguished himself in the national pastime of Old England. As a field he excels at point, standing up close and pluckily to the opposing batsman. On the three occasions he appeared in the Harrow Eleven against Eton, he had the good fortune each time to be on the winning side, and each time in a single innings. In May 1866, at Harrow, he won (distance 200 yards) the Champion Ebrington cup.'

Lord Bessborough is better known to cricketers



as the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, perhaps the best judge of the game in his day. He was born in 1815, played his first match at Lord's for Harrow against Eton in 1832, founded the I Zingari in 1845, succeeded to the peerage in 1880, and died in 1895. He comes within the scope of this book only by virtue of what he had heard of Lambert and Lord Frederick Beauclerk and his recollections of Old Clarke; and it was to him, it will be noticed, that Old Clarke's letter is dedicated. Ponsonby and his life-long friend Bob Grimston, whose life the late Frederick Gale wrote with such spirit and affection, were the patron saints of Harrow cricket. Lord Charles Russell's very rare little pamphlet of cricket recollections was dedicated, in 1879, to these old friends, 'once champions of cricket, now guardians of that game', with this stanza beneath:—

Old Damon and old Pythias  
Were always found together:  
I never saw those chums apart  
In smooth or stormy weather.  
But Ponsonby and Grimston  
Triumphantly compare  
With that somewhat sentimental  
Superannuated pair.—*Harrow Classic.*

I should like to say much more of Ponsonby and Grimston, but, if at all, it must be in another book. They belong to the great round-arm period—from Lillywhite to Southerton, say,—of which there is as

much to write as of the Hambledon men, with better chance of getting first-hand recollections too.

The Memoirs of the Old Cricketers which come next are brought together here from the first volume of Lillywhite's *Cricket Scores and Biographies*, to which they were contributed by the late Mr. Arthur Haygarth, after years of patient toil. It would be impossible to praise too highly his efforts towards commemorating the early players of the great game. It was his life-work in the fullest sense of that term. Mr. Haygarth was born at Hastings on August 4th, 1825, and was educated at Harrow. From the account of him, probably by Fred Lillywhite, in Vol. iii of the *Scores and Biographies*, against a match in 1842 between Harrow and Harrow Town, I take this passage:—

‘As a batsman he has proved himself to be one of the *stadiest* there ever has been, forward in style, and has made many a long innings as to *time*, especially in the Gentlemen *v.* Players matches in 1846, 1855, and 1857, having been chosen to play in this, *the* match of the season, no less than sixteen times before he had completed his thirty-fourth year. Has, however, very little hit except the drive, but his patience and perseverance when at the wicket (like the late Tom Walker, of Surrey) have proved very tiring to his adversaries. He generally went in early (first wicket down), and often took the “sting” out of the bowling, by getting his runs remarkably slow—on an average, perhaps, not more than ten or twelve in an hour. Lillywhite's *Guide* of 1856 has the following of him:—“Is a terror to the bowlers opposed to him.

commanding as he does a very strong defence and the patience of Job." In the Autumn Edition of the *Guide* of 1860 are also the following remarks:—"His defence is really perfect, and he will play the best bowling with the greatest science and ease. He will take a long time to get an innings, and is in consequence of great annoyance to his opponents." For about fifteen seasons (being very active) he always took long-leg (Pavilion end at Lord's) and middle-wicket, but afterward generally short-leg. He participated in the game from first to last for twenty seasons; and, curiously enough, during his whole career he never once hit his wicket or was caught at cover-point!!'

Mr. Haygarth brought to a close the *Scores and Biographies* in 1895, with volume xiv. Of himself and his great task, it is there written:—

'He is the *sole* compiler of the *whole* of the *Cricket Scores and Biographies*, a work to which he has devoted his entire life, commencing at sixteen years of age, and he has spent a small fortune in collecting the materials and facts contained in the same. He has loved his arduous task with an abiding affection, and was never weary in seeking out unexplored fields that promised to contain any records or novelties connected with the "noble game". He wishes, however, to observe, and to call to the notice of all *true* cricketers, that the statement made at the beginning of vol. i, that the late William Lillywhite, or his son Frederick, had any thing to do in the slightest degree with the compilation, is totally and completely false. That paragraph was inserted by W. Lillywhite's son (F.) to *suit his own ends*. The great wish of the compiler (A. H.) always has been, and still is, to



bring up his work to date, and though he has had to encounter much opposition and numerous obstacles, he hopes yet to succeed. It may also be mentioned that he has worked at the *Scores and Biographies* "entirely and gratuitously" throughout, and solely on account of his love for the game, and for no other reason or object.

‘As a batsman, his defence during the twenty years he appeared at Lord’s, on the rough, bumpy, and often dangerous wickets, as used in *his time*, was considered to have been equal to any other cricketer of *his day*, especially against fast bowling, though his hitting was poor, entirely through lack of physical strength. From the age of eight to twelve (1833–1837) he was at Temple Grove School, East Sheen, Surrey, being part of that time under the care of Doctor Pinkney, who was succeeded by Mr. Thompson as head master. He went to Harrow School in September, 1839, and having formed one of the Eleven in 1842 and 1843, which contended victoriously at Lord’s *v.* Winchester and Eton, he left that "nursery of amateur cricketers" in July, 1843, and it may be added that during the twenty years he played at Lord’s he was never once late.

‘He also claims for the *Scores and Biographies* that every line is a fact, and that no learned and verbose dissertations, or arguments, or tedious and minute theories, or penny a-line writing or averages, have a place in any part of the work of fourteen volumes. He has written several thousand letters for the necessary materials, his chivalry always was cricket, and in his day there were "no paid amateurs". Discrepancies, in the different published versions of all matches, combined with illegible writing in many accounts of scores obtained, have been the cause of

great additional trouble to him during the lengthened compilation. He also collected and arranged, *entirely and gratuitously*, for the late F. Lillywhite, the full scores of the matches played between Harrow and Winchester, Eton and Harrow, and Winchester and Eton, they being first published in 1857, and there were subsequently several editions of that small manual. He has also inserted in *Bell's Life* and other papers many dozens of letters and paragraphs and suggestions, which can be found under the signature of "An Old Harrovian", or "H. E. W." His cricket writings from the first have always been "a labour of love", which remark will apply to few other compilers. He rejoices that in his old age (69) he can affirm with truth that he has saved from oblivion an immense number of interesting facts connected with our national sport; and though he has received kindness from many cricketers, in the shape of materials asked for and contributed, he has also, from a far larger number, experienced much ingratitude, opposition and neglect. He intends, however, now (1894) being in his seventieth year, to follow the same plan, method, and arrangement as he did in 1842, when at the age of sixteen he commenced his arduous task of compilation; and he will continue to work on as long as he can hold a pen or see a line of writing. Vol. xiv is now, after a cruel delay of fifteen years, presented to the cricketing world, and it will be followed as soon as possible by others, if due support is accorded.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more—deserve it;

and his motto always has been "Facta non verba".

The first volume of Lillywhite's *Cricket Scores and Biographies* came out in 1862; the last, xiv, in

1895. The scores went down only to 1878, but to this volume (published under the auspices of the M.C.C.) was added a biographical appendix carrying the record to 1894. My set belonged to Bob Thoms the umpire. Mr. Haygarth died in 1903 at the age of seventy-seven.

The paper on Mr. Budd and his friends which follows I have put together from various writers. Mr. Budd, who was playing at Lord’s in 1802, died as recently as 1875. To know him must have been a liberal education in sport and manliness. I am surprised to find so few records of him. The M.C.C. have no portrait.

I have to thank Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Alfred Cochrane for making it possible to round off this book with poetry. Both have written classical ballads on the game: it was Mr. Lang who first called cricket ‘the end of every man’s desire’, and Mr. Cochrane who fittingly stigmatized the wretch ‘who snicketh the length-ball’. Mr. Lang’s introduction to Daft’s *Kings of Cricket* contains, in my opinion, the best writing that we have on the fascination of the game.

The illustrations, which might easily have been multiplied by ten, have been drawn from various sources. To Miss Nyren I am indebted for the portrait of her grandfather and the score of Byron’s convivial song. Mr. Lacey, on behalf of the M.C.C., kindly allows me to reproduce certain pictures at Lord’s; and the rest of the plates are from the col-

lection of Mr. Gaston. Of the Lord's pictures three require special mention. First is the sheet of sketches of cricketers made from life by George Shepherd (1770?–1842) which I give, both in full as the frontispiece, and in detail, opposite pages 68, 76, 136, and 154. This picture is extremely interesting and valuable. It was acquired by the M.C.C. quite recently, and has never been reproduced before; and but for it we should have no pictorial record whatever of David Harris bowling, or Beldham at the wicket. Whether or not Shepherd has quite carried out Nyren's description of either is unimportant; the important thing is that here are sketches from life. Shepherd was himself a cricketer and played for Surrey: his is the figure beneath Harris's. Of the others represented here, Tom Lord was the Middlesex player who preserved the old ground in Dorset Square when these sketches were made. Later, he opened a ground at North Bank, Regent's Park, where the Paddington Canal now runs; and in 1813 or 1814 he opened the present historic ground that bears his name, carrying at each remove his turf with him. He came from Yorkshire and, like Nyren, was a Roman Catholic. He fielded well at the point of the bat, and was a good slow bowler. In 1830 he left London and became a farmer at Westmeon in Hampshire, where he died and was buried in 1832, aged seventy-four. The two Tuftons were the Hon. John who died in 1799, aged only twenty-six, and the Hon. Henry, afterwards Earl of Thanet, who lived till 1849—a good amateur

wicket-keeper and batsman. He does not seem to have played after 1801. The Hon. Col. Charles Lennox was also a wicket-keeper and an all-round sportsman; but he is even better known for fighting a duel with the Duke of York in 1789, with the Earl of Winchelsea as his second. He became Duke of Richmond in 1806, and died from the bite of a fox, or dog, in Canada, of which he was Governor-General, in 1819. He was a fine cricketer and a very genial man. Of Captain Cumberland I know little. It is he who stands between Harris and Lord. He was a regular performer at Lord's in his day, and was playing in the match illustrated in the picture opposite p. 144. The other figure needing mention here (for we come to Harris and Beldham and Tom Walker and Lord Frederick in due course) is Captain (afterwards General) the Hon. Edward Bligh, great-uncle of the present Earl of Darnley, who is better known to modern cricketers as the Hon. Ivo Bligh.

The next picture to which I would draw attention is the match opposite p. 58. The curious thing about this plate is the handkerchief worn by the player who at the moment is bowling—he whose ordinary position in the field is, on the evidence of this same handkerchief, known to be that of long-stop. The long-stop is supposed to have worn it in order to fasten up the trouser of his left leg (as navvies use string), thus to enable him to drop more easily, and without strain, on that knee to stop the ball.

As cricketers' trousers were made wider the handkerchief went ; and now long-stop has gone too ; and it looks almost as if point is to follow him.

The last picture of special note is that opposite p. 238—the odd old gentleman, bat in hand, on the lawn of his house. Who this is, and who painted it, I have no notion ; but there is so pleasant an old-fashioned air about it, and the scene is so obviously Hampshire or Sussex (with the smooth grass down rising behind), that it seems to me to consort with peculiar appropriateness with this old-fashioned Hampshire book, dealing with a time when cricket had so little of fever about it that gentlemen could continue to play in matches when well past middle age. The conjecture of the M.C.C. catalogue is that the picture, which is on wood, was once the sign-board of a Sussex inn. So much the better.

E. V. L.

KENSINGTON

*April, 1907.*







VIEW OF THE MARY-LE-BONE CLUB'S CRICKET GROUND

(From the frontispiece to Nyren's *Young Cricketer's Tutor*, 1833)



THE YOUNG  
CRICKETER'S TUTOR;

COMPRISING  
FULL DIRECTIONS FOR PLAYING THE ELEGANT AND  
MANLY GAME OF

CRICKET;

WITH A COMPLETE VERSION OF ITS LAWS  
AND REGULATIONS:

BY JOHN NYREN,

*A Player in the celebrated Old Hambledon Club, and in the  
Mary-le-Bone Club.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

“The Cricketers of My Time,”

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MOST FAMOUS OLD  
PLAYERS:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY  
EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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1833.



## DEDICATION

TO WILLIAM WARD, Esq.

&c. &c. &c.

DEAR SIR,

You have kindly consented to my wish of dedicating my little book to you, and I am much pleased that you have done so : first, because you are a countryman of my own—having lived in Hampshire ; and secondly, and chiefly, because, as a CRICKETER, I consider you the most worthy man of the present day to reflect credit upon my choice as a patron.

It would ill become me, Sir, in this place to allude to other weighty reasons for congratulating myself upon this point—an insignificant book of instruction—as to the best mode of excelling in an elegant relaxation, not being the most fitting medium for digressing upon unquestioned high public worth and integrity, or private condescension and amenity : at the same time, I cannot but feel how happily such a combination of qualities in a patron must redound to my own advantage.

I have not seen much of your playing—certainly not so much as I could have wished ; but so far as my observation and judgement extend, I may confidently pronounce you to be one of the *safest* players I remember to have seen. The circumstance of your rising so much above the ordinary standard in stature

(your height, if I recollect, being six feet one inch), your extraordinary length of limb, your power and activity; to all which, I may add, your perfect judgement of all points in the game; have given you the superior advantages in play, and entitle you to the character I have given. As a proof of its correctness, the simple fact will suffice of your having gained the '*longest hands*' of any player upon record. This circumstance occurred upon the 24th and 25th of July, 1820, at Mary-le-bone, when the great number of 278 runs appeared against your name, 108 more than any player ever gained: and this, be it remembered, happened after the increase of the stumps in 1817.

May you long live, Sir, to foster and take your part in our favourite amusement; and may you never relax your endeavours to restore the game to the good old principles from which, I regret to say, it has in some instances departed since the time I used to be an active member of the fraternity. You are aware that I principally allude to the practice that the modern bowlers have introduced of *throwing* the ball, although in direct infringement of a law prohibiting that action.

I beg to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful Countryman,

And obedient humble Servant,

JOHN NYREN.

BROMLEY, MIDDLESEX,  
March, 1833.

## INTRODUCTION

OF all the English athletic games, none, perhaps, presents so fine a scope for bringing into full and constant play the qualities both of the mind and body as that of Cricket. A man who is essentially stupid will not make a fine cricketer; neither will he who is not essentially active. He must be active in all his faculties—he must be active in mind to prepare for every advantage, and active in eye and limb, to avail himself of those advantages. He must be cool-tempered, and, in the best sense of the term, MANLY; for he must be able to endure fatigue, and to make light of pain; since, like all athletic sports, Cricket is not unattended with danger, resulting from inattention or inexperience; the accidents most commonly attendant upon the players at cricket arising from unwatchfulness, or slowness of eye. A short-sighted person is as unfit to become a cricketer, as one deaf would be to discriminate the most delicate gradations and varieties in tones; added to which, he must be in constant jeopardy of serious injury.

It is hoped that the present little work will be found as useful as well as entertaining companion to the young practitioner in this graceful and very exciting game. The name of NYREN was for many years held in high estimation in the cricketing world; he was the father and general of the famous old

Hambledon Club, which used to hold its meetings on Broad-Halfpenny, and afterwards on Windmill-down, near to Hambledon, in Hampshire. While old Nyren directed their movements, the Club remained unrivalled, and frequently challenged all England. The most polished players that this country ever produced were members of the Hambledon Club—if John Nyren, the son of the good old patriarch, and father of this little manual, be worthy of credit; and many eminent members of the Mary-le-bone Club, both ‘gentle and simple’, can attest his solid judgement, as well as his regard to truth and plain dealing. Of the former class in society, the names of LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERC, with Mr. WARD, and Mr. LADBROKE, will alone form ample testimony to his fitness to speak upon such points; while his first-rate instruction, long practice, and superior accomplishment, will qualify him to impart his half a century’s experience to the young practitioner.

The papers entitled ‘*The Cricketers of My Time*’, which conclude the work, have already appeared in a weekly periodical. They have been collected at the desire of a few friends, and published here. If they afford any amusement to the young reader, it is to be wished that he may at the same time be led to emulate the skill of the most eminent men recorded in the different papers, and not wholly to disregard the sterling qualities of integrity, plain dealing, and good old English independence—the independence of native worth and moral rectitude, not of insolence and effrontery, which signalized many of their characters,

and endeared them to their equals, while it commanded the respect of their superiors in rank and fortune.

All the players there recorded were either members or companions of the Hambledon Club, or their opponents. As it formed no part of Mr. Nyren's plan to include those of any other society, the reader will perceive why several players of recent date, equal, perhaps, in skill to those eminent veterans, have not been included. These may, possibly, be installed with their ancestors in some future edition of our little chronicle, if fate, and the Cricketers, decree in favour of a reprint.

C. C. C.





# THE YOUNG CRICKETER'S TUTOR

## THE BEGINNING OF THE GAME OF CRICKET

IN commencing the game the following preliminary steps will be found requisite ; first, the

### NUMBER OF THE PLAYERS,

which in a complete game should comprise twenty-two men, eleven on each side. The future description of their different stations in the field, and of the importance of each in his station, will convince the young practitioner that the whole arrangement has been the result both of judgement and experience. He would find it difficult to spare one of them. Upon occasions of mere practice, however, a fewer number will answer the purpose : yet I would recommend his availing himself of as many opportunities as possible of playing with the full complement in the field ; and for this purpose he must necessarily enrol himself as a member of some club, which, from the late increased popularity of this very elegant and manly recreation, he will have no difficulty to accomplish. The next step to consider will be the

### CHOICE OF THE GROUND.

I need say no more on this head, than that the more spacious and smooth, and the shorter the turf, the better will it be adapted to the purpose. It should be kept well rolled, and if possible fed down by sheep. The nearer the centre, if the ground be

good, the better will be the spot for pitching the wickets. These preliminaries being arranged, the

#### UMPIRES

for the two parties must be chosen, to whom all questions in dispute must be referred, and whose decree must be final. These should be men of known competence to judge all points of the game, also of good repute for honesty of mind—free from prejudice and partiality.

The umpires take their post, one at each wicket: he where the striker is should be partially behind it, so as not to interfere with the fieldsmen; and the umpire at the bowler's wicket should place himself *directly in a line* behind it, in order that he may perceive whether the ball be stopped by the striker's leg; for if such accident should happen, and the ball have been delivered *straight* to the wicket, and the batter not have touched it with his bat, any of the adverse party may require the umpire to pronounce whether he should be out or not. If the ball have not been delivered straight to the wicket, and strike the batter, he is not out. The '*Laws of Cricket*' will describe the other duties of the umpire.

#### PITCHING THE WICKETS

will be the next point of consideration. When two matches are played to decide the question of superiority, the party leaving home are allowed the privilege of pitching the first wickets, also the choice of going in first or not. The wickets must be pitched within thirty yards of a centre that has been previously selected by the opposing party: but if one match only, or even two matches, be contested upon the same ground, then it devolves upon the umpires to pitch the wickets. It is the duty of these to

choose, to the best of their ability, such ground as will be convenient to, and for the advantage of, the two parties.

The reader is again referred for farther provision respecting the position of the wicket, to the '*Laws of Cricket*'.

#### THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE FIELDSMEN

is the last point to be attended to previously to commencing the game. Full particulars under this head the reader will find detailed, both in the frontispiece and in the body of instructions.

### THE LAWS OF CRICKET,

*According with the Revision of them by the  
Mary-le-Bone Club, in 1830*

#### THE BALL

must not exceed in weight five ounces and three quarters, or be less than five ounces and a half. Either party may demand a new ball at the commencement of each innings.

#### THE BAT

must not be more than four inches and a quarter in width at the broadest part. There are no restrictions as to the height of the bat; it may be made as tall, short, or narrow as the player chooses; twenty-one or twenty-two inches, however, will be found the most convenient height for it, independently of the handle.

#### THE STUMPS

must stand twenty-seven inches *above the ground*; the stems must also be of sufficient substance to

prevent the ball passing between them. The bails, when united, must not exceed eight inches in length.

#### THE BOWLING-CREASE

must be a yard in length on each side of the stumps, and be drawn in a line with them: at each extremity of the bowling-crease there must also be a return-crease, towards the bowler at right angles.

#### THE POPPING-CREASE

must be four feet distant from the wicket, and extend parallel with it.

#### THE WICKET-KEEPER

must remain quietly at a reasonable space behind the wicket, and not stir till the bowler has delivered the ball. If any portion of his body, limbs, or head be beyond, or even over the wicket, the batter shall not be considered out, although the ball hit the wicket. The wicket-keeper also is not allowed to annoy the striker, either by noise, uncalled-for remarks, or unnecessary action.

#### THE WICKETS

must be pitched opposite to each other, and at the distance between them of twenty-two yards.

It is not lawful for either party, during a match, without the consent of the other, to alter the ground by rolling, watering, covering, mowing, or beating. This rule is not meant to prevent the striker from beating the ground with his bat, near where he stands, during the innings, or to prevent the bowler from filling the holes, watering the ground, or using sawdust, &c., when the ground is wet.

After rain the wickets may be changed with the consent of both parties.

## THE BOWLER

shall deliver the ball with one foot behind the bowling-crease, and within the return-crease, and shall bowl four balls before he changes wickets, which he shall be permitted to do but once in the same innings.<sup>1</sup>

He may order the striker at his wicket to stand on which side he pleases.

If the bowler toss the ball above the striker's head, or bowl it so wide that it shall be out of distance to be played at, the umpire (even although he attempt to hit it) shall adjudge one run to the parties receiving the innings, either with or without an appeal from them; which shall be put down to the score of wide balls, and such ball shall not be reckoned as any of the four balls.

If '*No ball!*'<sup>2</sup> be called by the umpire, the hitter may strike at it, and get all the runs he can, and shall not be out except by running out. In the event of no run being obtained by any other means, then one run shall be scored.

When a fresh bowler takes the ball, before he can proceed, he is not allowed more than two balls for practice; but is obliged to continue the next four in the game, before he can change for another better approved of; but when six balls are agreed to be bowled, then he must continue the six instead of four.

The ball shall be *bowled*. If it be thrown or jerked, or if any part of the hand or arm be above the elbow at the time of delivering, the umpire shall call '*No ball*'.

<sup>1</sup> Formerly it was customary to bowl six balls before changing over, and, by the mutual consent of the parties, this may still be done.

<sup>2</sup> This same law is binding in single wicket, unless the parties decide otherwise by mutual consent.

## THE STRIKER IS OUT,

if the bail be bowled off, or the stumps be bowled out of the ground ; or

If the ball from a stroke over or under his bat or upon his hand (but not wrists) be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher ; or

If in striking, or at any other time, while the ball shall be in play, both his feet be over the popping-crease and his wicket put down, except his bat be grounded within it ; or

If in striking at the ball he hit down his wicket ; or

If under pretence of running, or otherwise, either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker of the ball is out ; or

If the ball be struck, and he wilfully strike it again ; or

If in running, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or by the hand or arm (with the ball in hand), before his foot, hand, or bat be grounded over the popping-crease. But if the bail be off, the stump must be struck out of the ground ; or

If any part of the striker's dress knock down the wicket ; or

If the striker touch or take up the ball while in play, unless at the request of the opposite party ; or

If with any part of his person he stop the ball which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have been delivered in a straight line to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it.

If 'Lost Ball' be called, the striker shall be allowed six runs ; but if more than six shall have been run before lost ball shall have been called, then the striker shall have all which have been run.

In single wicket, the striker shall be entitled to



three notches for a lost ball ; and the same number if a ball be stopped with a hat.

The bowler or striker may claim one minute between each ball, after its being dead.

If the batters have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket that is put down, is out ; and if they have not crossed, he that has left the wicket which is put down, is out.

When a ball is caught, no run shall be reckoned.

When a striker is run out, the notch they were running for is not to be reckoned.

When a ball has been in a bowler's or wicket-keeper's hand, it is considered as no longer in play, and the strikers need not keep within their ground till the umpire has called 'Play' ; but if the player go off the ground with an intent to run before the ball is delivered, the bowler may put him out.

If the striker be hurt, he may retire from the wicket, and have his innings at any time in that innings. Another person may be allowed to stand out for him, but not to go in. No substitute in the field shall be allowed to bowl, keep wicket, stand at the point or middle wicket, or stop behind to a fast bowler, unless by the consent of the opposite party.

If any person stop the ball with his hat, the ball shall be considered dead, and the opposite party shall add five runs to their score ; if any should be run, they shall have five in all.

If the ball be struck, the striker may guard his wicket either with his bat or his body.

If the striker hit the ball against his partner's wicket when he is off his ground, it is out, provided it have previously touched the bowler's or any of the fieldsmen's hands, but not otherwise.

## THE UMPIRES

are the sole judges of fair and unfair play, and all disputes shall be determined by them; each at his own wicket: but in case of a catch, which the umpire at the wicket bowled from, cannot see sufficiently to decide upon, he may apply to the other umpire, whose opinion shall be conclusive.

The umpires in all matches shall pitch fair wickets, and the parties shall toss for the choice of innings.

They shall allow two minutes for each man to come in, and fifteen minutes between each innings; when the umpire shall call 'Play', the party refusing to play shall lose the match.

They are not to order a player out, unless appealed to by the adversaries.

But if the bowler's foot be not behind the bowling-crease, and within the return-crease, when he delivers the ball, they must, unasked, call 'No ball'.

If the striker run a short run, the umpire must call 'One short'.<sup>1</sup>

The umpire at the bowler's wicket is to be first applied to, to decide on all catches.

The umpires are not to be changed during the matches, except by the consent of both parties.

## BETS

If the runs of one player be laid against those of another, the bets depend upon the *first* innings, unless otherwise specified.

If the bets be made upon both innings, and one

<sup>1</sup> In playing a single-wicket match, if fewer than five persons are engaged at play, the batter who shall leave his ground to strike the ball shall not be allowed to score for such stroke, unless an agreement to the contrary have been previously arranged.

party beat the other in one innings, the runs in the first innings shall determine the bet.

But if the other party go in a second time, then the bet must be determined by the number on the score.

## INSTRUCTIONS

Having provided the young cricketer with the requisite preliminaries to prepare him for playing the game, also with a code of the laws, the next step will be to give him the result of more than fifty years' experience and actual practice among the finest players the country ever saw. Without farther preamble, therefore, I shall commence with

### THE BOWLER

The three best qualities in this important person in the game are, a high delivery, an upright body, and for his balls to be pitched a proper length. Without these requisites no man can be an effective bowler.

### RUNNING IN TO DELIVER THE BALL

By a little practice the proper distance to run will easily be discovered. The bowler should make a mark in the ground from which he intends to start. This mark will facilitate his treading uniformly in the same steps each time he runs to deliver his ball; he should commence at a gentle pace, and increase his speed till the ball is delivered.

The following verse of the old cricketing song, written for the Hambledon Club in the year 1776,<sup>1</sup> and which will be found in another department of this little work, expresses in few words the chief excellence to be required in a bowler:—

<sup>1</sup> See footnote on page 50.

Ye bowlers, take heed, to my precepts attend,  
On you the whole fate of the game must depend.  
Spare your vigour at first, now exert all your  
strength,  
But *measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.*

The best method of holding the ball to bowl, is between the thumb and fingers, firmly enough to steady it, yet that it may leave the hand with ease.

When practising, let the bowler always use, if possible, a ball of the required weight, and measure the exact distance that is settled from one wicket to the other; viz. two-and-twenty yards. If his pace be moderately fast, he should endeavour to pitch the ball about four yards and a half before the wicket: if it be slow, somewhat nearer, and in swift bowling not farther off than five yards. The young practitioner cannot do better than to place a mark upon the ground at the stated distance from the wicket, according to the speed at which he intends to bowl, and to aim at that mark.

In a match, when running to bowl, he should fix his eye upon a certain spot where he is desirous the ball should pitch: there will be no difficulty in selecting an object for the purpose of a guide; either a difference in the colour of the grass, or a slight unevenness in the ground, will answer his purpose. This is a rule from which he should not deviate—all the finest bowlers I have known have pursued this plan; for, if the length be correct according to his rate of bowling, he can do no better than adhere to that distance.

He should also habituate himself to bowl with equal ease on either side of the wicket; he will experience the advantage of such practice; for he will frequently notice that the ground on one side

will prove more favourable to his play than on the other; it may happen also, that upon trying the two, he will perceive the ball to rise better on one side than the other of the wicket. All these things will turn to the young bowler's account, if he play with *his head* as well as his hands. Besides, changing the side of the wicket is never agreeable to the batsman. A quick eye, with practised observation, will induce the bowler early to detect the weak points in his adversary; let him not neglect this—and then regulate his balls accordingly.

A good length-ball now and then pitched a little wide of the *off* stump, will often turn to great advantage, for it may produce a catch, when a straight one would be stopped with ease.

In his little book upon cricketing, LAMBERT has laid down some useful instruction on bowling; I cannot, however, approve of his recommending the young player to give a *twist* to his balls: for, in the first place, there are a hundred chances against his accomplishing the art, and ten hundred in favour of the practice spoiling his bowling altogether. I never perceived any twist in Lambert's own bowling, unless indeed the ground were in his favour. If the young practitioner have once gained a good high delivery, let him never run the risk of losing it; for in this department of the game it is the greatest gift he can possess.

#### IN PITCHING THE WICKETS

much responsibility lies upon the bowler. The chief art is, to select a situation that will suit your own style of bowling, and at the same time prove disadvantageous to your adversaries; as these two points, however, can rarely be accomplished, you can at all events pitch the wickets in such a manner as to



benefit yourself. On this head I would refer the young artist to that portion of this little work, in '*The Cricketers of my Time*', where the practice of the two most celebrated old bowlers, HARRIS and LUMPY in pitching their wickets, is described, and commented on.

It is the duty of the bowler to be the wicket-keeper at his own wicket, during the intervals of his bowling. He will have many balls to stop in the field, and many a struggle will ensue between him and the batsman, one to get the run, and the other to save it.

I shall conclude this article by recapitulating the chief requisites in a bowler. In beginning to run, start gently, and increase your pace till the ball be delivered. Fix your eye on the spot where you wish the ball to pitch, keep your body upright, deliver your ball high, pitch a good length, straight to the off stump; practise these points, succeed in them all, and you will be a first-rate bowler.

#### THE RIGHT-HANDED BATSMAN

Place both hands on the *middle* of the handle of the bat, near to each other, yet not so as to touch. The young player will find this simple direction of the utmost importance; for, in the course of my experience, I have noticed many instances of failure in batters, from their ignorance of, or inattention to, this valuable rule, and who would otherwise have become very promising players. Let the learner make the trial of the two modes of holding his bat, and he will prove that when the hands are placed far apart, the one will act against the other, and that his playing will be feeble.

## THE YOUNG CRICKETER'S TUTOR 21

### HOW THE BATSMAN SHOULD TAKE HIS STAND AT THE WICKET

First walk up behind the wicket, and inquire of the bowler from which side he will deliver the ball. Then take a direct view from the wicket to the place where the ball is or should be delivered. This will show the exact spot for you to place your bat, so as to cover the middle stump. Place your bat on this spot, upright, and make a mark in the ground in order that you may know it again. This mark is your only guide for placing your right foot at a proper distance from the wicket, behind the popping-crease. The toes should be slightly inclined towards the opposite wicket; and the left foot extended to a short distance before the popping-crease. In taking your situation at the wicket, be careful to observe that you can with ease cover the off stump with an upright bat, and at the same time leave a clear view of the wicket to the bowler.

The young batsman should be very particular respecting his position at the wicket, since much will depend upon that. He should be able to move with ease in any direction, and place his feet, as already described, in a proper direction for hitting. These should be extended only far enough to give him full power for striking. If the legs be placed too far asunder, the result will be, that he will hit *under*, instead of *over* the ball. Let him, for his own satisfaction, try the experiment of the two positions, and I have no doubt as to which he will prefer. The body also should be kept upright; it will assist him in playing well above the ball.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The above direction is given only with reference to the *striking*, and not the *blocking* of the ball.



HOW TO STOP A LENGTH-BALL STRAIGHT TO THE  
WICKET

Place the bat down, upright, on the mark made to cover the middle stump, and the feet in their proper situation. Immediately before the ball is delivered, raise the bat steadily till you see where the ball will pitch. Then move the left foot forward, about three feet, keeping the right foot behind the popping-crease. Now move the bat as far forward as you can reach, so as to present its full face to meet the ball ; keeping the bat upright, or rather slanting *the handle* towards the bowler to an angle of about 22 degrees. In order to maintain an upright position of the bat, the *left elbow* must be turned up. Let me urge the young batsman not to neglect this direction of turning up the left elbow, for he cannot play his bat upright without doing so. It is likewise the best and safest way for hitting, as well as stopping ; for, if a stroke be made with the left elbow in the position stated, and the bat at the same time well upright, the ball cannot rise. I need not point out the advantage of this.

The reaching in to stop a length-ball will prevent it from rising or twisting. It will also save the hands, and, better than all, prevent the batter from being caught out. In reaching in too, be especially careful that the right foot remain firmly in its place *behind* the popping-crease ; for, in the eagerness of playing at these balls, the foot will unconsciously draw in. Be careful therefore as to this point, for should you miss the ball, a clever wicket-keeper will surely stump you out.

I would strongly recommend the young batsman to turn his whole attention to stopping ; for, by acting this part well, he becomes a serious antagonist

to the bowler ; who, when he sees a man coming in that he knows will stop all his length-balls with ease, is always in a degree disheartened. He has no affection for such a customer. Besides, in this accomplishment lies the distinction between the scientific player and the random batsman.

#### HOW TO STOP A SHOOTING BALL DROPPED SHORT OF A LENGTH

When you see the ball shoot, play the bat back as near to the wicket as possible, taking care not to knock it down. This backward movement will give you a better sight of the ball, and more time for stopping it. The only difficulty is to be soon enough ; for, if you are not quick, the wicket will be down before your bat is.

#### HOW TO STOP A BALL DROPPED RATHER SHORT OF A LENGTH, AND WHICH RISES AS HIGH AS THE BAIL

This ball must also be played behind the popping-crease. The bat must be lifted from the ground high enough to play above the ball, and so as to prevent its being caught. It should also be held in the same position as when stopping a length ball on the ground. Let me again caution the young batsman to turn up his left elbow, as he cannot well perform the motion here required without doing so. If the ball should rise higher than the wicket, let it pass, by removing your bat. My reason for giving this advice, is, that if the man, placed at the point, understand the game, he will get in close to the player while he is raising his bat ; and will, in all probability, catch him out.

HOW TO PLAY AT A LENGTH-BALL A LITTLE WIDE OF  
THE OFF STUMP

This is a puzzler to a short-armed batsman. I recommend the young batsman to have nothing to do with it. The old hand will, of course, do as he pleases : but I should much wish to be informed in what part of the field he can play it with safety, and make a run.

BELDHAM would cut at such a ball with a horizontal bat. I once made the remark to him, that I thought it dangerous play : he answered me, 'I always play *above* the ball.' If he always played above such a ball, it was useless his playing at it at all. Now Beldham must have played from the pitch of the ball, instead of having a sight of it after it had pitched ; therefore it could never be a safe hit. He was the only one of a good batter that I ever saw play at such balls.<sup>1</sup>

HOW TO PLAY AT A BALL DROPPED RATHER SHORT OF  
A LENGTH ON THE OFF-SIDE OF THE WICKET

There are two ways of playing at this ball, and in each I have seen it treated by the best batters.

Old SMALL, one of the finest batsmen of his own day, or perhaps of any other, always played such balls with an *upright bat*. He would pass his left foot across the wicket, and this action gave him power and command over the ball. The upper edge of his bat was turned slightly back towards the wicket. The whole motion was performed by the wrist and arms. I never saw any batter who could use the wrist like this admirable old man.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ward, from his great judgement and experience, as well as from his length of limb, would play this ball gently between the middle wicket and point, and get a run.

I do not remember to have seen LAMBERT cut at a ball with the bat held horizontally : such as I have described he always played with an upright bat.

LORD BEAUCLERC mostly, BELDHAM always, and the principal part of the best batters, play the bat horizontally at such balls.

Having now given the example of the above eminent men, some playing one way and some another, I shall venture to offer to the young batsman my own opinion. I have frequently played in both styles, and I consider the holding of the bat *upright* the safer, and horizontally the more *brilliant* playing. At the same time, whichever way it be played, I still recommend the movement of the left foot across the wicket. The power that this action gives the striker over the ball, must always be felt and acknowledged.

There are other balls dropped still shorter of the length. On the off-side these may be played straight off, or between the point of the bat and the middle wicket, whichever the batsman may find most pleasant to himself ; yet taking care to play well above the balls, and to hit them on the ground. In preparing and making himself up to hit a fair ball, let the batter bear in mind the sportsman's motto : 'Never to be in a flurry.' If he neglect this caution, he will surely find something wrong when it is too late to remedy it : his legs, for instance, may be too widely extended, in which case he will certainly play under the ball. More errors are committed in a man's making himself up to hit, than in the hitting : but let him prepare steadily, coolly, and with decision, and a hundred chances to one will be in favour of his hitting well. Observe any one who is batting indifferently—examine his position—see how he holds his bat, and you will rarely fail to discover in that

the cause of his incompetence ; for either his position will be out of rule, or his hands will be wrongly placed on the bat ; and if the latter be the case, no man can strike well. Let me also strongly caution the young player against *over*-hitting, or hitting *too* hard ; this will almost invariably throw him off his balance.

All straight balls should be played straight back, and with an upright bat. To cross a ball is the worst of all bad play.

#### HOW TO PLAY A BALL THAT IS PITCHED ON THE INSIDE OF THE LEG STUMP SHOOTING ON THE GROUND

Draw the right foot back ; play back, with the bat upright, as near to the wicket as convenient : the lower edge of the bat slightly turned towards the stumps ; the wrist and arms will do the rest, if you ply them well. This is always a safe hit, and many runs are made by it. Add to which, if the batsman play these balls well, the wicket-keeper is frequently obliged to move one of the fieldsmen in, to save the run : this weakens the field, and consequently gives an advantage to the batsman.

Balls dropped short of the length on the *on*-side, or tosses, must be played on the *on*-side. The batter has but to set himself steadily to work ; to take his best position—his legs right—body upright—to play above the ball, and hit it as hard as he can along the ground. I never wish to see a ball mount : for it always goes farthest when it skims like a swallow ; moreover it is then safe, and, better than all, it gets the greatest number of runs. The great beauty of hitting, is to see a batsman go in and get many runs, without giving a chance.



## THE YOUNG CRICKETER'S TUTOR 27

### THE BEST WAY TO PLAY A BALL, BOWLED AS WIDE AS YOUR LEGS ON THE ON-SIDE

Make a quick movement in before the wicket, and hit the ball behind you. A ball played in this way is always safe, and gets many runs. It goes farther than any other, for the batter gives additional force to its speed in the direction in which it is already going. The great error in playing these balls is, that the batsman begins at them too late.

Balls tossed beyond a length must be met with a full bat, and held in the same position as when stopping a length-ball—that is, with the left elbow turned well up. The only distinction in the two cases consists in this; that on the present occasion the ball is hit; in the other, that it is blocked. Care must be taken here to strike late enough, or the ball will be hit into the bowler's hands.

If the young practitioner wish to *go in* at a *length-ball* (I speak with reference to slow bowling), it must be at a ball that comes straight to the wicket: let him bear this in mind. If the ball be wide, how can he play at it with an upright bat? and unless he do so play it, he can be at no certainty in hitting the ball: again, therefore, I repeat—the ball must be straight to the wicket; then the movement to get in must be quick; the position the same as before described. If his legs are not at their proper distance from each other, it will be impossible for him to make anything of a hit. Having pointed out the difficulty of playing these balls to advantage in this way, the learner will, of course, act as he pleases. I will, however, take the opportunity of naming the very few of the best players who have succeeded in going in at length-balls. SUETER, of the Hambledon Club; HAMMOND, a Sussex man; LAMBERT, a Surrey

man; and SHEARMAN, from Mitcham<sup>1</sup>. Sueter was the first player that I remember to have broken through the old rule of standing firm at the poppingcrease for a length-ball. If these are the only batsmen that I remember to have succeeded upon this occasion (and I remember all the best players for fifty years back), how can the young performer expect much chance of success?

I have indeed seen others (and the finest players too) go in, and hit the ball away; but I have also seen them out by doing so; the movement therefore, at the best, is a hazardous one.

Let me conclude this department of my instructions, by recapitulating the following brief mementos. *The body and bat upright—the hands near to each other—the left elbow well turned up—and the legs not too much extended.* The young batsman will find these to be golden rules for his guidance.

#### THE WICKET-KEEPER

holds the most important station of all the fieldsmen, and for the following reasons. He always presides at that wicket from which the ball is struck. This very circumstance will enable him to command a full view of the whole field with greater facility than any other player. His position being just behind the batsman, is another reason why his situation is the best to move the fieldsmen. He therefore is the General, and is deputed to direct all the movements of the fieldsmen: not, however, by word of command, like the military commander, but by the simple motion of his hand; and the reason for this will be obvious to every one; for instead of calling out to

<sup>1</sup> Shearman, when he has not found himself in the right position to hit such a ball, has played it softly between the middle wicket and point, and got a run.



each fieldsman distinctly, and by so doing putting the striker upon his guard, the alteration and exact position of each fieldsman is effected in perfect silence. This motion of the hand cannot, of course, be executed with effect, without the proper attention on the part of the fieldsmen; each one therefore, upon arriving at his appointed place, should turn his eyes towards the wicket-keeper, to discover if he be satisfied with his exact situation.

For instance: suppose the fieldsman to be standing out to the hip, for the purpose of saving two runs, and the wicket-keeper draw him in by a motion of his hand, to save the one run, the chance is that the striker will not be aware of this precaution on his part, and will suffer in consequence. I have frequently witnessed the advantage of this provision on the part of the wicket-keeper by the striker being out. The bowler, on the contrary, should never give any motion or signal to the fieldsmen; for being placed opposite to the striker, his intention cannot fail of being observed, and frustrated by him. He will have no difficulty in communicating his opinion to the wicket-keeper, and indeed, he may frequently have occasion to do this, for he must always have the superior advantage of noticing the capabilities of the batter, and may make his suggestions accordingly. The short-fieldsmen may also do the same; leaving the wicket-keeper, however, to the full exercise of his judgement and discretion; for no interference between the fieldsmen and wicket-keeper can ever be allowed.

The young wicket-keeper will therefore see the necessity of his knowing the exact position that each man in the field should occupy. I need not observe that slow bowling will require a very different arrangement of the field from fast bowling: in the

latter case, the greater part of the field are all considerably extended.<sup>1</sup>

In short, the wicket-keeper may be considered with reference to the field, as the fugleman to a regiment. The duties of these others will be fully detailed when the directions are given to the fieldsmen.

The position of the wicket-keeper in his standing, should be that of a man preparing to spar, so that he may in an instant move any way he pleases.

His legs should be a little extended from each other—the left forward. He should feel himself easy in his position, and ready to move in any direction. The position of the legs are of the utmost importance in this situation. The upper part of the arms, to the elbow, should hang down easily by the body. From the elbow they should incline upwards towards the chest—both hands being open—the left rather higher than the right.

The young player will do well to consider this direction as to his position, for I have known many good catches missed from an ignorance of, or inattention to, this highly important matter. The reason of it is scarcely worth detailing; for it must be obvious even to one ignorant of the game, that the man who stands with his feet close together, and hands down by his side (like a soldier at drill), will be totally unprepared for quick action.

The wicket-keeper should also stand at a little distance behind the wicket, yet not so far back but

<sup>1</sup> Upon occasions of *very* fast bowling, however, the fieldsmen straight off, that covers the bowler in middle wicket, is moved round to cover the middle wicket and point; and the one that covered the middle wicket and point is moved farther round to cover the slip; and he who covered the slip is placed to cover the long-stop and the long-slip. The man straight on is often brought in to save the one run, and the long field to the hip will be brought up behind the batsman, to save the run that may be hit between the leg and the wicket.

that he may, by a short and quick step, stump out the batter, should he move from his ground. My reason for recommending that he should remove a little backward from the wicket is because by his doing so the catches will be much more easy, and he may stump as well. Many wicket-keepers will frequently put down the wicket when the striker has not moved from his ground; but this practice is doubly objectionable in the eyes of a good cricketer, and is after all but a piece of stage effect, and to make a show. The more serious wrong, however, in the action, is, that it puts the striker on his guard, and prevents his getting off his ground.

The young wicket-keeper must aim to acquire the power of deciding at a glance the exact situation of every fieldsman—of those whom he wishes to stand in, for the purpose of saving one run, or out, for that of saving two.

There is only one hit the wicket-keeper should ever have to move after from the wicket: that is, when the long field to the hip is out to save the two runs, and the batsman blocks a ball between his leg and the wicket. There is no other person can save this run but the wicket-keeper, and if he wish to save it he must start before the ball is struck, or he will be too late. In this case the slip should take his place at the wicket.

If the batsmen are running, the ball should be thrown straight to the wicket, about as high as the top of the stump. The wicket-keeper should leave the wicket between himself and the ball; take the ball before the wicket, and, as he receives it, his hands should be drawn back, putting the wicket down with one motion. This should be done steadily; if it be done in a hurry it can seldom be well done.

SUETER, of the Hambledon Club, and HAMMOND, a Sussex man, were the two best wicket-keepers I ever

saw. Both of them would put the wicket down without any flourishing or fuss; but I never saw either of them do so without a chance of putting out the batsman. The young wicket-keeper will do well to follow their example.

My last advice is, that the ball be always tossed easily home to the bowler.

#### THE POINT OF THE BAT (SLOW BOWLING)

The young fieldsman who is appointed to this situation should possess a quick eye and a quick action. Without these two qualities he will never succeed in this important place.

He should place himself within three yards and a half of the batsman, directly opposite to the popping-crease. This is nearer than is generally recommended; but I have played for many years against the best of batsmen, and always found the distance named preferable to one farther removed; indeed, I have more frequently played at three yards than at three yards and a half from the batsman, and yet never received an injury from the ball.

For the position of body in the point, I can do no better than refer him to instructions upon this head given to the wicket-keeper—they will be essentially the same: the legs rather extended; arms *to* the elbows hanging easily, and near to the body; *from* the elbow inclined upwards, and hands open.

The next subject for this fieldsman's consideration is to know from what balls he should play back, and at which he should go in. Let him master this, and he need never fear any batsman.

When a ball drops short of a length, yet straight to the wicket, and rises, he will notice that the batsman will be under the necessity of raising his bat high to play above the ball. Upon such occasions

he must play forward, and nearly up to the bat. By this action he will frequently have the chance of a catch. When the batter blocks at a length-ball, he should again play forward. If the ball be dropped short of a length, or be tossed on the off-side of the wicket, he will observe the batsman preparing to hit it in the direction in which he is standing. Before he can do this he must play back at least four yards; and the movement must be made promptly, from the pitch of the ball, and from the motion of the batsman before he strikes—afterwards will be too late; besides which he will be unable to defend himself against the ball: the point all the while must keep his face towards the batter, and his arms and hands in their proper position. By due attention to this hint, he will not throw away the chance of catching out his man. I have twice succeeded in catching out Lord Beauclerc, and many others, by this movement. Independently of the advantage to be derived from playing so near, I never knew a batsman like to have the point moving in at every ball he blocked.

In backing up, this fieldsman should always keep farther from the wicket than the slip, leaving plenty of room between them.

In *fast* bowling, the station of the point should be at least seven yards from the batsman, and rather behind the popping-crease.

#### LONG FIELD, STRAIGHT OFF,

should be an active man, and able to throw well. His station is on the off-side, between the bowler and the middle wicket, and out far enough to save the two runs. His duty is to cover the middle wicket and bowler.

This fieldsman is occasionally brought in to save the one run.



## LONG FIELD, STRAIGHT ON,

should stand at some distance out from the bowler's wicket, to save the two runs. When the bowling can be depended on, and the hitting is not severe, he may be brought in to save the one run.

## LONG FIELD TO THE HIP

The fieldsman must stand out to save two runs opposite to the popping-crease. Every person who takes the long field should be able to throw well, to run well, and he should begin to run before the ball is struck: this, in the language of Cricket, is called 'getting the start of the ball'.

As in the instance of the two formerly named players, this fieldsman is frequently moved in to save the one run.

## THE LONG STOP

holds a most important station in the game of cricket. His appointment is behind the wicket-keeper, and he should stand in, so as to save the one run.

When the ball does not come to his hand with a fair bound, he must go down upon his right knee with his hands before him; then, in case these should miss it, his body will form a bulwark and arrest its farther progress.

In addition to this duty, he is required to cover many slips from the bat, both to the leg and the off-side. It is requisite that he should learn to throw with a quick action to the top of the wicket.

## SHORT SLIP

The situation for the slip is between the wicket-keeper and point of the bat, and at a rather greater distance from the wicket than the wicket-keeper, yet

nearer to his side than to the point of the bat, because it affords better play for his right hand.

For the position of his body, I refer to the instructions already given to the wicket-keeper and point.

As the balls usually come from the bat to the slip with considerable swiftness, this fieldsman should be perpetually on his guard.

Whenever the wicket-keeper is compelled to leave his station, the slip should move up and supply his place till he returns.

In backing up, the slip should come next to the wicket-keeper.

#### THE LONG SLIP

is generally placed between the short slip and point, and near enough to save the run. I should prefer, however, his standing nearly behind the short slip, on account of the balls twisting; for, if the ball be struck to his right hand, he will surely find it twist to his left. This is a station of great difficulty in fast bowling.

#### THE MIDDLE WICKET

should stand on the off-side, not more than eleven yards from the bowler's wicket, or more than twenty-two from the batsman's.

That this situation may be well filled, a person of more than common activity will be required; one who, judging from the motion of the bat, will start into action before the ball is hit: one with a quick movement of the arm in throwing, and a steady hand to return the ball into the wicket-keeper's hands at the top of the stumps. To be quick and steady are two most valuable qualifications in a fieldsman—and, indeed, in which of our worldly callings are they not valuable? There is no place in the whole field where



so many struggles occur to save a run, or to put the batsman out, as at the middle wicket; add to which, many catches arise, some from severe hits, others difficult to get at: with the constant movement, therefore, in covering his ground, and closely backing up, the eyes, legs and hands of the middle wicket are never unoccupied. This situation will furnish lively employment for an active young gentleman.

#### LONG FIELD TO COVER THE MIDDLE WICKET AND POINT

is a situation in which the fieldsman will have many hard balls to stop, and many a one to catch. The first thing he should make himself master of is to play from the pitch of the ball, and the motion of the batsman, so as to *get the start of the ball*. By so doing he will be enabled to cover many balls that would otherwise pass him; and many catches, difficult in themselves to get at, will become comparatively easy. He must learn to judge the direction in which the batter, by his position and motion, will strike the ball, and whether high or low, hard or gently, and before it is struck, he should be off to meet or cover it. This instruction will apply to either the long or the short field.

The second point of consequence to know is the exact spot where the two runs may be saved, and that where the one run may be prevented. Minute and trifling as these matters may appear, let the young practitioner be assured that he never will be accounted an effective fieldsman till he have made himself master of them. Time in the play and trouble to the wicket-keeper will be spared, and, were no other advantage to arise, these are well worth securing. The following, although a personal anecdote, as it bears upon the present subject, I may be

pardoned for introducing upon this occasion. The first match of any importance in which I played was when the Hambledon Club challenged all England: I was then between seventeen and eighteen years old, and played for England. The celebrated JAMES AYLWARD was our General. His command to me was, 'You will cover the middle wicket and point.'—'What,' said I, 'out to save the two runs?'—'Why, you would not play in to save one on this ground!'—'I would, when CLIFFORD bowls.' (Clifford was a slow bowler.)—'You shall do as you like,' said he, with an approving smile, and a hearty shake of the hand. Now, the time I took to move in to save the one run was just before the bowler had started, the batsman's eye being at that time fixed upon him. By this manœuvre I had the good fortune, in the course of the match, to put out two of the Hambledon Club, and received in consequence the thanks of Sir Horace Mann. The glory of this reward made me scarcely to know whether I stood on my head or my heels; and if my memory be an honest one, some time elapsed before I had rubbed off my conceit.

Suppose the fieldsman in this station be brought in to save the one run—a case of frequent occurrence when the bowling is good—he should not wait and let the ball come to him, but dash in to meet it, fielding it with his right hand, and with a quick motion, throwing it at the top of the stumps to the wicket-keeper's hands. If this act be performed neatly, it has a beautiful effect, and is the very essence of fine fielding. It is a movement that any active young player may attain with a little perseverance, and the best mode of accomplishing it, is to get a person to stand at the wicket and throw the ball towards him—moderately quick at first, increasing the speed with his improvement.

If a ball be hit very hard in the direction of the long field, the safe way to play it is by dropping on one knee with both hands before him: should these miss it, the body will act as a rampart to prevent its farther progress.

To the young cricketer I cannot too frequently repeat that activity, observation, and steadiness are the most valuable qualities in a fieldsman, and allow me to add, as an old 'TUTOR'—in any other man.

### SINGLE WICKET

The parties in a match at single wicket vary in number from one to six on a side. The distance between the wickets is twenty-two yards. At the bowler's wicket, two stumps are placed with a bail upon them; and this the striker, when running, must come to, and strike off, and return to his own wicket. This is counted one run. If the bail should be off, the batter must strike the stump out of the ground. When the party consists of fewer than four on each side, if the striker leave his ground to hit the ball, he will not be permitted to reckon a notch.

#### THE PLAY BEFORE THE WICKET

When the parties consist of fewer than five on each side, the custom of the game is, to make bounds on each side of the wicket; which bounds are to be laid down parallel with it, as well as with each other: they must likewise extend *twenty-two* yards from the wicket. The man who is in, must strike the ball before these limits, or boundary lines; and it must be returned in the same direction by those who are seeking out. It must also be thrown back in such a manner, that it may cross the play between

the wicket of the batter and that of the bowler ; or between the bounds and the wicket of the man who is in, before it is considered dead.

If the striker in running have knocked off the bail upon the opposite wicket, and return home before the ball have struck down his wicket, or crossed the play, or been between the bounds and his own wicket, it is to be considered a run.

The wicket must be put down by the ball, whether by throwing, or holding it in the hand, and always from *before* ; for the ball is dead when once it has been behind the wicket.

The striker may continue running so long as the ball is in play—in other words, till it has crossed the play, or been returned between the bounds, or is dead in the hand of the bowler.

SINGLE WICKET WITH MORE THAN FOUR ON EACH SIDE is subject to the same rules as when the game at double wicket, with the full complement of men, is played.

## PROTEST

AGAINST THE MODERN INNOVATION OF THROWING,  
INSTEAD OF BOWLING THE BALLS

Having concluded my instructions to my young countrymen, before I finally take my leave of them, I feel anxious to place upon record my opinion respecting a new style of playing the game of Cricket which has been adopted only within these few years. As I have not been actively engaged in the field for several seasons, my motive for offering the following observations can arise solely from a wish to preclude

the possibility that my favourite amusement, while it changes in feature, should deteriorate in character.

I conceive, then, that all the fine style of hitting, which the reader will find recorded in the latter part of this little work, must in a very material degree cease, if the modern innovation of throwing, instead of bowling the ball, be not discontinued. It is not the least important objection I have to offer against the system to say, that it reduces the strikers too much to an equality; since the indifferent batsman possesses as fair a chance of success as the most refined player; and the reason of this is obvious, because, from the random manner of delivering the ball, it is impossible for the fine batsman to have time for that finesse and delicate management, which so peculiarly distinguished the elegant manœuvring of the chief players who occupied the field about eight, ten, and more years ago. If the system continue, I freely confess that I cannot even hope again to witness such exquisite finish as distinguished the playing of such men as OLD SMALL, and AYLWARD, and the TWO WALKERS, and BELDHAM, and LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERC: the last indeed, I believe it is pretty well understood, retired as soon as the present system was tolerated.

I am aware that the defence which has been urged in behalf of the throwing, is, that 'it tends to shorten the game'; that now a match is commonly decided in one day which heretofore occupied three times the space in its completion. This argument, I grant, is not an irrational one; but if the object in countenancing the innovation (and one, be it observed, in direct defiance of a standing law) extend solely to the '*curtailment* of the game', why not multiply the difficulties in another direction? Why not give more room for the display of skill in the *batter*?



Why not have *four* stumps instead of *three*, and increase the length of the bails from eight inches to *ten*? The gentlemen forming the Mary-le-bone Club have the power to order this. Will they consider the proposal, and sanction it, seeing that the fair character of their game is at stake? And that this is actually the case I feel perfectly confident, both from my own observation and experience, as well as from the corroboration of men whose judgement I esteem. If, therefore, the present system be persisted in a few years longer, the elegant and scientific game of Cricket will decline into a mere exhibition of rough, coarse horseplay.

I do not speak from prejudice, or from the partiality of one who has been educated in a particular school, however natural that such should be the result of my present opinion; but I can use my eyes, and I can compare notes and points in the two styles of playing; and they who have known me will bear testimony that I have never been accustomed to express myself rashly; I have, therefore, no hesitation in declaring that none of the players who have risen with the new system can compare for a moment in the standard of excellence (clever though they undoubtedly are) with the eminent men already named above, and for the reason I have assigned.

## THE CRICKETERS OF MY TIME

THE game of cricket is thoroughly British. Its derivation is probably from the Saxon 'cƿyce, a stick'. Strutt, however, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, states that he can find no record of the game, under its present appellation, 'beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of the songs published by D'Urfey.'<sup>1</sup> The first four lines of 'Of a noble race was Shenkin', ran thus:—

Her was the prettiest fellow  
At foot-ball or at *cricket*,  
At hunting chase, or nimble race,  
How featly her could prick it.

The same historian of our games doubts not that cricket derived its origin from the ancient game of club-ball, the patronymics of which being compounded of Welsh and Danish (clwppa and bol) do not warrant his conclusion, the Saxon being an elder occupant of our island. The circumstance, however, of there being no illustration extant—no missal, illuminated with a group engaged in this king of athletic games, as is the case with its plebeian brother, the club-ball; also, from its constitution, being of a more civil and complicated character—we may rationally infer that it is the offspring of a more polite, at all events, of a maturer age than its fellow. The game of club-ball appears to have been no other than the present well-known bat-and-ball, which, with similar laws and customs prescribed in the playing at it, was,

<sup>1</sup> *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 4th edit. 1719, vol. ii. p. 172.



doubtless, anterior to trap-ball. The trap, indeed, carries with it an air of refinement in the 'march of mechanism'.

They who are acquainted with some of the remote and unfrequented villages of England, where the primitive manners, customs, and games of our ancestors survive in the perfection of rude and unadulterated simplicity, must have remarked the lads playing at a game which is the same in its outline and principal features as the consummate piece of perfection that at this day is the glory of Lord's, and the pride of English athletæ—I mean the one in which a single stick is appointed for a wicket, ditto for a bat, and the same repeated, of about three inches in length, for a ball. If this be not the original of the game of cricket, it is a plebeian imitation of it.

My purpose, however, is not to search into the antiquities of cricketing, but to record my recollections of some of the most eminent professors of my favourite pastime who have figured on the public arena since the year 1776, when I might be about twelve years of age. From that period till within a few seasons past, I have constantly been 'at the receipt of custom' when any rousing match has been toward; and being now a veteran, and laid up in ordinary, I may be allowed the vanity of the quotation,

*Quorum magna pars fui.*<sup>1</sup>

I was born at Hambledon, in Hampshire—the

<sup>1</sup> I learned a little Latin when I was a boy of a worthy old Jesuit, but I was a better hand at the fiddle; and many a time have I taught the gipsys a tune during their annual visits to our village, thereby purchasing the security of our poultry-yard. When the hand of the destroyer was stretched forth over the neighbouring roosts, our little Goshen was always passed by.

*Attica* of the scientific art I am celebrating. No eleven in England could compare with the Hambledon, which met on the first Tuesday in May on Broad-Halfpenny. So renowned a set were the men of Hambledon, that the whole country round would flock to see one of their trial matches. 'Great men,' indeed, 'have been among us—better, none'; and in the course of my recollections I shall have occasion to instance so many within the knowledge of persons now living, as will, I doubt not, warrant me in giving the palm to my native place.

The two principal bowlers in my early days were THOMAS BRETT and RICHARD NYREN, of Hambledon; the *corps de reserve*, or change-bowlers, were BARBER and HOGSFLESH. Brett was, beyond all comparison, the fastest as well as straightest bowler that was ever known: he was neither a thrower nor a jerker, but a legitimate downright *bowler*, delivering his ball fairly, high, and very quickly, quite as strongly as the jerkers, and with the force of a point blank shot. He was a well-grown, dark-looking man, remarkably strong, and with rather a short arm. As a batter, he was comparatively an inferior player—a slashing hitter, but he had little guard of his wicket, and his judgement of the game was held in no great estimation. Brett, whose occupation was that of a farmer, bore the universal character of a strictly honourable man in all his transactions, whether in business or in amusement.

Richard Nyren was left-handed. He had a high delivery, always to the length, and his balls were provokingly deceitful. He was the chosen General of all the matches, ordering and directing the whole. In such esteem did the brotherhood hold his experience and judgement, that he was uniformly consulted on all questions of law or precedent; and I never knew

an exception to be taken against his opinion, or his decision to be reversed. I never saw a finer specimen of the thoroughbred old English yeoman than Richard Nyren. He was a good face-to-face, unflinching, uncompromising, independent man. He placed a full and just value upon the station he held in society, and he maintained it without insolence or assumption. He could differ with a superior, without trenching upon his dignity, or losing his own. I have known him maintain an opinion with great firmness against the Duke of Dorset and Sir Horace Mann; and when, in consequence of his being proved to be in the right, the latter has afterwards crossed the ground and shaken him heartily by the hand. Nyren had immense advantage over Brett; for, independently of his general knowledge of the game, he was practically a better cricketer, being a safe batsman and an excellent hitter. Although a very stout man (standing about five feet nine) he was uncommonly active. He owed all the skill and judgment he possessed to an old uncle, Richard Newland, of Slindon, in Sussex, under whom he was brought up—a man so famous in his time, that when a song was written in honour of the Sussex cricketers, Richard Newland was especially and honourably signalized. No one man ever dared to play him. When Richard Nyren left Hambledon, the club broke up, and never resumed from that day. The head and right arm were gone.

Barber and Hogsflesh were both good hands; they had a high delivery, and a generally good length; not very strong, however, at least for those days of playing, when the bowling was all fast. These four were our tip-top men, and I think such another stud was not to be matched in the whole kingdom, either before or since. They were choice fellows, staunch

and thoroughgoing. No thought of treachery ever seemed to have entered their heads. The modern politics of trickery and '*crossing*' were (so far as my own experience and judgement of their actions extended) as yet 'a sealed book' to the Hambletonians; what they did, they did for the love of honour and victory; and when one (who shall be nameless) sold the birthright of his good name for a mess of pottage, he paid dearly for his bargain. It cost him the trouble of being a knave—(no trifle!); the esteem of his old friends, and, what was worst of all, the respect of him who could have been his *best* friend—himself.

Upon coming to the old batters of our club, the name of JOHN SMALL, the elder, shines among them in all the lustre of a star of the first magnitude. His merits have already been recorded in a separate publication, which every zealous brother of the pastime has probably read. I need, therefore, only subscribe my testimony to his uncommon talent, shortly summing up his chief excellencies. He was the best short runner of his day, and indeed I believe him to have been the first who turned the short hits to account. His decision was as prompt as his eye was accurate in calculating a short run. Add to the value of his accomplishment as a batter, he was an admirable fieldsman, always playing middle wicket; and so correct was his judgement of the game, that old Nyren would appeal to him when a point of law was being debated. Small was a remarkably well-made and well-knit man, of honest expression, and as active as a hare.

He was a good fiddler, and taught himself the double bass. The Duke of Dorset, having been informed of his musical talent, sent him as a present a handsome violin, and paid the carriage. Small,

like a true and simple-hearted Englishman, returned the compliment, by sending his Grace two bats and balls, also *paying the carriage*. We may be sure that on both hands the presents were choice of their kind. Upon one occasion he turned his Orphean accomplishment to good account. Having to cross two or three fields on his way to a musical party, a vicious bull made at him ; when our hero, with the characteristic coolness and presence of mind of a good cricketer, began playing upon his bass, to the admiration and perfect satisfaction of the mischievous beast.

About this time, 1778, I became a sort of farmer's pony to my native club of Hambledon, and I never had cause to repent the work I was put to ; I gained by it that various knowledge of the game, which I leave in the hands of those who knew me in my 'high and palmy state' to speak to and appreciate. This trifling preliminary being settled, the name and figure of TOM SUETER first comes across me—a Hambledon man, and of the club. What a handful of steel-hearted soldiers are in an important pass, such was Tom in keeping the wicket. Nothing went by him ; and for coolness and nerve in this trying and responsible post, I never saw his equal. As a proof of his quickness and skill, I have numberless times seen him stump a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling. Add to this valuable accomplishment, he was one of the manliest and most graceful of hitters. Few would cut a ball harder at the point of the bat, and he was, moreover, an excellent short runner. He had an eye like an eagle—rapid and comprehensive. He was the first who departed from the custom of the old players before him, who deemed it a heresy to leave the crease for the ball ; he would get in at it, and hit it straight off and straight on ; and, egad !



it went as if it had been fired. As by the rules of our club, at the trial-matches no man was allowed to get more than thirty runs, he generally gained his number earlier than any of them. I have seldom seen a handsomer man than Tom Sueter, who measured about five feet ten. As if, too, Dame Nature wished to show at his birth a specimen of her prodigality, she gave him so amiable a disposition, that he was the pet of all the neighbourhood: so honourable a heart, that his word was never questioned by the gentlemen who associated with him: and a voice, which for sweetness, power, and purity of tone (a tenor) would, with proper cultivation, have made him a handsome fortune. With what rapture have I hung upon his notes when he has given us a hunting song in the club room after the day's practice was over!

GEORGE LEAR, of Hambledon, who always answered to the title among us of 'Little George', was our best long-stop. So firm and steady was he, that I have known him stand through a whole match against Brett's bowling, and not lose more than two runs. The ball seemed to go into him, and he was as sure of it as if he had been a sand bank. His activity was so great, and, besides, he had so good a judgment in running to cover the ball, that he would stop many that were hit in the slip, and this, be it remembered, from the swiftest bowling ever known. The portion of ground that man would cover was quite extraordinary. He was a good batsman, and a tolerably sure guard of his wicket; he averaged from fifteen to twenty runs, but I never remember his having a long innings. What he did not bring to the stock by his bat, however, he amply made up with his perfect fielding. Lear was a short man, of a fair complexion, well-looking, and of a pleasing

aspect. He had a sweet counter tenor voice. Many a treat have I had in hearing him and Sueter join in a glee at the ‘Bat and Ball’ on Broad Halfpenny :

I have been there, and still would go ;  
’Twas like a little Heaven below !

EDWARD ABURROW, a native of Hambledon, was one of our best long fields. He always went by the name of Curry ; why, I cannot remember, neither is it of the utmost importance to inquire. He was well calculated for the post he always occupied, being a sure and strong thrower, and able to cover a great space of the field. He was a steady and safe batter, averaging the same number of runs as Lear. We reckoned him a tolerably good change for bowling. Aburrow was a strong and well made man, standing about five feet nine ; he had a plain, honest-looking face, and was beloved by all his acquaintance.

BUCK, whose real name was PETER STEWARD, is the next Hambledon man that occurs to my recollection. He, too, played long field, and was a steady man at his post ; his batting, too, reached the same pitch of excellence ; he could cut the balls very hard at the point of the bat—nothing like Sueter, however—very few could have equalled *him*. Buck was a dark-looking man, a shoemaker by trade, in height about five feet eight, rather slimly built, and very active. He had an ambition to be thought a humorist. The following anecdote may serve both as a specimen of his talent and of the unfastidious taste of the men of Hambledon. When a match was to be played at a distance, the whole eleven, with the umpire and scorer, were conveyed in one caravan, built for their accommodation. Upon one occasion, the vehicle having been overturned, and the whole cargo unshipped,



Buck remained at his post, and refused to come out, desiring that they would right the vessel with him in it; for that 'one good turn deserved another'. This repartee was admired for a week.

The following old-fashioned song, and which was very popular fifty years ago, may bring back pleasant recollections to those of my countrymen who remember the Hambledon Club in the year 1778:<sup>1</sup>

## CRICKET

BY THE REV. MR. COTTON, OF WINCHESTER

ASSIST, all ye Muses, and join to rehearse  
An old English sport, never praised yet in verse;  
'Tis Cricket I sing, of illustrious fame,  
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

Derry down, &c.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old—  
Some were swift in the race, some in battles were  
bold;

The brows of the victor with olives were crown'd:  
Hark! they shout, and Olympia returns the glad  
sound!

Derry down, &c.

What boasting of Castor and Pollux his brother—  
The one famed for riding, for boxing the other;  
Compared with our heroes, they'll not shine at all—  
What were Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small?

Derry down, &c.

<sup>1</sup> This song was really written to commemorate the victory by Kent over Hampshire on August 19, 1772. The Hambledon names were added later.—E. V. L.

Here's guarding and catching, and throwing and  
tossing,  
And bowling and striking, and running and crossing ;  
Each mate must excel in some principal part—  
The Pentathlum of Greece could not show so much  
art.

Derry down, &c.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white—  
Famed Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight ;  
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,  
And views him, half stript, both with pleasure and  
pain.

Derry down, &c.

The wickets are pitched now, and measured the  
ground ;  
Then they form a large ring, and stand gazing  
around—  
Since Ajax fought Hector, in sight of all Troy,  
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.  
Derry down, &c.

Ye bowlers, take heed, to my precepts attend :  
On you the whole fate of the game must depend ;  
Spare your vigour at first, now exert all your strength,  
But measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.  
Derry down, &c.

Ye fieldsmen, look sharp, lest your pains ye beguile ;  
Move close like an army, in rank and in file ;  
When the ball is returned, back it sure, for I trow  
Whole states have been ruined by one overthrow  
Derry down, &c.

Ye strikers, observe when the foe shall draw nigh ;  
Mark the bowler, advancing with vigilant eye ;  
Your skill all depends upon distance and sight,  
Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright.

Derry down, &c.

And now the game's o'er, IO victory ! rings,  
Echo doubles her chorus, and Fame spreads her  
wings ;

Let's now hail our champions all steady and true,  
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Derry down, &c.

Buck, Curry, and Hogsflesh, and Barber and Brett,  
Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equalled yet ;  
I had almost forgot, they deserve a large bumper ;  
Little George, the long-stop, and Tom Sueter, the  
stumper.

Derry down, &c.

Then why should we fear either Sackville or Mann,  
Or repine at the loss both of Boyton and Lann ?—  
With such troops as those we'll be lords of the  
game,

Spite of Minshull and Miller, and Lumpy and Frame.

Derry down, &c.

Then fill up your glass, he's the best that drinks  
most.

Here's the Hambledon Club !—who refuses the toast?  
Let's join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,  
And sing in full chorus the patrons of cricket.

Derry down, &c.

And when the game’s o’er, and our fate shall draw nigh  
(For the heroes of cricket, like others, must die),  
Our bats we’ll resign, neither troubled nor vexed,  
And give up our wickets to those that come next.  
Derry down, &c.

The tenth knight of our round table (of which old Richard Nyren was the King Arthur) was a man we always called ‘The Little Farmer’; his name was LAMBERT.<sup>1</sup> He was a bowler—right-handed, and he had the most extraordinary delivery I ever saw. The ball was delivered quite low, and with a twist; not like that of the generality of right-handed bowlers, but just the reverse way: that is, if bowling to a right-handed hitter, his ball would twist from the off stump into the leg. He was the first I remember who introduced this deceitful and teasing style of delivering the ball. When All England played the Hambledon Club, the Little Farmer was appointed one of our bowlers; and, egad! this new trick of his so bothered the Kent and Surrey men, that they tumbled out one after another, as if they had been picked off by a rifle corps. For a long time they could not tell what to make of that cursed twist of his. This, however, was the only virtue he possessed, as a cricketer. He was no batter, and had no judgement of the game. The perfection he had attained in this one department, and his otherwise general deficiency, are at once accounted for by the circumstance that, when he was tending his father’s sheep, he would set up a hurdle or two, and bowl away for hours together. Our General, old Nyren, after a great deal of trouble (for the Farmer’s comprehension did not equal the speed of lightning), got him to pitch the ball a little

<sup>1</sup> Not the great Lambert; really Lamborn.—E. V. L.

to the off-side of the wicket, when it would twist full in upon the stumps. Before he had got into this knack, he was once bowling against the Duke of Dorset, and, delivering his ball straight to the wicket, it curled in, and missed the Duke's leg-stump by a hair's breadth. The plainspoken little bumpkin, in his eagerness and delight, and forgetting the style in which we were always accustomed to impress our aristocratical playmates with our acknowledgement of their rank and station, bawled out—'Ah! it was *tedious* near you, Sir!' The familiarity of his tone, and the genuine Hampshire dialect in which it was spoken, set the whole ground laughing. I have never seen but one *bowler* who delivered his balls in the same way as our Little Farmer; with the *jerkers* the practice is not uncommon. He was a very civil and inoffensive young fellow, and remained in the club perhaps two or three seasons.

With TOM TAYLOR the old *eleven* was completed. There were, of course, several changes of other players, but these were the established picked set—the *élite*. Tom was an admirable field—certainly one of the very finest I ever saw. His station was between the point of the bat and the middle wicket, to save the two runs; but Tom had a lucky knack of gathering in to the wicket, for Tom had a license from our old General; so that, if the ball was hit to him, he had so quick a way of meeting it, and with such a rapid return (for no sooner was it in his hand than with the quickness of thought it was returned to the top of the wicket), that I have seen many put out by this manœuvre in a single run, and when the hit might be safely calculated upon for a prosperous one. He had an excellent general knowledge of the game; but of fielding, in particular, he was perfect

both in judgement and practice. Tom was also a most brilliant hitter, but his great fault lay in not sufficiently guarding his wicket: he was too fond of cutting, at the point of the bat, balls that were delivered straight; although, therefore, he would frequently get many runs, yet, from this habit, he could not be securely depended on; and, indeed, it was commonly the cause of his being out. I have known Lord Frederick Beauclerc (certainly the finest batter of his day) throw away the chance of a capital innings by the same incaution—that of cutting at *straight* balls—and he has been bowled out in consequence. Taylor was a short, well-made man, strong, and as watchful and active as a cat; but in no other instance will the comparison hold good, for he was without guile, and was an attached friend.

Having now described the best of my native players, I proceed to their opponents; and the foremost man of all must stand the well-known bowler, LUMPY, whose real name was STEVENS. He was a Surrey man, and lived with Lord Tankerville. Beyond all the men within my recollection Lumpy would bowl the greatest number of length balls in succession. His pace was much faster than Lord Beauclerc's, but he wanted his Lordship's general knowledge of the game. In those days it was the custom for the party going from home to pitch their own wickets; and here it was that Lumpy, whose duty it was to attend to this, always committed an error. He would invariably choose the ground where his balls would *shoot*, instead of selecting a rising spot to bowl against, which would have materially increased the difficulty to the hitter, seeing that so many more would be caught out by the mounting of the ball. As nothing, however, delighted the old man like bowling a wicket down with



a shooting ball, he would sacrifice the other chances to the glory of that achievement. Many a time have I seen our General twig this prejudice in the old man when matched against us, and chuckle at it. But I believe it was almost the only mistake he ever made professional, or even moral, for he was a most simple and amiable creature. Yes—one other he committed, and many a day after was the joke remembered against him. One of our matches having been concluded early in the day, a long, raw-boned devil of a countryman came up, and offered to play any one of the twenty-two at single wicket for five pounds. Old Nyren told Lumpy it would be five pounds easily earned, and persuaded him to accept the challenge. Lumpy, however, would not stake the whole sum himself, but offered a pound of the money, and the rest was subscribed. The confident old bowler made the countryman go in first, for he thought to settle his business in a twink; but the fellow, having an arm as long as a hop-pole, reached in at Lumpy's balls, bowl what length he might; and slashed and thrashed away in the most ludicrous style, hitting his balls all over the field, and always up in the air; and he made an uncommon number of runs from this prince of bowlers before he could get him out;—and, egad! he beat him!—for when Lumpy went in, not being a good batter, while the other was a very fast bowler, all along the ground, and straight to the wicket, he knocked him out presently: the whole ring roaring with laughter, and the astounded old bowler swearing he would never play another single match as long as he lived—an oath, I am sure, he religiously observed, for he was confoundedly crestfallen. Lumpy was a short man, round-shouldered, and stout. He had no trick about him, but was as plain as a pike-staff in all his dealings.



FRAME was the other principal with Lumpy; a fast bowler, and an unusually stout man for a cricketer. I recollect very little of him, and nothing worthy of a formal record.

Besides him there was SHOCK WHITE, another bowler on the England side; a good change, and a very decent hitter; but, take him altogether, I never thought very highly of his playing. He was a short, and rather stoutly made man.

JOHN WOOD made the fourth and the other change-bowler. He was tall, stout, and bony, and a very good general player; not, however, an extraordinary one, when compared with those that have been heretofore mentioned.

There was high feasting held on Broad-Halfpenny during the solemnity of one of our grand matches. Oh! it was a heart-stirring sight to witness the multitude forming a complete and dense circle round that noble green. Half the county would be present, and all their hearts with us. Little Hambledon pitted against All England was a proud thought for the Hampshire men. Defeat was glory in such a struggle—Victory, indeed, made us only ‘a little lower than angels’. How those fine brawn-faced fellows of farmers would drink to our success! And then, what stuff they had to drink!—Punch!—not your new *Ponche à la Romaine*, or *Ponche à la Groseille*, or your modern cat-lap milk punch—punch be-deviled; but good, unsophisticated John Bull stuff—stark!—that would stand on end—punch that would make a cat speak! Sixpence a bottle! We had not sixty millions of interest to pay in those days. The ale too!—not the modern horror under the same name, that drives as many men melancholy-mad as the hypocrites do;—not the beastliness of these days, that will make a fellow’s inside like a shaking bog—

and as rotten; but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface!—This immortal viand (for it was more than liquor) was vended at twopence per pint. The immeasurable villany of our vintners would, with their march of intellect (if ever they could get such a brewing), drive a pint of it out into a gallon. Then the quantity the fellows would eat! Two or three of them would strike dismay into a round of beef. They could no more have pecked in that style than they could have flown, had the infernal black stream (that type of Acheron!) which soddens the carcass of a Londoner, been the fertilizer of their clay. There would this company, consisting most likely of some thousands, remain patiently and anxiously watching every turn of fate in the game, as if the event had been the meeting of two armies to decide their liberty. And whenever a Hambledon man made a good hit, worth four or five runs, you would hear the deep mouths of the whole multitude baying away in pure Hampshire—‘Go hard!—go hard!—*Tich* and turn!—*tich* and turn!’ To the honour of my countrymen, let me bear testimony upon this occasion also, as I have already done upon others. Although their provinciality in general, and personal partialities individually, were naturally interested in behalf of the Hambledon men, I cannot call to recollection an instance of their wilfully stopping a ball that had been hit out among them by one of our opponents. Like *true* Englishmen, they would give an enemy fair play. How strongly are all those scenes, of fifty years bygone, painted in my memory!—and the smell of that ale comes upon me as freshly as the new May flowers.

Having premised that these grand matches were



AN EARLY GAME

(See Introduction, p xxvii)



always made for 500*l.* a side, I now proceed with a slight record of the principal men who were usually pitted against us. My description of them must unavoidably be less minute, because I had not so frequent an intercourse with them as with the men whose every action I was constantly in the habit of watching: my report of them, therefore, may be more slight than their merits deserve, for there were really some fine players among them. For the same reason also my chronicle will be less relieved by personal anecdote.

My last account having closed with the four principal bowlers who were usually opposed to us—Lumpy and Frame, Shock White and Wood—the next name that presents itself to me is that of MINSHULL, who was a gardener to the Duke of Dorset. He was a batter, and a very fine one—probably their best; a capital hitter, and a sure guard of his wicket. Minshull, however, was not an elegant player; his position and general style were both awkward and uncouth; yet he was as conceited as a wagtail, and from his constantly aping what he had no pretensions to, was, on that account only, not estimated according to the price at which he had rated his own merits. He was a thick-set man, standing about five feet nine, and not very active.

MILLER (gamekeeper either to Lord Tankerville or the Duke of Dorset, I forget which) was as amiable a hearted man as ever cut a ball at the point of the bat. He and Minshull were the only two batters the Hambledon men were afraid of. Miller was indeed a beautiful player, and always to be depended on; there was no flash—no cock-a-whoop about him—but firm he was, and steady as the Pyramids. Although fully as stout a man as Minshull, he was considerably more active. I remember when upon

one occasion those two men, being in together, had gained an uncommon number of runs, the backers of the Hambledon men, Dehaney and Paulet, began to quake, and edged off all their money, laying it pretty thickly on the England side. Of the Hambledon men, Small went in first, and continued until there were about five out, for very few runs, when Nyren went in to him; and then they began to show fight. The mettle of our true blood was roused into full action, and never did they exhibit to finer advantage. Nyren got 98, and Small 110 runs before they were parted. After the former was out (for Small, according to his custom, died a natural death) the backers came up to Nyren and said, 'You will win the match, and we shall lose our money.' The proud old yeoman turned short upon them, and, with that honest independence which gained him the esteem of all parties, told them to their heads that they were rightly served, and that he was glad of it. 'Another time (said he) don't bet your money against such men as we are!' I forget how many runs the Hambledon men got, but, after this turn in affairs, the others stood no chance, and were easily beaten.

MAY and BOOKER, and QUIDDINGTON, were players of the first rank, though not the first of that rank. They were excellent and steady batters, strong hitters, and sure fields. Quiddington was a long-stop, and an admirable one; not, however, so implicitly to be depended on as Lear, whose equal in that department of the game I never saw anywhere. My reason for assigning him this superiority has been already given. For the same cause, too, I must place our Sueter above Yalden, who was their best wicket-keeper, and he would have been highly prized anywhere; but neither he nor Quiddington ever had to



stand against such steam-engine bowling as Brett's; and yet Lear and Sueter, in their several departments, were safer men than their opponents. Yalden, too, was in other respects an inferior man to Sueter. His word was not always to be depended on when he had put a man out—he would now and then shuffle, and resort to trick. In such estimation did the other stand with all parties, so high an opinion had they of his honour—that I firmly believe they would have trusted to his decision had he ever chosen to question that of the umpire. Yalden was not a fine but a very useful and steady batter. He was a thin, dark-looking man.

The DUKE OF DORSET, or LORD TANKERVILLE, sometimes both, would play, to complete the eleven. Neither of these noblemen were to be compared to Lord Frederick Beauclerc. Whether in batting, bowling, or indeed in any department of the game, he would have distanced them; yet they were pretty players. Each usually played in the slip when the other was not present. This station was the Duke's *forte*. He was in height about five feet nine, very well made, and had a peculiar habit, when unemployed, of standing with his head on one side.

About the period I have been describing, NOAH MANN joined the Hambledon Club. He was from Sussex, and lived at North Chapel, not far from Petworth. He kept an inn there, and used to come a distance of at least twenty miles every Tuesday to practise. He was a fellow of extraordinary activity, and could perform clever feats of agility on horseback. For instance, when he has been seen in the distance coming up the ground, one or more of his companions would throw down handkerchiefs, and these he would collect, stooping from his horse while it was going at full speed. He was a fine batter, a fine field, and



the swiftest runner I ever remember: indeed, such was his fame for speed, that whenever there was a match going forward, we were sure to hear of one being made for Mann to run against some noted competitor; and such would come from the whole country round. Upon these occasions he used to tell his friends, 'If, when we are half-way, you see me alongside of my man, you may always bet your money upon me, for I am sure to win.' And I never saw him beaten. He was a most valuable fellow in the field; for besides being very sure of the ball, his activity was so extraordinary that he would dart all over the ground like lightning. In those days of fast bowling they would put a man behind the long-stop, that he might cover both long-stop and slip: the man always selected for this post was Noah. Now and then little George Lear (whom I have already described as being so fine a long-stop), would give Noah the wink to be on his guard, who would gather close behind him: then George would make a slip on purpose, and let the ball go by, when, in an instant, Noah would have it up, and into the wicket-keeper's hands, and the man was put out. This I have seen done many times, and this nothing but the most accomplished skill in fielding could have achieved.

Mann would, upon occasion, be employed as a change-bowler, and in this department he was very extraordinary. He was left-handed, both as bowler and batter. In the former quality his merit consisted in giving a curve to the ball the whole way. In itself it was not the first-rate style of bowling, but so very deceptive that the chief end was frequently attained. They who remember the dexterous manner with which the Indian jugglers communicated the curve to the balls they spun round their heads,

by a twist of the wrist or hand, will at once comprehend Noah's curious feat in bowling. Sometimes when a batter had got into his hitting, and was scoring more runs than pleased our general, he would put Mann in to give him eight or twelve balls, and he almost always did so with good effect.

Noah was a good batsman, and a most severe hitter; by the way, I have observed this to be a common quality in left-handed men. The writer of this was in with him at a match on Windmill-down, when, by one stroke from a toss that he hit behind him, we got ten runs. At this time the playing-ground was changed from Broad-Halfpenny to the above-named spot, at the suggestion of the Duke of Dorset and the other gentlemen, who complained of the bleakness of the old place. The alteration was in this, as in every other respect, for the better, Windmill-down being one of the finest places for playing on I ever saw. The ground gradually declined every way from the centre: the fieldsmen therefore were compelled to look about them, and for this reason they became so renowned in that department of the game.

At a match of the Hambledon Club against All England, the club had to go in to get the runs, and there was a long number of them. It became quite apparent that the game would be closely fought. Mann kept on worrying old Nyren to let him go in, and although he became quite indignant at his constant refusal, our General knew what he was about in keeping him back. At length, when the last but one was out, he sent Mann in, and there were then ten runs to get. The sensation now all over the ground was greater than anything of the kind I ever witnessed before or since. All knew the state of the game, and many thousands were hanging

upon this narrow point. There was Sir Horace Mann, walking about, outside the ground, cutting down the daisies with his stick—a habit with him when he was agitated; the old farmers leaning forward upon their tall old staves, and the whole multitude perfectly still. After Noah had had one or two balls, Lumpy tossed one a little too far, when our fellow got in, and hit it out in his grand style. Six of the ten were gained. Never shall I forget the roar that followed this hit. Then there was a dead stand for some time, and no runs were made; ultimately, however, he gained them all, and won the game. After he was out, he upbraided Nyren for not putting him in earlier. ‘If you had let me go in an hour ago,’ said he, ‘I would have served them in the same way.’ But the old tactician was right, for he knew Noah to be a man of such nerve and self-possession, that the thought of so much depending upon him would not have the paralysing effect that it would upon many others. He was sure of him, and Noah afterwards felt the compliment. Mann was short in stature, and, when stripped, as swarthy as a gipsy. He was all muscle, with no incumbrance whatever of flesh; remarkably broad in the chest, with large hips and spider legs; he had not an ounce of flesh about him but it was where it ought to be. He always played without his hat (the sun could not affect *his* complexion), and he took a liking to me as a boy, because I did the same. Poor Noah! his death was a very deplorable one. Having been out shooting all day with some friends, they finished their evening with a free carouse, and he could not be persuaded to go to bed, but persisted in sleeping all night in his chair in the chimney-corner. It was, and still is, the custom in that part of the country, to heap together all the

ashes on the hearth, for the purpose of keeping the fire in till next day. During the night my poor playmate fell upon the embers, and being unable to help himself, burned his side so severely that he did not survive twenty-four hours.

RICHARD FRANCIS was a Surrey man. One day I met him in the street of Hambledon, and ran to tell our General that the famous Francis had come to live among us; he could scarcely believe me—perhaps for joy. This was the luckiest thing that could have happened for us, for Brett had just about the same time left off playing. Francis was a fast *jerk*; but though his delivery was allowed to be fair bowling, still it was a jerk. We enlisted him immediately, for we all knew what he could do, having seen him play on the Surrey side against us. At that time he was a young man, and he remained many years in the club. He was a gamekeeper; a closely made, firm little man, and active. His batting did not deserve any marked praise, still we always set him down for a few runs. He was both a better batter, however, and field too, than Brett; but as a bowler he ranked many degrees below that fine player.

About the same period RICHARD PURCHASE joined us. He was a slowish bowler—rather faster than Lord Beauclerc. His balls got up uncommonly well, and they were generally to a length. But he had no cunning about him; nor was he up to the tricks of the game. In playing, as in all other actions in life, he was the same straightforward honest fellow. Purchase was a fair hitter, and a tolerably good field. He was a slightly made man, and of a dark complexion.

At this great distance from the period at which my recollection of cricketing commenced, and having no data by which to regulate them, the reader will

good-naturedly make allowance both for the desultory character of my records, their unfinished and hasty sketchiness, and also for my now and then retracing my steps, to include some circumstance which, at the time of writing, had escaped my memory. For instance, I should have chronicled the era when the old-fashioned wicket of *two* stumps was changed to *three*—a decided improvement, seeing that it multiplied the chances to the batter of being bowled out, consequently increased the difficulty of his position, and thereby exalted his maintaining it for any length of time into the greater merit; for, under the old system, if the ball passed between the stumps, the batter was not considered out; under the improved system, such an event cannot happen, for the three stumps are not pitched at so great a distance from each other as to allow of the transit of the ball without knocking off the bail. This explanation is, of course, addressed only to the young and inexperienced player. The important reform in the game here alluded to took place, according to the best of my recollection, about the year 1779 or 1780. Since that time other entrenchments have been made upon the old constitution, which was the pride of our ancestors and the admiration of the whole community; but which, so far from contributing to its stability, will, in my opinion, if not retrieved, not only essentially change, but even destroy its character; let the patrician legislators and guardians of cricket-law look to it.

Before I proceed with my catalogue of the Hambleton Pantheon, it may be worth while to mention a circumstance connected with poor Noah Mann, the player named a few pages back. As it will tend to show the amenity in which the men of lower grade in society lived in those good old times



with their superiors, it may prove no worthless example to the more aristocratic, and certainly less beloved members of the same rank in society of the present day. Poor Noah was very ambitious that his new-born son should bear the Christian name, with the sanction, of his namesake Sir Horace Mann. Old Nyren, who, being the link between the patricians and plebeians in our community—the *juste milieu*—was always applied to in cases of similar emergency, undertook, upon the present occasion, to bear the petition of Noah to Sir Horace, who, with a winning condescension, acceded to the worthy fellow's request, and consented to become godfather to the child, giving it his own name; adding, I have no doubt, a present suited to the station of his little protégé. How easy a thing it is to win the esteem of our inferiors; and how well worth the while, when the mutual pleasure only, resulting from the action, is considered! Sir Horace, by this simple act of graceful humanity, hooked for life the heart of poor Noah Mann; and in this world of hatred and contention, the love even of a dog is worth living for.

The next player I shall name is JAMES AYLWARD. His father was a farmer. After he had played with the club for a few years, Sir Horace got him away from us, and made him his bailiff, I think, or some such officer; I remember, however, he was but ill qualified for his post. Aylward was a left-handed batter, and one of the safest hitters I ever knew in the club. He once stayed in two whole days, and upon that occasion got the highest number of runs that had ever been gained by any member—*one hundred and sixty-seven!* Jemmy was not a good fieldsman, neither was he remarkably active. After he had left us, to go down to live with Sir Horace, he played against us, but never, to my recollection,



with any advantage to his new associates—the Hambletonians were almost always too strong for their opponents. He was introduced to the club by Tom Taylor, and Tom's anxiety upon the occasion, that his friend should do credit to his recommendation, was curiously conspicuous. Aylward was a stout, well-made man, standing about five feet nine inches; not very light about the limbs, indeed he was rather clumsy. He would sometimes affect a little grandeur of manner, and once got laughed at by the whole ground for calling for a lemon to be brought to him when he had been in but a little while. It was thought a piece of finnikiness by those simple and homely yeomen.

And now for those anointed clod-stumpers, the WALKERS, TOM and HARRY. Never sure came two such unadulterated rustics into a civilized community. How strongly are the figures of the men (of Tom's in particular) brought to my mind when they first presented themselves to the club upon Windmill-down. Tom's hard, ungain, scrag-of-mutton frame; wilted, apple-john face (he always looked twenty years older than he really was), his long spider legs, as thick at the ankles as at the hips, and perfectly straight all the way down—for the embellishment of a calf in Tom's leg Dame Nature had considered would be but a wanton superfluity. Tom was the driest and most rigid-limbed chap I ever knew; his skin was like the rind of an old oak, and as sapless. I have seen his knuckles handsomely knocked about from Harris's bowling; but never saw any blood upon his hands—you might just as well attempt to phlebotomize a mummy. This rigidity of muscle (or rather I should say of tendon, for muscle was another ingredient economised in the process of Tom's configuration)—this rigidity, I say, was carried into



TOM WALKER

(Enlarged detail of the frontispiece)



every motion. He moved like the rude machinery of a steam-engine in the infancy of construction, and when he ran, every member seemed ready to fly to the four winds. He toiled like a tar on horse-back. The uncouth actions of these men furnished us, who prided ourselves upon a certain grace in movement and finished air, with an everlasting fund of amusement, and for some time they took no great fancy to me, because I used to worry, and tell them they could not play. They were, however, good hands when they first came among us, and had evidently received most excellent instruction; but after they had derived the advantage of first-rate practice, they became most admirable batters, and were the trustiest fellows (particularly Tom) in cases of emergency or difficulty. They were devilish troublesome customers to get out. I have very frequently known Tom to go in first, and remain to the very last man. He was the coolest, the most imperturbable fellow in existence: it used to be said of him that he had no nerves at all. Whether he was only practising, or whether he knew that the game was in a critical state, and that much depended upon his play, he was the same phlegmatic, unmoved man—he was the Washington of cricketers. Neither he nor his brother were active, yet both were effective fieldsmen. Upon one occasion, on the Mary-le-bone grounds, I remember Tom going in first, and Lord Frederick Beauclerc giving him the first four balls, all of an excellent length. First four or last four made no difference to Tom—he was always the same cool, collected fellow. Every ball he dropped down just before his bat. Off went his lordship's white hat—dash upon the ground (his constant action when disappointed)—calling him at the same time 'a confounded old beast'.—'I doan't care what ee

zays,' said Tom, when one close by asked if he had heard Lord Frederick call him 'an old beast'. No, no; Tom was not the man to be flustered.

About a couple of years after Walker had been with us, he began the system of throwing instead of bowling, now so much the fashion. At that time it was esteemed foul play, and so it was decided by a council of the Hambledon Club which was called for the purpose. The first I recollect seeing revive the custom was Wills, a Sussex man.<sup>1</sup> I am decidedly of opinion, that if it be not stopped altogether, the character of the game will become changed. I should hope that such powerful and efficient members of the Mary-le-bone Club as Mr. Ward, &c., will determine, not only to discountenance, but wholly and finally to suppress it; and instead, to foster and give every encouragement to genuine, bona fide bowlers—men with a fine delivery.

I never thought much of Tom's bowling; indeed the bowling of that time was so super-eminent that he was not looked upon as a bowler—even for a change. He afterwards, however, greatly improved; and what with his thorough knowledge of the game, his crafty manner (for he was one of the most fox-headed fellows I ever saw), and his quickness in seizing every advantage, he was of considerable service to his party, but he never was a first-rate bowler. He was a right- and Harry a left-handed batter, and both were valuable men. They came from Thursley, near Hindhead; they and their father were farmers, and their land lay near to the Devil's Punch-bowl.

The next in succession will be JOHN WELLS, the BELDHAMS, HARRIS, and FREEMANTLE.

Shortly after the Walkers had joined us, JOHN

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. Wills. E. V. L.

WELLS became a member of the Hambledon Club. John lived at Farnham, in Surrey, and was, if I recollect, a baker by trade. He was a short, thick, well-set man; in make like a cob-horse, proportionately strong, active, and laborious. As a bowler he had a very good delivery; he was also a good general field, and a steady batter—in short, an excellent ‘servant of all work’; and, like those misused Gibeonites (‘hewers of wood and drawers of water’), he was never spared when a wear-and-tear post was to be occupied. In cricket, as in the graver pursuits in life, the willing workman is ever spurred; he may perform labours of supererogation, and his assiduity meets at best with ‘mouth honour’: let him, however, but relax his muscles—let him but shorten his career to the speed of his fellows, and he instantly sinks below them in the estimation of his employers. Whether in this case the feeling arise from envy or not, it is hard to decide; assuredly, however, in very many instances, the mill-horse-grinder in the track of duty is acknowledged with greeting, while extra merit ‘goes out sighing’. John Wells possessed all the requisites for making a thoroughly useful cricketer; and, in his general deportment, he was endowed with those qualities which render man useful to society as well as happy in himself. He was a creature of a transparent and unflawed integrity—plain, simple, and candid; uncompromising, yet courteous; civil and deferential, yet no cringer. He always went by the title of ‘Honest John Wells’, and as long as I knew him he never forfeited the character he had gained. Little more need be added respecting his merits as a player, for he must be fresh in the memory of all who have been accustomed to see the best playing; suffice to say that, in addition to his level merits



as a general cricketer, he was esteemed to possess an excellent judgement of the game, and in questions that were frequently mooted his opinion would be appealed to.

The BELDHAMS, GEORGE and WILLIAM, come next in succession, brothers, and both farmers. They also, with Wells, came from Farnham. George was what would be called a fine player; a good batter, and generally competent to fill the different posts in the game; but, as he attended the club a few times only during my stay in it, I am unable to discriminate or speak pointedly to his merits. Upon turning, however, to his brother William, we come to the finest batter of his own, or perhaps of any age. William Beldham was a close-set, active man, standing about five feet eight inches and a half. He had light-coloured hair, a fair complexion, and handsome as well as intelligent features. We used to call him 'Silver Billy'. No one within my recollection could stop a ball better, or make more brilliant hits all over the ground. Wherever the ball was bowled, there she was hit away, and in the most severe, venomous style. Besides this, he was so remarkably safe a player; he was safer than the Bank, for no mortal ever thought of doubting Beldham's stability. He received his instructions from a gingerbread baker at Farnham, of the name of Harry Hall. I once played against Hall, and found him a very fair hand, yet nothing remarkable; he knew the principles of the game, yet, like many of inferior merit in performance, he made nevertheless an excellent tutor. He was a slow bowler, and a pretty good one. He had a peculiar habit of bringing his hand from behind his back immediately previous to his delivering the ball—a trick no doubt perplexing enough to an inexperienced batter. In his peripatetic lectures to the

young students, Hall perpetually enforced the principle of keeping the *left* elbow well up (this charge was of course delivered to the *right*-handed hitters), and excellent instruction it was; for if you do keep that elbow well up, and your bat also upright (in stopping a *length ball*), you will not fail to keep the balls *down*; and, vice versa, lower your elbow, and your balls will infallibly mount when you strike them.

BELDHAM was quite a young man when he joined the Hambledon Club; and even in that stage of his playing I hardly ever saw a man with a finer command of his bat; but, with the instruction and advice of the old heads superadded, he rapidly attained to the extraordinary accomplishment of being the finest player that has appeared within the latitude of more than half a century. There can be no exception against his batting, or the severity of his hitting. He would get in at the balls, and hit them away in a gallant style; yet, in this single feat, I think I have known him excelled; but when he could cut them at the point of the bat he was in his glory; and upon my life, their speed was as the speed of thought. One of the most beautiful sights that can be imagined, and which would have delighted an artist, was to see him make himself up to hit a ball. It was the beau idéal of grace, animation, and concentrated energy. In this peculiar exhibition of elegance with vigour, the nearest approach to him, I think, was Lord Frederick Beauclerc. Upon one occasion at Mary-le-bone, I remember these two admirable batters being in together, and though Beldham was then verging towards his climacteric, yet both were excited to a competition, and the display of talent that was exhibited between them that day was the most interesting sight of its kind I ever witnessed. I should not forget, among his other excellences, to mention that Beldham was one of

the best judges of a short run I ever knew ; add to which, that he possessed a generally good knowledge of the game.

Hitherto I have spoken only of his batting. In this department alone, he had talent enough to make a dozen ordinary cricketers, but as a general fieldsman there were few better ; he could take any post in the field, and do himself credit in it : latterly he usually chose the place of slip. But Beldham was a good change bowler too ; he delivered his balls high, and they got up well. His pace was a moderate one, yet bordering upon the quick. His principal fault in this department was that he would often give a toss ; taking him, however, as a change bowler, he was one of the best. He would very quickly discover what a hitter could do, and what he could not do, and arrange his bowling accordingly. Finally, although his balls were commonly to the length, he was much better calculated for a change than to be continued a considerable length of time.

One of the finest treats in cricketing that I remember, was to see this admirable man in, with the beautiful bowling of Harris.

Having finished with the best batter of his own, or, perhaps, of any age—Beldham—we proceed to the very best bowler ; a bowler who, between any one and himself, comparison must fail. DAVID HARRIS was, I believe, born, at all events he lived, at Odiham, in Hampshire ; he was by trade a potter. He was a muscular, bony man, standing about five feet nine and a half inches. His features were not regularly handsome, but a remarkably kind and gentle expression amply compensated the defect of mere linear beauty. The fair qualities of his heart shone through his honest face, and I can call to mind no worthier, or, in the active sense of the word, not a more ‘good man’

than David Harris. He was one of the rare species that link man to man in bonds of fellowship by good works ; that inspire confidence, and prevent the structure of society from becoming disjointed, and, 'as it were, a bowing wall, or a tottering fence.' He was a man of so strict a principle, and such high honour, that I believe his moral character was never impeached. I never heard even a suspicion breathed against his integrity, and I knew him long and intimately. I do not mean that he was a *canter*. —Oh, no—no one thought of standing on guard and buttoning up his pockets in Harris's company. I never busied myself about his mode of faith, or the peculiarity of his creed ; that was his own affair, not mine, or any other being's on earth ; all I know is, that he was an '*honest man*', and the poet has assigned the rank of such a one in creation.

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to convey in writing an accurate idea of the grand effect of Harris's bowling ; they only who have played against him can fully appreciate it. His attitude when preparing for his run previously to delivering the ball would have made a beautiful study for the sculptor. Phidias would certainly have taken him for a model. First of all, he stood erect like a soldier at drill ; then, with a graceful curve of the arm, he raised the ball to his forehead, and drawing back his right foot, started off with his left. The calm look and general air of the man were uncommonly striking, and from this series of preparations he never deviated. I am sure that from this simple account of his manner, all my countrymen who were acquainted with his play will recall him to their minds. His mode of delivering the ball was very singular. He would bring it from under the arm by a twist, and nearly as high as his arm-pit, and with this action *push* it, as it were, from

him. How it was that the balls acquired the velocity they did by this mode of delivery I never could comprehend.

When first he joined the Hambledon Club, he was quite a raw countryman at cricket, and had very little to recommend him but his noble delivery. He was also very apt to give tosses. I have seen old Nyren scratch his head, and say—‘Harris would make the best bowler in England if he did not toss’. By continual practice, however, and following the advice of the old Hambledon players, he became as steady as could be wished; and in the prime of his playing very rarely indeed gave a toss, although his balls were pitched the full length. In bowling, he never stooped in the least in his delivery, but kept himself upright all the time. His balls were very little beholden to the ground when pitched; it was but a touch, and up again; and woe be to the man who did not get in to block them, for they had such a peculiar curl, that they would grind his fingers against the bat: many a time have I seen the blood drawn in this way from a batter who was not up to the trick; old Tom Walker was the only exception—I have before classed him among the bloodless animals.

Harris’s bowling was the finest of all tests for a hitter, and hence the great beauty, as I observed before, of seeing Beldham in, with this man against him; for unless a batter were of the very first class, and accustomed to the best style of stopping, he could do little or nothing with Harris. If the thing had been possible, I should have liked to have seen such a player as Budd (fine hitter as he was) standing against him. My own opinion is that he could not have stopped his balls, and this will be a criterion, by which those who have seen some of that gentleman’s brilliant hits may judge of the extraordinary





(Enlarged detail from the frontispiece)





merit of this man's bowling. He was considerably faster than Lambert, and so superior in style and finish that I can draw no comparison between them. Lord Frederick Beauclerc has been heard to say that Harris's bowling was one of the grandest things of the kind he had ever seen; but his lordship could not have known him in his prime; he never saw him play till after he had had many fits of the gout, and had become slow and feeble.

To Harris's fine bowling I attribute the great improvement that was made in hitting, and above all in stopping; for it was utterly impossible to remain at the crease, when the ball was tossed to a fine length; you were obliged to get in, or it would be about your hands, or the handle of your bat; and every player knows where its next place would be.

Some years after Harris had played with the Hambledon Club, he became so well acquainted with the science of the game of cricket that he could take a very great advantage in pitching the wickets. And not only would he pitch a good wicket for himself, but he would also consider those who had to bowl with him. The writer of this has often walked with him up to Windmill-down at six o'clock in the morning of the day that a match was to be played, and has with pleasure noticed the pains he has taken in choosing the ground for his fellow-bowler as well as himself. The most eminent men in every walk of life have at all times been the most painstaking;—slabberdash work and indifference may accompany genius, and it does so too frequently; such geniuses, however, throw away more than half their chance. There are more brilliant talents in this world than people give the world credit for; and that their lustre does not exhibit to the best advantage, commonly depends upon the owners of them. Ill luck,

and the preference that frequently attends industrious mediocrity, are the only anodynes that wounded self-love or indolence can administer to misapplied or unused ability. In his walk, Harris was a man of genius, and he let slip no opportunity to maintain his pre-eminence. Although unwilling to detract from the fame of old Lumpy, I must here observe upon the difference in these two men with regard to pitching their wickets. Lumpy would uniformly select a point where the ball was likely to shoot, that is, over the brow of a little hill; and when by this forethought and contrivance the old man would prove successful in bowling his men out, he would turn round to his party with a little grin of triumph; nothing gratified him like this reward of his knowingness. Lumpy, however, thought only of himself in choosing his ground; his fellow-bowler might take his chance; this was neither wise nor liberal. Harris, on the contrary, as I have already observed, considered his partner; and, in so doing, the main chance of the game. Unlike Lumpy, too, he would choose a rising ground to pitch the ball against, and he who is well acquainted with the game of cricket will at once perceive the advantage that must arise from a wicket pitched in this way to such a tremendous bowler as Harris was. If I were urged to draw a comparison between these two great players, the greatest certainly in their department I ever saw, I could do it in no other way than the following:—Lumpy's ball was always pitched to the length, but delivered lower than Harris's, and never got up so high; he was also slower than Harris, and lost his advantage by the way in which he persisted in pitching his wicket; yet I think he would bowl more wickets down than the other, for the latter never pitched his wicket with this end in view; almost all his balls, therefore,

rose over the wicket; consequently, more players would be caught out from Harris than Lumpy, and not half the number of runs got from his bowling. I passed a very pleasant time with Harris when he came to my father's house at Hambledon, by invitation, after an illness, and for the benefit of the change of air. Being always his companion in his walks about the neighbourhood, I had full opportunity of observing the sweetness of his disposition; this, with his manly contempt of every action that bore the character of meanness, gained him the admiration of every cricketer in Hambledon.

In concluding my recollections of Harris, I had well nigh omitted to say something of his skill in the other departments of the game. The fact is, the extraordinary merit of his bowling would have thrown any other fair accomplishments he might possess into the shade; but, indeed, as a batter, I considered him rather an indifferent hand; I never recollect his getting more than ten runs, and those very rarely. Neither was his fielding remarkable. But he was game to the backbone, and never suffered a ball to pass him without putting his body in the way of it. If I recollect, he generally played slip.

The FREEMANTLES. There were two of them, and, I believe, brothers. JOHN and ANDREW were their names. One was an acknowledged player long before the other began. I am now, however, speaking of Freemantle the bowler. He, with Andrew, came from some town between Winchester and Alresford. John was a stoutly-made man; his standard about five feet ten inches. He delivered his ball high and well, and tolerably fast, yet he could not be ranked among the *fast* bowlers. The best compliment I can pay him is that he was reckoned very successful, and, moreover, that his being a member of the

Hambledon Club was sufficient guarantee for his general ability, as those sound and experienced judges would never admit as member any man who did not possess some qualifications above the common level.

As a batter, John Freemantle would have been reckoned a good hand in any club. He would now and then get many runs; yet, withal, he could by no means be pronounced a *fine* batter. As a man, he bore a high character for straightforward, manly integrity; in short, he was a hearty John Bull, and flinched no more from doing his duty than he did from a ball in the field, and this he never did, however hard it might hit him.

Andrew was a shortish, well-set man, and a left-handed player. He was an uncommonly safe, as well as good hitter; and few wickets that I could name were more secure than Andrew's. He would often get long hands, and against the best bowling too; and when he had once warmed into his hitting, it was a deuced hard matter to get him out—an accident would frequently do the business. In his general style of batting he very much reminded me of Aylward, who has been spoken of some pages back. He usually played the long field, and was remarkably steady and safe in this department. But Andrew Freemantle could be depended upon, whatever he might undertake, whether in cricket or in his worldly dealings.

Upon one occasion when I had come up to London, I heard of a match being played in Lord's Ground, and of course made one of the spectators of my beloved amusement. Andrew Freemantle was in, and one of the new-fashioned bowlers, commonly called throwers, was bowling to him. His name was WELLS,<sup>1</sup> and I believe he came out of Sussex.

<sup>1</sup> See note on page 70. E. V. L.

He was the first I had seen of the new school, after the Walkers had attempted to introduce the system in the Hambledon Club. Wells frequently pitched his balls to the off-side of the wicket to Freemantle's left-handed hitting, who got in before the wicket, and hit the thrower's bowling behind him. Now, had he missed the ball, and it had hit his leg, although before the wicket, he would not have been out, because it had been pitched at the outside of the off-stump. I mention this trifling circumstance to show the knowledge the latter had of the game.

Andrew Freemantle's fielding was very fair; his post was generally the long field. He, however, must be so well known to many of the Mary-le-bone men now living that I need enumerate no more of the peculiar characteristics of his playing.

Next comes that deservedly esteemed character JOHN SMALL, son, and worthy successor, to the celebrated batter of the same name. He, as well as his father, was a native of Petersfield. Young Small was a very handsomely made man. For perfect symmetry of form, and well-knit, compact limbs and frame, his father was one of the finest models of a man I ever beheld; and the son was little inferior to him in any respect. Jack Small! my old club fellow! when the fresh and lusty May-tide of life sent the blood gamboling through our veins like a Spring runlet, we have had many a good bout together:

But now my head is bald, John,  
And locks as white as snow,—

and yours have, doubtless, bleached under the cold hand of mayhap three score winters and more; but the churl has not yet touched the citadel. *My* heart is as sound as ever, and beats regular and true time to the tune of old and grateful thoughts for long



friendships. You, I am sure, can echo this sentiment. You are a musician as well as a friend, and know the value of steadiness in both characters. I think we could give some of the young whipsters a little trouble even now. Like the old Knight of the Boar's Head, we might need the *legs* of these Harry Monmouths; but it is my opinion we could bother them yet, at a good stand to our post. They would find some trouble to bowl down our stumps. They say, Jack, you were born with a bat in your hand. I can believe the tale, for I am sure you inherited the craft from both father and mother. She, I think, took as much delight and interest in the game as he. Many's the time I have seen that worthy woman (every way deserving of so kind and excellent a husband) come galloping up the ground at a grand match, where he was to play (for, you know, she always accompanied him to those high solemnities); and no player even could show more interest in the progress of the game than she, and certainly no one, as was natural, felt so much pride in her husband's fine playing.

I do not remember, John, that you were much of a bowler; but I remember that you were everything else, and that your judgement of the game was equal to that of any man. Your style of hitting, to my mind, was of the very first quality; and I can name no one who possessed a more accurate judgement of a short run. By the by—is that account true which I have heard, that upon one occasion, at Mary-le-bone, you and Hammond went in first, when there were only forty runs to get to win the match; and that you made an agreement together to run whenever the ball passed the wicket-keeper: that you did this, and between you got the whole forty runs before you were out? I have been told this anecdote of

you both, and, if true, it clearly shows, according to my opinion, that the judgement of the people who played against you must have been strangely at fault, or they might have prevented it; for had but the long-stop been well acquainted with the game, he would have put you out.

I always admired your fielding, Jack: I am not sure that your middle wicket (the post that your father occupied) was not as good as his—though, I dare say, you would not allow this. Certain am I that a better never was put at that post. And now, farewell, my old club-fellow.

Reader! in a few words (now he has left the room), I assure you that in every way he was as complete a chap as I ever knew—a genuine chip of the old block—an admirable player, and a highly honourable man. The legs at Mary-le-bone never produced the least change in him; but, on the contrary, he was thoroughly disgusted at some of the manœuvres that took place there from time to time.

About the time that John Small had risen into the celebrity I have just been describing, his father and Nyren retired from the field. I cannot do better, in concluding these brief recollections, than enumerate the most eminent players in the Hambledon Club when it was in its glory.

DAVID HARRIS,  
JOHN WELLS,  
—— PURCHASE,  
WILLIAM BELDHAM,  
JOHN SMALL, JUN.

TOM WALKER,  
—— ROBINSON,  
NOAH MANN,  
—— SCOTT,  
—— TAYLOR,

HARRY WALKER.

No eleven in England could have had any chance with these men; and I think they might have beaten any two-and-twenty.

## A FEW MEMORANDA RESPECTING THE PROGRESS OF CRICKET

MR. WARD obligingly furnished me with a small MS., written some years since by an old cricketer, containing a few hasty recollections and rough hints to players, thrown together without regard to method or order. From the mass I have been able to select a few portions, thinking that they might possess some interest with those of my readers who take a pride in the game.

From the authority before me, it appears that about 150 years since, it was the custom, as at present, to pitch the wickets at the same distance asunder, viz. twenty-two yards. That the stumps (only one foot high, and two feet<sup>1</sup> wide) were surmounted with a bail. At that period, however, another peculiarity in the game was in practice, and which it is worth while to record. Between the stumps a hole was cut in the ground, large enough to contain the ball and the butt-end of the bat. In running a notch, the striker was required to put his bat into this hole, instead of the modern practice of touching over the popping-crease. The wicket-keeper, in putting out the striker when running, was

<sup>1</sup> There must be a mistake in this account of the *width* of the wicket. J. N.



WILLIAM WARD, ESQ.

(From an engraving reproduced by permission of the M.C.C.)



obliged, when the ball was thrown in, to place it in this hole before the adversary could reach it with his bat. Many severe injuries of the hands were the consequence of this regulation; the present mode of touching the popping-crease was therefore substituted for it. At the same period the wickets were increased to twenty-two inches in height, and six inches in breadth, and, instead of the old custom of placing the ball in the hole, the wicket-keeper was required to put the wicket down, having the ball in his hand.

The following account of a match played in the year 1746 has been selected by the writer above mentioned, in order to show the state of play at that time. It arose from a challenge given by Lord John Sackville, on the part of the County of Kent, to play All England; and it proved to be a well-contested match, as will appear from the manner in which the players kept the field. The hitting, however, could neither have been of a high character nor indeed safe, as may be gathered from the figure of the bat at that time—which was similar to an old-fashioned dinner-knife—curved at the back, and sweeping in the form of a volute at the front and end. With such a bat, the system must have been all for hitting; it would be barely possible to block: and when the practice of bowling length-balls was introduced, and which gave the bowler so great an advantage in the game, it became absolutely necessary to change the form of the bat, in order that the striker might be able to keep pace with the improvement. It was therefore made straight in the pod; in consequence of which, a total revolution, it may be said a reformation too, ensued in the style of play.

The following is a record of the match alluded to.



## KENT AGAINST ALL ENGLAND.

PLAYED IN THE ARTILLERY GROUND, LONDON.

<i>England, 1st Innings.</i>			<i>2nd Innings.</i>		
Runs.			Runs.		
Harris	0	B by Hadswell	4	B by Mills	
Dingate	3	B ditto	11	B Hadswell	
Newland	0	B Mills	3	B ditto	
Cuddy	0	B Hadswell	2	C Danes	
Green	0	B Mills	5	B Mills	
Waymark	7	B ditto	9	B Hadswell	
Bryan	12	S Kips	7	C Kips	
Newland	18	— not out	15	C Lord J. Sackville	
Harris	0	B Hadswell	1	B Hadswell	
Smith	0	C Bartrum	8	B Mills	
Newland	0	B Mills	5	— not out	
Byes	0	Byes	2		
<hr/> 40 <hr/>			<hr/> 70 <hr/>		

<i>Kent, 1st Innings.</i>			<i>2nd Innings.</i>		
Runs.			Runs.		
Lord J. Sackville	5	C by Waymark	3	B by Harris	
Long Robin	7	B Newland	9	B Newland	
Mills	0	B Harris	6	C ditto	
Hadswell	0	B ditto	5	— not out	
Cutbush	3	C Green	7	— not out	
Bartrum	2	B Newland	0	B Newland	
Danes	6	B ditto	0	C Smith	
Sawer	0	C Waymark	5	B Newland	
Kips	12	B Harris	10	B Harris	
Mills	7	— not out	2	B Newland	
Romney	11	B Harris	8	C Harris	
Byes	0	Byes	3		
<hr/> 53 <hr/>			<hr/> 58 <hr/>		

Some years after this, the fashion of the bat having been changed to a straight form, the system of stopping, or blocking, was adopted; when JOHN SMALL, Sen., of Petersfield, in Hampshire, became signalized as the most eminent batsman of his day,

being a very safe player and a remarkably fine hitter ; and EDWARD STEVENS, or, as he was commonly called, LUMPY, was esteemed the best bowler.

About the years 1769 and 1770, the Hambledon Club, having had a run of ill success, was on the eve of being dissolved. It had been hitherto supported by the most respectable gentlemen in that part of the county. They determined, however, once more to try their fortune, and on the 23rd of September, 1771, having played the County of Surrey, at Laleham Burway, they beat them by one run. Out of fifty-one matches played by the same club against England, &c., during the ensuing ten years, they gained twenty-nine of the number.

Several years since (I do not recollect the precise date) a player, named White, of Ryegate, brought a bat to a match, which being the width of the stumps, effectually defended his wicket from the bowler : and in consequence, a law was passed limiting the future width of the bat to  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches.<sup>1</sup> Another law also decreed that the ball should not weigh less than  $5\frac{1}{2}$  oz., or more than  $5\frac{3}{4}$  oz.

On the 22nd of May, 1775, a match was played in the Artillery Ground, between five of the Hambledon Club and five of All England ; when Small went in the last man for fourteen runs, and fetched them. Lumpy was bowler upon the occasion ; and it having been remarked that his balls had three several times passed between Small's stumps, it was considered to be a hard thing upon the bowler that his straightest balls should be thus sacrificed ; the

<sup>1</sup> I have a perfect recollection of this occurrence ; also, that subsequently an iron frame, of the statute width, was constructed for and kept by the Hambledon Club ; through which any bat of suspected dimensions was passed, and allowed or rejected accordingly. J. N.

number of the stumps was in consequence increased from two to three. Many amateurs were of opinion at the time that the alteration would tend to shorten the game; and subsequently the Hampshire gentlemen did me the honour of taking my opinion upon this point. I agreed with them that it was but doing justice to the bowler; but I differed upon the question that it would shorten the game; because the striker, knowing the danger of missing one straight ball with three instead of two stumps behind him, would materially redouble his care; while every loose hard hitter would learn to stop, and play as safe a game as possible. The following record of a match, played shortly afterwards between the Hambledon Club and All England, at Sevenoaks, will prove whether my opinion were well or ill founded.

It was upon this occasion that Aylward fetched the extraordinary number of 167 runs from his own bat—one of the greatest feats upon record in the annals of cricket; for it must be borne in mind that his success did not arise from any loose playing or incompetence on the part of his opponents—there would then have been no merit in the triumph; but he had to stand against the finest bowling of the day—that of Lumpy.

The reader will not fail likewise to remark the difference of amount in the score between the first and the second innings on the England side; the men were either disheartened at the towering pre-eminence of the adverse party; or, which is more probable, the latter, like good generals, would not throw away a single chance; but although the odds were so greatly in their favour, they, instead of relaxing, or showing any indifference, fielded with still greater care than in the first innings; and, in consequence, their opponents did not score half their previous

number of runs. This is the genuine spirit of emulation.

## HAMBLEDON CLUB AGAINST ALL ENGLAND.

Played 18th June 1777

<i>England, 1st Innings.</i>				<i>2nd Innings.</i>			
Runs.				Runs.			
Duke of Dorset	0	B by Brett		5	C by Lord Tankerville		
Lumpy	1	B ditto		2	— not out		
Wood	1	B ditto		1	B Nyren		
White	8	C Veck		10	— not out <sup>1</sup>		
Miller	27	C Small		23	B Brett		
Minchin	60	— not out		12	B Taylor		
Bowra	2	B Brett		4	B ditto		
Bullen	13	B Lord Tankerville		2	B Nyren		
Booker	8	C Brett		2	B Brett		
Yalden	6	C Small		8	C Nyren		
Pattenden	38	B Brett		0	C Brett		
Byes	2	Byes		0			
<hr/>				<hr/>			
166				69			

*Hambleton, 1st Innings.*

Runs.			
Lord Tankerville	3	B by Wood	
Lear	7	B ditto	
Veck	16	B Lumpy	
Small	33	C White	
Francis	26	C Wood	
Nyren	37	B Lumpy	
Sueter	46	B Wood	
Taylor	32	C Bullen	
Aburrow	22	C Minchin	
Aylward	167	B Bullen	
Brett	9	— not out	
Byes	5		
<hr/>			
403			

Won by Hambleton, by 168 runs in *one* innings.

<sup>1</sup> Should be 'run out', according to correction in Mr. Haygarth's own copy, now in Mr. Gaston's possession. E. V. L.

In the year 1778, HARRIS, the best bowler ever known, began playing in the first matches; and from the vast superiority of his style, the hitting increased both in safety and severity, particularly in Hampshire and Surrey, where the players had an opportunity of practising against the bowling of this remarkable man. He had a very high delivery of the balls, and was as steady to a length. This obliged the striker to play forward, otherwise, from the rapidity of the balls rising from the ground, he was sure to be caught out at the point of the bat. I consider cricket to have been at its zenith at the time that Harris was in prime play.

After his death a childish mode of bowling was adopted—very slow and high, and scarcely passing the wicket. By some the ball was delivered with a straight arm, nearly approaching to a gentle throw. That practice, however, (of throwing), was set aside by a resolution of the Mary-le-bone Club.<sup>1</sup>

[Here follow some general instructions to the bowler and striker; they are, however, brief, and at the same time bear so closely upon those already given in previous pages of this little work that the inserting of them would amount almost to a verbal repetition.

The following hints to the directors and managers of a match will amuse some readers, and not be wholly unworthy the attention of those who are ambitious of playing a keen and manœuvring, rather than a plain and straightforward game.]

<sup>1</sup> Tom Walker was the first to introduce the system of throwing; and it was to provide against such an innovation that the law was passed, and which law is still in force, although it is daily infringed, and will, in all probability, become a dead letter. J. N.

## MANAGEMENT OF A MATCH

IN making a match, you should be careful to stand on higher terms than you have an absolute occasion for; that you may the more easily obtain such as are necessary—keeping in mind the old adage, ‘A match well made is half won.’

In pitching the wickets<sup>1</sup> (when it falls to your lot to have the pitching of them), you must be careful to suit your bowling. If you have one slow, and one fast bowler, pitch your wickets right up and down the wind. A slow bowler can never bowl well with the wind in his face. If your bowling is all fast, and your opponents have a slow bowler, pitch your wickets with a cross wind, that you may in some degree destroy the effect of the slow bowling. If either of your bowlers twist his balls, favour such twist as much as possible by taking care to choose the ground at that spot where the ball should pitch its proper length, a little sloping inwards.

If you go in first, let two of your most safe and steady players be put in, that you may stand a chance of ‘*milling*’ the bowling in the early part of the game. And whenever a man is put out, and if the bowling have become loose, put in a resolute hard hitter. Observe also, if two players are well in, and warm with getting runs fast, and one should happen to be put out, that you supply his place immediately, lest the other become cold and stiff.

When your party takes the field, let your bowlers take full time between their balls; keeping a close field till your opponents begin to hit freely, when you must extend your men as occasion may require.

If the opposite party hold in, and are getting runs too fast, change your worst bowler, being careful at

<sup>1</sup> Now the province of the umpires: see copy of the Laws. J. N.



the same time to bring forward one as opposite to him as possible, both in speed and delivery. If you bring forward a fast bowler as a change, contrive, if fortune so favour you that he shall bowl his first ball *when a cloud is passing over* ; because, as this trifling circumstance frequently affects the sight of the striker, you may thereby stand a good chance of getting him out.

When it is difficult to part two batsmen, and either of them has a favourite hit, I have often succeeded in getting him out by opening the field where his hit is placed, at the same time hinting to the bowler to give him a different style of ball. This, with the opening of the field, has tempted him to plant his favourite hit, and in his anxiety to do so has not unfrequently committed an error fatal to him.

Every manœuvre must be tried in a desperate state of the game ; but, above all things, be slow and steady, being also especially careful that your field do not become confused. Endeavour by every means in your power—such as by changing the bowling, by little alterations in the field, or by any excuse you can invent—to delay the time, that the strikers may become cold and inactive. And when you get a turn in your favour, you may push on the game a little faster ; but even then be not too flushed with success, but let your play be still cool, cautious, and steady.

If your party go in the last innings for a certain number of runs, always keep back two or three of your safest batsmen for the last wickets. Timid or hazardous hitters seldom do so well when the game is desperate as those who, from safe play, are more confident.

# LIST OF THE MEMBERS

## OF THE

### MARY-LE-BONE CLUB

Acheson, Viscount  
 Adamson, Mr.  
 Aislabie, Mr. B.  
 Anderson, Mr.  
 Anderson, Mr. D.  
 Ashley, Hon. H.  
 Antrobus, Mr. J.  
 Baker, Mr.  
 Barclay, Mr. R.  
 Barham, Mr.  
 Barham, Mr. W.  
 Barnard, Mr.  
 Barnett, Mr. James  
 Barnett, Mr. Charles  
 Barnett, Mr. G. H.  
 Bathurst, Sir F.  
 Bayley, Mr. J.  
 Beauclerk, Lord F.  
 Beauclerk, Mr.  
 Bearblock, Mr. W.  
 Belfast, Earl of  
 Bennett, Mr.  
 Berens, Mr. R.  
 Biddulph, Mr. R. M.  
 Bligh, Hon. Gen.  
 Brooke, Mr. F. C.  
 Brooks, Mr.  
 Budd, Mr.  
 Balfour, Captain  
 Blake, Mr. J. G.  
 Caldwell, Mr.  
 Caldwell, Mr. B.  
 Calmady, Mr.  
 Campbell, Mr.  
 Castlereagh, Lord  
 Cheslyn, Mr.

Chesterfield, Earl of  
 Chichester, Earl of  
 Clitheroe, Mr. J. C.  
 Codrington, Captain  
 Colcomb, Major  
 Cope, Sir John, Bart.  
 Cotton, Sir St. Vincent  
 Cox, Mr.  
 Clonbrock, Lord  
 Cox, Mr. C.  
 Curtis, Sir William  
 Curzon, Hon. F.  
 Clayton, Captain  
 Darnley, Earl of  
 Davidson, Mr. H.  
 Davidson, Mr. D.  
 Davidson, Mr. W.  
 Davidson, Captain  
 Deedes, Mr. W.  
 Deedes, Mr. James  
 Delme, Mr. C.  
 Denne, Mr. T.  
 Dunlo, Lord  
 Dyke, Mr. P. H.  
 Dillon, Hon. Mr.  
 Ellis, Mr. W.  
 Ellis, Mr. C.  
 Everett, Mr.  
 Exeter, Marquis of  
 Fairfield, Mr. G.  
 Fairlie, Mr.  
 Fairlie, Mr. W.  
 Fitzroy, Mr. H.  
 Forbes, Mr.  
 Franklyn, Mr.  
 Fryer, Mr.

- |  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Fuller, Mr.                                | Loftus, Captain        |
| Finch, Hon. D.                             | Long, Colonel          |
| Flayer, Mr.                                | Lowther, Hon. Col.     |
| Gardiner, Colonel                          | Mackinnon, Mr. H.      |
| Gaselee, Mr.                               | M'Taggert, Mr. T.      |
| Gibbon, Sir John, Bart.                    | Mann, Colonel          |
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| Gordon, Hon. Francis                       | Mellish, Mr. T.        |
| Greenwood, Captain (2nd<br>Life Guards)    | Meyrick, Mr. F.        |
| Greenwood, Captain (Grena-<br>dier Guards) | Mills, Mr. E.          |
| Greville, Captain                          | Mills, Mr. C.          |
| Greville, Hon. R. F.                       | Montague, Hon. S. D.   |
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| Grimston, Hon. E. H.                       | Michel, Captain        |
| Gunning, Sir R. H., Bart.                  | Nicole, Mr.            |
| Hale, Mr. C.                               | Northy, Captain        |
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| Harrington, Mr.                            | Onslow, Mr. G.         |
| Heathcote, Mr. J. M.                       | Ossory, Lord           |
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| Hill, Mr. P.                               | Parry, Mr. F.          |
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| Hoare, Mr.                                 | Paul, Mr.              |
| Howard, Mr.                                | Payne, Mr. G.          |
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| Jones, Mr. D. H.                           | Plunkett, Mr.          |
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| Keen, Mr.                                  | Pocklington, Mr.       |
| Kingscote, Mr. H.                          | Ponsonby, Hon. G.      |
| Knatchbull, Mr.                            | Powell, Mr. J. H. jun. |
| Knight, Mr. E.                             | Purling, Mr.           |
| Knight, Mr. G. T.                          | Payne, Mr. A.          |
| Kynaston, Mr.                              | Pigott, Mr. W. P.      |
| Labalmondiere, Mr.                         | Quarme, Mr.            |
| Ladbroke, Mr. F.                           | Reed, Mr.              |
| Lascelles, Hon. Col.                       | Ricardo, Mr.           |
| Lascelles, Hon. E.                         | Robarts, Mr.           |
| Leathes, Mr.                               | Romilly, Mr. E.        |
| Lloyd, Mr. H.                              | Romilly, Mr. C.        |
| Lloyd, Mr. C.                              | Romilly, Mr. F.        |
|  | Rothschild, Mr.        |
|  | Russell, Lord C.       |

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Scott, Mr. J. W.  
Scott, Hon. W.  
Sewell, Colonel  
Shelley, Mr.  
Sivewright, Mr. E.  
Sivewright, Mr. C. K.  
Stanley, Hon. Capt. Thomas  
Stone, Mr. R.  
Stonor, Mr.  
Strahan, Mr.  
Strathavon, Lord  
Stubbs, Mr.  
Sullivan, Mr.  
Smith, Mr.  
Talbot, Hon. Mr.  
Tanner, Mr.  
Thynne, Lord W.  
Townsend, Mr.  
Trevanion, Mr.

Turner, Mr.  
Uxbridge, Earl of  
Vigne, Mr.  
Vigne, Mr. G. T.  
Villiers, Hon. A.  
Vivian, Mr.  
Vincent, Sir F.  
Walker, Mr. E.  
Walpole, Mr. R.  
Walton, Mr.  
Ward, Mr. W.  
Waterpark, Lord  
Webster, Colonel  
Wells, Mr. J.  
Willan, Mr.  
Wodehouse, Mr.  
Wood, Mr.  
Wright, Mr. J. D.  
Walker, Mr. H.  
Willoughby, Sir H.

THE END









JOHN NYREN

*From a copy, made by Francis Grehan in 1844,  
of a drawing from life by Edward Novello*

## JOHN NYREN

BY THE EDITOR

It is due in great part to John Nyren's humility, which places him in his book a little lower than any of the good fellows who batted and bowled for the old Hambledon Club, that the erroneous impression is abroad that the author of the noble pages of *The Cricketers of My Time* was an illiterate rustic, incapable of writing his own memories.

I do not suggest that every one is so mistaken; but too many people who have read or have heard of Nyren seem to entertain this view. Again and again in conversation I have had to try to put the matter right, although it needs but a little thought to realize that only very fine qualities of head and heart—only a very rare and true gentlemanliness—could have produced the record of such notable worth and independence and sterling character as shine in that book. Good literature is no accident; before it can be, whether it is the result of conversations or penmanship, there must have been the needful qualities, as surely as the egg precedes the chicken. I do not mean that it is not in the power of an illiterate rustic to talk greatly; but it is not in the power of one who remains an illiterate rustic to talk such great talk as *The Cricketers of My Time*.

A fortunate error in an article on John Nyren, which I wrote five years ago, brought me acquainted with Miss Mary Nyren and her sisters—John Nyren's grand-

daughters—now living at Folkestone ; and Miss Nyren was so good as to write out for me a little paper of memories of her grandfather, collected from various family sources, which carry the story of his life a little farther than Mr. J. W. Allen's excellent memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In Miss Nyren's notes, as well as in that article, John Nyren—to whom cricket was, as it ought to be, only a recreation—stands forth a Roman Catholic gentleman of cultivated tastes, a good musician, a natural philanthropist, and the friend of very intelligent men, among them Charles Lamb's friends Leigh Hunt, Cowden Clarke, and Vincent Novello. These things were always known to the few ; they ought to be known also to the many.

Part of the misunderstanding has been due to the description of Richard Nyren, his father, as the Hambleton 'ground-man' and the landlord of the—now very squalid—neighbouring inn called the 'Bat and Ball'. The story, whether true or not, began with Mr. Haygarth, who wrote thus : 'Richard Nyren, whose name appears first in this match, had played at cricket several seasons previously, being now about thirty-seven years of age. All his earliest, and most probably his best, performances are therefore lost. At first he kept the "Bat and Ball Inn", near Broad-Halfpenny Down, at Hambleton ; but afterwards the "George Inn" in that village. He looked after the two famous cricket grounds there—namely, Broad-Halfpenny and Windmill Downs, and also had a small farm near. During the great matches he always had a refreshment booth on the ground, and his advertisements, requesting the assistance and patronage of his friends, will be found in the *Hampshire Chronicle* of the last century. Though active, he was a very stout man for a cricketer, being about 5ft. 9in. in height ; and he devoted much time to hunting, shooting, and fishing.

'The compiler of this notice was informed (by his maternal grandson) that Richard Nyren was born at —, in 1734 or 1735, and died at Lee, or Leigh, in

Kent, April 25, 1797. On searching the registers of burials, however, of the two villages of that name in the county, the name of Nyren could not be found.'

Miss Nyren has no record that her great-grandfather ever kept an inn at all. He was, she tells me, a farmer, and his interest in the state of the ground was that of an ardent cricketer. Possibly, she suggests, another Richard Nyren (there was another—John Nyren's brother) kept the inn. The point seems to me unimportant. The important thing is that our Richard Nyren, whether he was an innkeeper, or a farmer, or both, was a gentleman. Personally I have always liked to think of him as the purveyor of the stingo which his son has made immortal.

To John Nyren's description of his father (on pp. 44-45), Miss Nyren adds 'Richard Nyren was the son or grandson of Lord Nairne, a Jacobite rebel, one of the five lords imprisoned in the Tower and condemned to be beheaded in 1715; he was pardoned, but in 1745 again risked his life, and to save it hid in the New Forest, near Broad-Halfpenny. He transposed the letters in Neyrne (the old spelling of the name) into Nyren, dropping one "e". The title was taken up by a junior branch of the family. When my grandfather, John Nyren, met the Lord Nairne of that time at the Marylebone cricket ground they conversed together, and Lord Nairne took a seal off his watch-chain, with the family crest on it, and gave it to him, and took in exchange John Nyren's, which bore the same crest'.

A few words must be interpolated here, as Miss Nyren's account of her great-grandfather's parentage is a little too free. A comparison of the date of Lord Nairne's death, 1724, and Richard Nyren's birth, 1734 or 1735, shows that another father must be found for the Hampshire yeoman. Lord Nairne (this was the second Lord Nairne, Lord William Murray, fourth son of the Marquis of Atholl, who married Lady Nairne and took her title), as I have said, died in 1724. It was his son, the third Lord Nairne, who was out in the

'45, and here again the cold facts of history are too much for us, for after the catastrophe of the Act of Attainder he settled in France, and not in Hampshire; and at that date Richard Nyren was already twelve years old. Richard Nyren may have been a Nairne, but, if so, it was through another branch of the family. The third Lord Nairne (a lord only among Jacobites) died in France in 1770: it was his grandson William (to whom the title was restored, mainly through the efforts of Sir Walter Scott, in 1824) that exchanged rings with our John Nyren.

I now return to Miss Nyren's narrative:—'Richard Nyren married, at Slindon, in Sussex, Frances Pennicud, a young lady of Quaker origin, a friend of the Countess of Newburgh, who gave her a large prayer-book, in which the names of her children were afterwards inscribed. When she was an old lady, still living at Hambledon, she dressed in a soft, black silk dress, with a large Leghorn hat tied on with a black lace scarf, and used a gold-headed cane when out walking. She went out only to church and on errands of mercy. . . . Mrs. Nyren, when a widow, found a happy home in her son John Nyren's house till her death at over ninety years of age. It is said she blushed like a young girl up to that time.'

Richard Nyren, as we have seen, learned his cricket from his uncle, Richard Newland, of Slindon, near Arundel, in Sussex. But of his Slindon performances nothing, I think, is known. It was not until he moved to Hambledon, and helped to found, or joined, the Hambledon Club (the parent of first-class cricket), that we begin to follow his movements. I say 'helped to found', but the club probably had an existence before Nyren joined it. In 1764, in the report of a match between Hambledon and Chertsey, the side is referred to as 'Hambledon, in Hants, called Squire Lamb's Club'. We get an approximate date of the Club's inception from the age of John Nyren's hero, John Small, one of its fathers, who was born in 1737. Let



us suppose that when Small was eighteen he threw himself into the project—in 1755, or thereabouts. A fire at Lord's, in 1825—the year in which the Hambledon Club was finally broken up—unhappily destroyed all the records of these early days. Richard Nyren's name appears first in Lillywhite's *Cricket Scores and Biographies* in a single-wicket match in 1771, between Five of the Hambledon Club and Five (i. e., four) of Kent, with Minshull. This was the score:—

FIVE OF HAMBLETON.			FIVE OF WEST KENT (with Minshull).		
John Small, Senr.....	4	6	J. Boorman .....	0	2
Thomas Sueter .....	1	0	Richard May .....	1	7
George Leer .....	1	7	Minshull .....	26	11
Thomas Brett .....	0	4	Joseph Miller .....	0	2
Richard Nyren .....	5	29	John Frame .....	8	1*
	<hr/>	<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>
	11	46	* Not out.	35	23

John Nyren was born at Hambledon on December 15, 1764. His education, says his granddaughter, was desultory, largely owing to the difficulties then inseparable from his religion. We must suppose that as a boy he helped his father in various ways on his farm. He joined the Hambledon Club in 1778, when he was fourteen, as 'a farmer's pony'; he stood by it until 1791, when his father moved to London and the great days were over. Only a few reports of the matches remain, owing to the fire of which I have spoken. Lillywhite, in the *Cricket Scores and Biographies*, gives in the great Richard-Nyrenic period but four in which John Nyren's name appears (and in two of these the name may be that of Richard, and not John). The first of them was in June, 1787, on the Vine at Sevenoaks (where I watch good matches every summer), between the Hambledon Club (with Lumpy) and Kent. Kent won by four wickets, and Nyren (J. or R.) made 10 and 2. Noah Mann was run out, 0, in both innings—the impetuous gipsy! Tom Walker made 43 and 10, and H. Walker 39 and 24. In July, on Perriam Downs,



near Luggershall, in Wiltshire, Nyren (J. or R.) played for Mr. Assheton Smith against the Earl of Winchelsea, and made 2 and 2. For the Earl, Beldham made 30 and 22, and David Harris took ten wickets, including Nyren's. In the match England v. Hambledon, on Windmill Down, in September, 1787, J. Nyren (J. this time) made 3 and 1; and for Hampshire against Surrey, at Moulsey Hurst, in June, 1788, he made 3 and 9, and was bowled by Lumpy both times.

And here the name drops out of Lillywhite until 1801, when John was thirty-six and established in London in business. Thenceforward it occurs many times in important matches, until his last match in 1817. To these games I come later, merely remarking here that Nyren's new club was the Homerton Club, then the most famous next to the M.C.C. About 1812 it moved from Homerton to the new Lord's ground, amalgamating with the St. John's Wood Club, and afterwards with the M.C.C. itself.

John Nyren married in 1791, the year of Richard Nyren's departure from Hambledon. His bride, Miss Nyren writes, was 'Cleopha Copp, a wealthy girl not quite seventeen, of German parentage, highly educated, and wonderfully energetic. Three days after the birth of her first child, at Portsea, she got up and went downstairs to interpret for some French priests who had emigrated from France owing to the Revolution—there being no one else who could speak to them in French. Her mother, Mrs. Copp, was a pioneer of work in the East End of London; she took a large house at West Ham at her own expense, and gave fifty young French female refugees employment in lace making, chiefly tambour work; employing a Jesuit priest to give them instruction two or three times a week.'

Until 1796 John Nyren, whose wife had provided him with a competency, lived at Portsea; in that year he moved to Bromley, in Middlesex; later to Battersea; then to Chelsea, where he had a house in Cheyne Walk; and finally to Bromley again, where he died.

Before introducing the more personal part of Miss Nyren's memoir of her grandfather, I think it would be well to dispose of John Nyren's record as a cricketer, a topic of which too little is known. I have been carefully through Lillywhite, with the result that I find Nyren in thirty matches, of the most noteworthy of which I append particulars. No doubt he played also much in minor contests. This is the first that Lillywhite gives in Nyren's London period :—

ON ARAM'S NEW GROUND, ON JUNE 30, 1801.

For Montpelier *v.* Homerton.

John Nyren b Walpole ..... 36    b Warren..... 10

Others follow :—

AT LORD'S, JULY 23 AND 24, 1801.

For Homerton *v.* M.C.C.

John Nyren b Turner ..... 0    c Martin ..... 49

ON ARAM'S NEW GROUND, ON JULY 6, 1802.

For Montpelier Club *v.* Homerton.

John Nyren b Fulljames ..... 66    st Vigne ..... 4  
(Nyren also bowled — White, Esq.)

AT LORD'S, ON AUGUST 25, 1802.

For England *v.* Surrey.

John Nyren b T. Walker ..... 0    c H. Walker ..... 30

AT LORD'S, SEPTEMBER 13, 14, 15, AND 16, 1802.

For Twenty-two of Middlesex *v.* Twenty-two of Surrey.

J. Nyren st Cæsar ..... 11    c Lawrell..... 2  
(Nyren also caught three and stumped two).

AT LORD'S, JUNE 6, 7, 8, 9, AND 10, 1803.

For Twenty-two of Middlesex *v.* Twenty-two of Surrey.

J. Nyren b Collins ..... 10    c T. Howard ..... 1  
(Nyren also caught out six.)

AT LORD'S, MAY 28, 29, AND 30, 1804.

For Homerton (with Beldham) *v.* M.C.C.

John Nyren *st* Leicester ..... 6    *b* Cumberland ..... 44

(Beldham made 13 and 48, and Homerton won. Nyren had the pluck to catch Lord Frederick Beauclerk, who made 87.)

AT HOMERTON, JUNE 8 AND 9, 1804.

For Homerton (with Beldham) *v.* M.C.C.

J. Nyren *b* Beauclerk ..... 23    *st* Smith ..... 40

AT LORD'S, JULY 16, 17, AND 18, 1804.

For Homerton (with Lord F. Beauclerk) *v.* Middlesex.

J. Nyren *b* Beeston ..... 31    *b* Beeston ..... 32

AT RICHMOND GREEN, AUGUST 21 AND 22, 1805.

For Homerton (with Beldham) *v.* Richmond (with Lord F. Beauclerk).

J. Nyren *c* Long ..... 49    *run out* ..... 4

AT LORD'S, JUNE 23, 1806.

For Homerton (with Beldham and Lambert) *v.* M.C.C.

J. Nyren *c* Smith ..... 0    *c* Lennox ..... 29

(The M.C.C. won by 27. Lambert made 75 and 17, Beldham 32 and 40. Nyren again caught Lord Frederick Beauclerk, after he had made 49.

AT LORD'S, JUNE 25, 26, AND 27, 1807.

For Homerton *v.* M.C.C.

J. Nyren *c* Leicester ..... 13    *absent* ..... 0

(Nyren bowled three and caught one.)

AT LORD'S, JUNE 6 AND 7, 1808.

For Homerton (with Small, Lambert, Hammond, and Bennett) *v.* M.C.C. (with Beldham, Robinson, and Walker).

J. Nyren *c* Bligh ..... 1    *absent* ..... 0

(The M.C.C. won. Lord Frederick Beauclerk for M.C.C. made 100 and 51. Nyren caught two.)

AT WOODFORD WELLS, IN ESSEX, JULY 14, 15, AND 16, 1808—  
thirteen a side.

For Homerton (with T. Mellish, Lambert, Hammond, and Walker) v. Essex (with Lord F. Beauclerk, Aislabie, Burrell, Pontifex, and Beldham).

J. Nyren b Beauclerk ..... 24    c Beldham ..... 10  
(Nyren caught four.)

Too soon we come to Nyren's last important match, when he was in his fifty-third year. I regret to say that he did not trouble the scorers. He played for Lord Frederick Beauclerk's side against Mr. William Ward's side, at Lord's, June 18, 19, and 20, 1817. Thumwood bowled him. For Mr. Ward (to whom Nyren dedicated his book) Lambert made 78 and 30, and Beldham 4 and 43. Lord Frederick made 28 and 37, and Mr. Osbaldeston 10 and 39 not out. Lord Frederick won by six wickets.

To the score of this match Mr. Haygarth appends an account of Nyren: 'He was an enthusiastic admirer of the "Noble Game" ("his chivalry was cricket"), and about 1833, published the "[Young] Cricketer's Guide [Tutor]", a book which contains an account of the once far-famed Hambledon Club, in Hampshire, when it was in its prime and able to contend against All England. Had not this book (which, however, is sadly wanting in dates, especially as to the formation and dissolution of the club, etc.) appeared, but little would now be known of those famous villagers.

'Nyren was left-handed, both as a batsman and field, and played in a few of the great matches at Lord's after leaving his native village, being for several seasons a member of the Homerton Club. Considering, however, that he continued the game till he was past sixty, his name will but seldom be found in these pages. It does not appear at all from 1788 to 1801, or from 1808 up to the present match. He was a very fine field at point or middle wicket, was 6ft. high, being big-boned, and of large proportions.'

Among the very few persons now living that remember John Nyren is Canon Benham, who as a boy once

met him. Canon Benham tells me that a story illustrating Nyren's judgement in the field used to be told, in which that player calculated so accurately the fall of a ball hit high over his head that, instead of running backwards to it in the ordinary way, keeping his eye on it all the time, he ran forwards and then turned at the right moment and caught it. Canon Benham also recalls a great story of a Hambledon match at Southsea. When the time came for Hambledon's second innings, six runs only were wanted. The first ball, therefore, the batsman—whose name, I regret, is lost—hit clean out of the ground into the sea, and the match was won. Canon Benham can remember the striker's tones as he corroborated the incident: 'Yes, I sent hurr to say.'

I now resume Miss Nyren's narrative: 'My grandfather was enthusiastic about cricket and all that concerned it to the last day of his life, but only as a pastime and recreation, not as an occupation, as writers of the day would make out. I will quote *en passant* a passage written by his eldest son, Henry. "My father, John Nyren, was known to the cricketers of his time at the Marylebone Club as 'young Hambledon'. He was a constant player of that manly game, and excelled in all its points, generally carrying out his bat, often keeping the bat two whole days, and once three. [This would be, I assume, in minor matches.] When fielding, by the quickness of his smart, deep-set eyes, he would catch out at the point; this was his favourite feat, and his fingers carried the marks of it to his grave. With some batters one might as soon catch a cannon-ball."

'My grandfather could use his left hand as dexterously as his right. He was a good musician, and a clever performer on the violin, an intimate friend of Vincent Novello's, and a constant attendant at the celebrated "Sunday Evenings" at his house. There he met Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Cowden Clarke, Malibran, and other celebrities. He often took with him his youngest son, John William Nyren, my father, then a lad, who in later years often told me and my sisters how he enjoyed



listening to the witty conversation and the good music which always formed part of the entertainment.'

That Nyren loved music is very clear to the reader of *The Cricketers of My Time*. He says, it will be remembered, of Lear and Sueter's glees at the 'Bat and Ball', on Broad-Halfpenny:—

I have been there, and still would go;  
'Twas like a little heaven below.

It is interesting to note that Charles Lamb uses the same quotation from Dr. Watts in his account of the musical evenings at Novello's.

Both Leigh Hunt and Cowden Clarke, as we shall see, have written of their friend; but I cannot find any reference to him in the writings of Charles Lamb. I wish I could, for Lamb, although he would have cared even less for cricket than for music, would have been one of the first to detect the excellences of Nyren's book, especially such passages as the robustly lyrical praise of ale, and the simple yet almost Homeric testimony to the virtues of the old players and celebration of their unflinching independence.

Miss Nyren continues: 'My grandfather was very fond of all children, and much beloved by all Vincent Novello's family: they called him "Papa Nyren". One of the daughters, the late Mary Sabilla Novello, wrote as recently as 1903, that she well remembered him when she was very young, as being "very kind and indulgent to little children, always ready to join heartily in all their merriments". We still have heaps of music inscribed to him by Vincent Novello, with all kinds of playful and affectionate words. It was my grandfather who first remarked the beauty of Clara Novello's voice, and advised her father to have it carefully trained. He composed three pieces of music which Novello published, two of which were "Ave Verum" and the accompaniment to Byron's spirited song "Fill the Goblet again"; I do not know what the third was.' I give a reproduction of the drinking song from Miss Nyren's copy.



2

FILL THE GOBLET;  
A Convivial Song and Chorus.

The Words by Lord BYRON.

The Music by JOHN NYREN.

Con Spirito. MÆTZEL. Met: 100 = ♩

VOICE

PIANO

FORTE

100 = ♩

Fill the Goblet a... gain, for I ne... ver be... fore Felt the  
 glow that now gladdens my heart to its core; felt the glow that now gladdens my  
 heart to its core; Let us drink! who would not? since thro' life's va-ried round, In the  
 goblet a... lone, In the goblet a... lone, no de... cep... tion is found

CHORUS.

In the gob...let a... lone, In the gob...let a... lone, No de...  
 In the gob...let a... lone, In the gob...let a... lone, No de...  
 In the gob...let a... lone, In the gob...let a... lone, No de...  
 In the gob...let a... lone, In the gob...let a... lone, No de...

CHO?

87i

....ception is found.  
 ....ception is found.  
 ....ception is found.  
 ....ception is found.

Sym.

87i

4

## SECOND VERSE

In the days of our youth, when the heart's in its spring, And dreams that af

... fec..tion can ne...ver take wing, And dreams that af ... fec..tion can

ne. ver take wing; I had friends, who has not? but what tongue will a... ver That

friends, ro... sy wine, That friends, ro... sy wine, are so faith..ful as thou.

CHORUS.

That friends, ro...sy wine, That friends, ro...sy wine, are as  
 That friends, ro...sy wine, That friends, ro...sy wine, are as  
 That friends, ro...sy wine, That friends, ro...sy wine, are as  
 That friends, ro...sy wine, That friends, ro...sy wine, are as

CHO:

871

faithful as thou.  
 faithful as thou.  
 faithful as thou.  
 faithful as thou.

*Sym:*

6

## THIRD VERSE

When the season of youth and its jol-li-ty's past, For re...fuge we

fly to the gob..let at last; For re...fuge we fly to the

gob..let at last. Then we find, who do not? in the flow of the soul, That

truth, as of yore, That truth as of yore, is con-fined to the bowl



CHORUS

That truth, as of yore, That truth, as of yore, is con.  
 That truth, as of yore, That truth, as of yore, is con.  
 That truth, as of yore, That truth, as of yore, is con.  
 That truth, as of yore, That truth, as of yore, is con.  
 CHO<sup>2</sup>

871

... fined to the bowl.  
 .... fined to the bowl.  
 .... fined to the bowl  
 .... fined to the bowl.  
*f Sym:*

FOURTH VERSE.

Long life to the grape; and when summer is flown,  
 The age of our nectar shall gladden my own,  
 Let us drink! who would not? since through life's varied round,  
 In the goblet alone no deception is found.



Miss Nyren continues : ‘ He was himself a temperate man, though he wrote the music for this convivial song and a panegyric on “ good strong ale ”. He was quite as enthusiastic about music as cricket, and in his old age much enjoyed reading over the score of Novello’s masses and other music, saying he could imagine he heard the sound of each instrument.

‘ For thirteen years he was honorary conductor or choir master of the choir of St. Mary’s, Moorfields, where Novello was organist, and five years after his death the choir sang, on June 26, 1842, in memory of him his own “ Ave Verum ”, with chorus. Vincent Novello was at the organ, and Miss Dolby and Miss Lucumbe and Gamballi were the solo singers.

‘ He was an exceptionally strong man, as the following anecdote will prove. My father well remembered going with his father to see some great boxing contest, where there was a great crowd, and John Nyren senior felt a hand in his coat pocket ; he quickly caught it by the wrist and firmly held it, lifting the culprit, a boy, up by it for the crowd to see, and then let him go, thinking him sufficiently punished.

‘ In one of my grandfather’s visits to Belgium an archery fête was in progress. He had never handled a bow, but on being asked to try his skill, did so, and his correct eye and steady hand enabled him to place the arrow exactly in the centre of the bull’s-eye. He was asked to shoot again ; but he courteously declined, simply saying : “ I have shown you what I can do.”’ Simply ; but shrewdly too, I guess.

‘ John Nyren was never a good man of business, being too kind in helping others to enrich himself. He was a calico printer on a large scale, but his premises were burnt down, and he lost a great deal of property. He and his wife were always ready to help those in trouble of any kind, and those who had the privilege of knowing them have told me how all their friends, and even acquaintances, when in sorrow or any difficulty, always went to consult “ old Mr. and Mrs. Nyren ”,

their sympathy and advice being much valued, especially by young people.

‘Their family consisted of two sons and five daughters; two others died young. The eldest son, Henry, never married; the youngest son, John William, only did so some years after his father’s death, and left three daughters—still living. His little son, the only grandson of John Nyren, who bore his name, died young, and was buried close to his grandfather. Three of John Nyren’s daughters married, and have left many descendants, but none named Nyren. One of his daughters became Lady Abbess of the English convent at Bruges.

‘My grandfather was very fond of all animals, but more especially dogs; he generally had one or two about him. He was once bitten by a mad one, but happily no bad results ensued, though it was reported he had died from the effects. It is a rather curious fact that the Duke of Richmond, who afterwards died from the bite of a tame fox, and who had a great dread of hydrophobia, while strolling about Lord’s cricket ground several times asked my grandfather about this very unpleasant experience; asking many questions and taking much interest in all the details.

‘John Nyren was very partial to the little black Kentish cherry, and for many years one of his “noble playmates” sent him annually a hamper full of them, which he always received with boyish pleasure, at once opening it himself and enjoying the fruit with his family and any children who happened to be with him.

‘There is no doubt John Nyren himself wrote the *Young Cricketer’s Tutor* and *Cricketers of My Time*; Cowden Clarke only edited them. It was Cowden Clarke who suggested that he should write and print his cricketing recollections, and very much amused and astonished the old gentleman by the idea.’

Here Miss Nyren’s manuscript ends, bringing us to controversial ground. Nyren’s title-page describes Cowden Clarke as the editor, and Clarke’s account of

the making of the book is that it was 'compiled from unconnected scraps and reminiscences during conversations'. In other words, Clarke acted as a reasonably enfranchised stenographer. Mrs. Cowden Clarke, in *My Long Life*, says something of her husband's share in Nyren's book, referring to Nyren as 'a vigorous old friend who had been a famous cricketer in his youth and early manhood, and who, in his advanced age, used to come and communicate his cricketing expressions to Charles with chuckling pride and complacent reminiscence'. One thing is certain and that is that Clarke, who wrote much in the course of his life, never wrote half so well again as for Nyren; and this is an important piece of evidence in favour of his duties being chiefly the reproduction of the old cricketer's racy talk. I have seen, I think in the *Tatler*, Leigh Hunt's paper, an original description of a match by Cowden Clarke, which contains no suggestion of the spirit of the 'Tutor'. At the same time, I must confess that the little sketch of a cricket festivity from John Nyren's unaided hand, which I quote below, is also so unlike the 'Tutor' as to cause us to wish that Cowden Clarke had been reporting his friend then also. Neither man did such spirited work alone as when the two were together.

The best account of John Nyren is that which Cowden Clarke wrote for the second edition of their book, in 1840, after Nyren's death, beginning thus: 'Since the publication of the First Edition of this little work, the amiable Father of it has been gathered to the eternal society of all good men.' Cowden Clarke continues:—'My old friend was a "good Catholic"—"good," I mean, in the mercantile acceptance of the term—a "warm Catholic"; and "good" in the true sense of the word I declare he was; for a more single- and gentle-hearted, and yet thoroughly manly man I never knew; one more forbearing towards the failings of others, more unobtrusively steady in his own principles, more cheerfully pious; more free from cant and humbug of every description.

‘ He possessed an instinctive admiration of everything good and tasteful, both in nature and art. He was fond of flowers, and music, and pictures ; and he rarely came to visit us without bringing with him a choice specimen of a blossom, or some other natural production ; or a manuscript copy of an air which had given him pleasure. And so, hand in hand with these simple delights, he went on to the last, walking round his garden on the morning of his death.

‘ Mr. Nyren was a remarkably well-grown man, standing nearly 6ft., of large proportions throughout, big-boned, strong, and active. He had a bald, bullet head, a prominent forehead, small features, and little deeply-sunken eyes. His smile was as sincere as an infant’s. If there were any deception in him, Nature herself was to blame in giving him those insignificant, shrouded eyes. They made no *show* of observation, but they were perfect ministers to their master. Not a thing, not a motion escaped them in a company, however numerous. Here was one secret of his eminence as a Cricketer. I never remember to have seen him play ; but I have heard his batting, and fielding at the point, highly commended. He scarcely ever spoke of himself, and this modesty will be observed throughout his little Book. He had not a spark of envy ; and, like all men of real talent, he always spoke in terms of honest admiration of the merits of others.’

Leigh Hunt wrote thus, when reviewing the *Young Cricketer’s Tutor* (‘ Messrs. Clarke and Nyren’s pleasant little relishing book’), in the *London Journal* for May 21, 1834 : ‘ It is a pity the reader cannot have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Nyren, as we have had. His appearance and general manner are as eloquent a testimony to the merits of his game as any that he or his friend has put upon paper. He is still a sort of youth at seventy, hale and vigorous, and with a merry twinkle of his eye, in spite of an accident some years ago—a fall—that would have shattered most men of his age to pieces. A long innings to him in life still, and to all friends round the wicket.’

It was a few weeks after this review of Nyren's book that Leigh Hunt printed in the *London Journal* a letter from the old cricketer (not so old as he had been called, however), describing a cricket festival, which is notable chiefly for the masterly way in which he avoids describing the match itself. If ever a reader was disappointed, it is surely here ! It is as though Paderewski stepped to the piano and—recited a poem ; or Cinquevalli, with all his juggling implements about him, delivered a lecture. But the little article has such a pleasant *naïveté* that we must forgive the omissions.

To the Editor of the *London Journal*.

‘ Bromley, Middlesex,

‘ June 25 1834.

‘ My Dear Sir,

‘ The wise men of the East invited me to stand umpire at a cricket match, the married men against the bachelors. The day was highly interesting, and I cannot forbear giving you a short account of it. If you can take anything from the description I give you for your paper, do it any way you like ; this will be only a rough sketch. I call these gentlemen ‘ the wise men of the East ’, as they will not suffer their names in print, and they live at the East End of London.

‘ When we arrived at the place of our destination I was both surprised and delighted at the beautiful scene which lay before me. Several elegant tents, gracefully decked out with flags and festoons of flowers, had been fitted up for the convenience of the ladies ; and many of these, very many, were elegant and beautiful women. *I am not* seventy ; and “ the power of beauty I remember yet ”. I am *only* sixty-eight ! Seats were placed beneath the wide-spreading oaks, so as to form groups in the shade. Beyond these were targets for ladies, *who love archery*, the cricket ground in front.

‘ The carriages poured in rapidly, and each party as



they entered the ground was received with loud cheers by such of their friends as had arrived before them. At this time a band of music entered the ground, and I could perceive the ladies' feathers gracefully waving to the music, and quite ready for dancing. However, the band gave us that fine old tune "The Roast Beef of Old England".

'We entered a large booth, which accommodated all our party; a hundred and thirty sat down to the *déjeuner*. Our chairman was *young*, but old in experience. Many excellent speeches were made; and ever and anon the whole place rang with applause. After this the dancing commenced—quadrilles, gallopade, etc., etc. It was, without exception, the most splendid sight that I ever witnessed, and reminded one far more of the descriptions we read of fairyland than of any scene in real life. The dancing was kept up with great spirit, till the dew of heaven softly descended on the bosoms of our fair countrywomen.

'Not a single unfortunate occurrence happened to damp the pleasure of this delightful party. Had you been with us you would have sung "Oh, the Pleasures of the Plains", etc., etc. How is it that we have so few of these parties? Can any party in a house compare with it? God bless you and yours.

'JOHN NYREN.

'P.S.—The cricket match was well contested, the bachelors winning by three runs only.'

<sup>1</sup> Leigh Hunt, whose attitude to his contributors and readers was always paternal, appends some notes, of which I quote one:—"The world!" The man of fashion means St. James's by it; the mere man of trade means the Exchange, and a good, prudent mistrust. But cricketers, and men of sense and imagination, who use all the eyes and faculties God has given them, mean His beautiful planet, gorgeous with sunset, lovely with green fields, magnificent with mountains—a great rolling energy, full of health, love, and hope, and fortitude, and endeavour. Compare this world with the others—no better than a billiard ball or a musty *plum*.'



Nyren's book (of which the present is the fourth modern reprint<sup>1</sup>) stands alone in English literature. It had no predecessor; it has had no successor. The only piece of writing that I can find worthy to place beside it is Hazlitt's description of Cavanagh, the fives player, which is full of gusto—the gusto that comes of admiration and love. There is no other way—one must keep to one's friends; the inter-county game and its players have grown too public, too commercial, for any wider treatment to be of real merit. But I doubt very much if any more really great literature will collect about the pitch. The fact that Tom Emmett was allowed to die, a year or so ago, without a single tribute worth the name being written is a very serious sign. There was a 'character', if the world ever saw one; but not one of his old friends or associates, not one of his old pupils at Rugby, seems to have thought it worth while to set down any celebration of him. That seems to me very unfortunate, and very significant. In the new bustle of county championships, too many matches, and journalistic exploitation, individuals are being lost.

John Nyren died at Bromley on June 28, 1837. He had been living for some time, with his son, in the old royal palace there. If the reader—the next time that he visits South Kensington Museum—will make a point of seeing the carved overmantel from Bromley Palace which is preserved there, he will have before him a very tangible memento of the old cricketing gentleman, for it was taken from Nyren's room when the house was pulled down.

<sup>1</sup> The others were Messrs. Sonnenschein's, Mr. Ashley-Cooper's and Mr. Whibley's. To Mr. Whibley, I believe, belongs the honour of discovering or re-discovering the literary merits of the work. It was his praise of it in the *Scots* or *National Observer* that first sent many readers to the original. E. V. L.

# NYREN'S BOOK <sup>1</sup>

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD

It was somewhere between the years 1770 and 1780, that a great and decisive improvement took place, and that cricket first began to assume that truly skilful and scientific character which it now possesses. The pretty and sequestered village of Hambledon, in Hants, was the nursery of the best players; the down of Broad Halfpenny the arena of their glory,—the Marathon ennobled by their victories, and sometimes enriched with their blood.<sup>2</sup> At that time the Duke of Dorset and Sir Horace Mann were the great patrons and promoters of the game. Great as many of them were, and deserving a more lasting fame than they have attained, the name of *John Small* shines out in pre-eminent lustre. Him followed *Brett*, the tremendous bowler, and *Barber* and *Hogsflesh*, whose bowling was also admirable,—they had a high delivery and certain lengths; and he must be a more than common batter who can stand long against such confounding perplexities. *Tom Sueter* had the eye of an eagle, and a giant's paw; and when he rushed in to meet the ball, his stroke was certain, decisive, and destructive. Off went the ball, as if fired from a gun; and woe to those opposed to him in the game! But we must hasten on.—These *great men* (for great they truly were!) have long been where sound of ball, or sight of bat, or shout of applauding friends, will never reach them again.

<sup>1</sup> A review of *The Young Cricketer's Tutor* in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July and September, 1833. E. V. L.

<sup>2</sup> The blood of a cricketer is seldom, however, shed from any part of his body but his fingers; but the fingers of an old cricketer, so scarred, so bent, so shattered, so indented, so contorted, so venerable! are enough to bring tears of envy and emulation from any eye,—we are acquainted with *such a pair of hands*, 'if hands they may be called, that shape have none!

They lie side by side in the churchyard of Hambleton, and many a sigh have we breathed over their peaceful graves. We must pass over *George Leer*, called 'Little George', but great in everything but stature; and 'Edward Aburrow', who—nobody knows why—was always called 'Curry'; and Peter Steward, for his spruceness called 'Buck'. We cannot say 'they had no poet, and they died'; for their names are consecrated in the following lines:

Buck, Curry, and Hogsflesh, Barber and Brett,  
Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equall'd yet,  
I had almost forgot (they deserve a large bumper)  
Little George the long stop, and Tom Sueter the  
stumper.

Such were the chief heroes, the valour of whose arms sustained the fate of the modern Troy; but opposed to them are the names of enemies arrayed in formidable phalanx! Come forth! thou pride of Surrey! thou prince of the ancient bowlers! thou man of iron nerve, and never-failing eye. Come forth, *Tom Lumpy*!<sup>1</sup> come forth from the well-filled cellar, and well-stored larder, of thy first and greatest patron the Earl of Tankerville,—bring with thee thy companions in fame, *Shock White*, and *Frame*, and *Johnny Wood* and *Miller* the game-keeper, whose eye was alike sure at a woodcock or a ball.

Reader! if thou hast any love or knowledge of this noble game,—if thou hast any delight in traversing the ancient fields of glory, or visiting the scenes of departed genius, or hanging a slender wreath on the monument of men who deserved a richer sepulchre,—shut your eyes for one moment to the follies and vanities of passing events, and believe yourself walking in a fine summer morning on the down of Broad Halfpenny, waiting the commencement of a match. You know the scenery of that secluded vale; the fine undulating sweep of its beechen forests, the beautiful and varie-

<sup>1</sup> His real name was Stevens.

gated turf, the glittering of the ocean, the blue hills of the Isle of Wight looming in the distance, and the elmy gardens and half-wild orchards sprinkled in the bottom.

Well ! believe yourself transported there ;—and now ten (the old hour, before modern fashion and indolence had superseded it) has struck ; a few cricketers in their white dress,<sup>1</sup> and numerous groups of farmers and rustics, have assembled from grange and farm, from Exton down to the hills of Petersfield,—and now all is bustle and expectation. A shout !—turn to the right ! You may instantly know who it is ; *Noah Mann* from North Chapel in Sussex, who lately joined the club, and who rides at least twenty miles every Tuesday to practise. Look at those handkerchiefs on the ground ! Riding at full speed, he stoops down, and collects every one without effort. Mann was a severe hitter. One stroke of his is even now remembered, in which he got the immense number of *ten* runs. He was short, and black as a gipsy, broad chest, large hips, and spider legs. He never played with a hat ; *his* complexion benefited by the Sun. The *roar* that followed Mann's celebrated hit never is to be forgotten, it was like the rushing of a cataract ; it came pouring from a thousand lungs. And there is his namesake and opponent, Sir Horace, walking about outside the ground, cutting down the daisies with his stick—as gentle he, as the simple flowers which he was strewing beside him !

That stout, well-made man in with Mann is *James Aylward*, the farmer. Glory and honour be to him. Aylward once stood in two whole days, and scored a hundred and sixty-seven runs. Soon after, he was seen to have been called by Sir Horace Mann into

<sup>1</sup> The old cricketers were dressed differently from the modern. The *gentlemen* always played in breeches and silk stockings ; the *players*, as Lord Winchelsea's, wore hats with gold binding, and ribbons of particular colour. The present dress is inconvenient as well as unbecoming ; for *trowsers* may be in the way of the ball. Mr. *Budd* was the last cricketer who wore the old dress.

a corner of the field; a short conversation took place between them; it was mysterious, in an under-tone, with short glances of circumspection; but it was decisive: they soon parted; and never after was James Aylward seen at the Hambledon Club. The next time he was arrayed, was among its opponents, and fighting under Sir Horace's banners. When Aylward affected grandeur, he used to call for a *lemon* after he had been in but a short time: this was a high piece of affectation for a farmer,—it was a fine touch of the heroic.

That man who now takes the bat, has not, perhaps, nor ever will have, a superior. Stand up, *Tom Walker*! show thy scraggy frame, thy apple-john face, thy spider-legs, thick at the ankles as at the hips, thy knuckles like the bark of the Hainault oak! Tom had neither flesh, nor blood, nor skin. He was all muscle, tendon, gristle, covered with the hide of the rhinoceros. You might as well attempt to get Wellington from a field of battle, or Bentley from a Greek poet, as to get Tom from his wicket. Once Lord Frederick Beauclerk was bowling to him; four fine length balls one after the other were sent in with his Lordship's finished science; down they all went before the bat, and off went his Lordship's white hat, as usual, calling him 'a confounded old beast'.—'I doant care nothing whatsomeer ee zays,' quoth Tom, and on he went, laying his Lordship down in the finest style and the coolest temper. Tom was a farmer, and his land lay near the Devil's Punch-bowl.

Next came *John Wells* called 'Honest *John Wells*'! he was a baker at Farnham, a well-set man, short, and stout like a cob. He was a good bowler and steady batter, and a good servant of all work; but we must hasten on, for we are at length arrived at the tent of *Achilles* himself. Stop, reader, and look, if thou art a cricketer, with reverence and awe on that venerable and aged form! These are the remains of the once great, glorious, and unrivalled WILLIAM BELDHAM, called for love and respect, and for his flaxen locks and his fair





AN EARLY MATCH ON A NATURAL PITCH

(From *Games and Sports*, 1837)





complexion, ‘Silver Billy’. Beldham was a close-set, active man, about five feet eight inches. Never was such a player ! so safe, so brilliant, so quick, so circum-spect ; so able in counsel, so active in the field ; in deliberation so judicious, in execution so tremendous. It mattered not to him who bowled, or how he bowled, fast or slow, high or low, straight or bias ; away flew the ball from his bat, like an eagle on the wing. It was a study for Phidias to see Beldham rise to strike ; the grandeur of the attitude, the settled composure of the look, the piercing lightning of the eye, the rapid glance of the bat, were electrical. Men’s hearts throbbed within them, their cheeks turned pale and red. Michael Angelo should have painted him. Beldham was great in every hit, but his peculiar glory was the *cut*. Here he stood with no man beside him, the laurel was all his own ; it was like the cut of a *racket*. His wrist seemed to turn on springs of the finest steel. He took the ball, as Burke did the House of Commons, between wind and water ; not a moment too soon or late. Beldham still survives. He lives near Farnham ; and in his kitchen, black with age, but, like himself, still untouched with worms, hangs the trophy of his victories ; the delight of his youth, the exercise of his manhood, and the glory of his age—his BAT. Reader ! believe me, when I tell you I trembled when I touched it ; it seemed an act of profaneness, of violation. I pressed it to my lips, and returned it to its sanctuary.

The last, the ‘Ultimus Romanorum’, we can find room to commemorate, is *David Harris*. Who knows not David Harris ? the finest *bowler* whom the world ever rejoiced in when living, or lamented over when dead. Harris was by trade a potter, and lived at Odiham in Hants, an honest, plainfaced (in two senses), worthy man. ‘Good David Harris’ he was called ; of strict principle, high honour, inflexible integrity ; a character on which scandal or calumny never dared to breathe. A good cricketer, like a good orator, must be an honest man ; but what are orators compared to the

men of cricket. There have been a hundred, a thousand orators; there never was but one David Harris. Many men can make good speeches, but few men can deliver a good ball. Many men can throw down a strong enemy, but Harris could overthrow the strongest wicket. Cicero once undermined the conspiracy of Catiline; and Harris *once* laid prostrate even the stumps of Beldham.

It is said that it is utterly impossible to convey with the pen an idea of the grand effect of Harris's bowling. His attitude, when preparing to deliver the ball, was masculine, erect, and appalling. First, he stood like a soldier at drill, upright. Then with a graceful and elegant curve, he raised the fatal ball to his forehead, and drawing back his right foot, started off. Woe be to the unlucky wight who did not know how to stop these cannonades! his fingers would be ground to dust against the bat, his bones pulverized, and his blood scattered over the field. Lord F. Beauclerk has been heard to say, that Harris's bowling was one of the grandest sights in the universe. Like the Pantheon, in Akenside's Hymn, it was 'simply and severely great'. Harris was terribly afflicted with the gout; it was at length difficult for him to stand; a great armchair was therefore always brought into the field, and after the delivery of the ball, the hero sat down in his own calm and simple grandeur, and reposed. A fine tribute this, to his superiority, even amid the tortures of disease!

If, like Sallust and Hume, we may venture our comparison of the relative merits of two illustrious men, we should say, in contrasting Harris with Lumpy that,

Harris always chose a ground when pitching a wicket, where his ball would *rise*. Lumpy endeavoured to gain the advantage of a declivity where his might *shoot*.

Harris considered his partner's wicket as carefully as his own. Lumpy attended only to himself.

Lumpy's ball was as well pitched as Harris's, but delivered *lower*, and never got up so high. Lumpy was also a pace or two slower.

Lumpy gained more wickets than Harris; but then

fewer notches were got from Harris's bowling ; and more players were caught out. Now and then a great batter, as Fennex, or Beldham, would beat Lumpy entirely ; but Harris was always great, and always to be feared.

We must now draw our brief memoirs to a close. Unwillingly do we drop the pen. Very pleasant has our task been, delightful our recollections. Farewell, ye smiling fields of Hambledon and Windmill Hill ! Farewell ye thymy pastures of our beloved Hampshire, and farewell ye spirits of the brave, who still hover over the fields of your inheritance. Great and illustrious eleven ! fare ye well ! in these fleeting pages at least, your names shall be enrolled. What would life be, deprived of the recollection of you ? Troy has fallen, and Thebes is a ruin. The pride of Athens is decayed, and Rome is crumbling to the dust. The philosophy of Bacon is wearing out ; and the victories of Marlborough have been overshadowed by fresher laurels. All is vanity but CRICKET ; all is sinking in oblivion but you. Greatest of all elevens, fare ye well !

That the scientific display of Cricket we now see, was not made till about the time of these *Great Men* is clear for this reason ; that we can trace to *them* most of the fine *inventive* parts of the science. *Tom Walker* laid down a bail-ball, in a style peculiarly his own, and that all have since attempted to follow. *Beldham* was the first person who *cut* the same kind of ball, and therefore made an improvement on the former plan ; for he obtained some runs, while the former was merely content to stop the ball. That fine accomplished old cricketer *Fennex* has often (as we sat together in a winter evening over our gin and water, discoursing even till the morning star appeared, on our beloved science), I say he has often told us, that *he* was the first person who ever went in and laid down a ball before it had time to rise to the bail. And we have been much amused by his informing us of the astonishment and indignation of his father, who was a good old batsman, when he first beheld this innovation. ' Hey !

hey! boy! what is this? do you call that play?' But he soon became sensible of the safety and excellence of the practice; which saves alike the fingers and the wickets from a first-rate top-bailer. *Sueter* was the first wicket-keeper; that part of the game having not been attended to before; and we *believe* that *Boxall* was the first who by a turn of the wrist gave his balls a twist to the wicket. *Freemantle* brought the province of *long-stop* at once to perfection, never suffering a ball to pass, and covering a great deal of ground. There were some good men besides these. *Boorman*, and *Booker*, and *Ring*, and *Purchase*, and *Clifford* (the last excellent as a bowler), and *Crosoer*, *cum multis aliis*. The match is even now remembered when the predecessors of these men, the old players (including the elder *Small*), were brought against the *improved* Hambleton school, and beaten in a masterly and decisive manner.

Some of *Tom Walker's* scores about 1786, were superb. In a match played against Kent and White Conduit Club (which was the father of the *Mary-la-bonne*), *Tom* scored the amazing number of 95 runs in his first innings, and brought his bat out with him; in the second he gained 102. *Beldham's* name first appears on the 20th June 1787, on the side of England, against the White Conduit Club, with six picked men. In his second innings he obtained 63 runs. *Beldham* never could keep his bat, his eyes, or his legs still, and he was generally *run out*, as in this instance. He would get 20 runs, while *Tom Walker* got 2, though they scored pretty even at the end. *Harry Walker*<sup>1</sup> was also very quick in getting up his score; but not so safe

<sup>1</sup> *Harry Walker* was a left-handed player; so was *Harris*, *Freemantle*, *Aylward*, *Brazier*, and *Clifford*; so that they had some fine *bowlers* among them. At this day, our left-handed *batters* are superb; but they have no *bowlers* of eminence. It is however proposed to make a match of the *left-handed* against All England, next July. There is a glory accompanying the names of all. *Mills* of Kent, *Hayward* of Cambridge, *Marsden*, *Searle*, lead the van.



as his illustrious brother, whom he imitated, revered, and loved. In looking over carefully the list of matches for twenty years, we shall find no scores on the average at all approaching those of the elder *Walker* and *Beldham*; thus clearly evincing their superiority. But we must hasten on in our narrative, and reluctantly close the gates of history on these two unrivalled men.

*Beldham's* name appeared for the *last time* in a match played in Lord's Ground, on the 23rd July, 1821, of the Players of England against the Club. It was a match dignified by the fine play of *Beagley*, who gained 113 runs without being out. *Beldham* brought away his bat garlanded with the victories of forty years, with a score of 23, and his innings still unfinished. *Tom Walker* resigned the combat on the 25th of June, 1812, on Highdown Hill in Sussex. Others' names had appeared; his old compeers, the veterans by whose side he had so long frowned, stamped, and grunted<sup>1</sup>, were gone; and it is a relief to us to see him disappear; how we should shudder to read the speeches of William Pitt, and Charles Fox, in answer to Messrs. Hume, Cobbett, and Faithfull: to see their names in conjunction, would be profanation; the same chamber could not hold them; they ought not to speak the same language. Madame Vestris, or Mrs. Honey (Honey sweeter than the sweetest produce of Narbonne), might as well be shut up in a cage with monkeys, as the son of Chatham stand by the side of Messrs. Evans and Warburton; or the old hero of Hambleton rank with the Ladbroke and Lowthers of modern days.

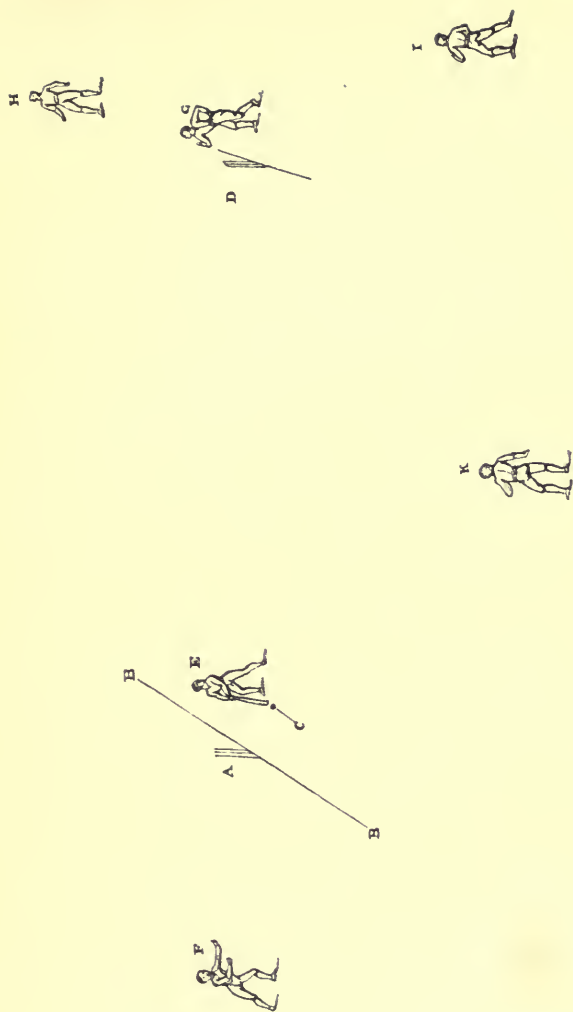
*Fennex*, who (thank God!) is still alive, and who at 76 will bring down any wicket that is not carefully guarded, has been providentially preserved to show us

<sup>1</sup> Tom Walker would never speak to any one, or give any answer when he was in at the wicket. His tongue was tied, as his soul and body were surrendered to the struggle. But he used to give such a *grunt*, if perchance a shooting ball was too quick for him and brought him down, as I have heard described to be very like that of a broken-winded horse, only of a deeper bass.



what the *ante-Homeric* heroes were. He was the first single-wicket player of his day ; for his bat and ball were equally to be dreaded. He beat at one innings the *three* Mitcham players, who had beat Robinson. He slew Hector who had vanquished Patroclus. His batting was (say *is*) as elegant as strong ; his knowledge of every point of play complete. His fielding was astonishing in its activity, and in the space of ground he could cover ; and his bowling was far more swift and tremendous than even Harris's. We would back him now for a score of balls (for his age will not let him continue) against any bowler in England.

Reader ! do not be affronted ! but you, whoever you are, married, or in single blessedness, have no idea of the real comfort of a winter evening fireside. In vain you talk of the pleasure of your dear young wife, and your pretty children (a boy and girl), and your *good* old aunt, good on account of her *will*, and your cat and cigar, and your Pope Joan and your elder wine. No ! believe me it won't do. Peep through the shutter of my snug parlour, and behold me and envy. There is the small oak table (it is now nine), with the pint of Geneva and the jug of hot water, and the snuff-box smiling on it. One cricket bat, the practice one, lies on the small horsehair sofa, as occasionally necessary for exemplifications, and Harry Bentley's volume of the matches is open beside it. Do you see him ? the master of the field. There he sits, mark his animation ! his gesture ! he is telling of a catch he made above 50 years since, and the ball is again in the air. He was taken instantly up to the Duchess of Richmond, of whose side he was, and she made a handicap of 6 guineas for him. She won hundreds by it. How my heart throbs, and my eyes glisten, and in what fearful suspense I sit, when he calls to life the ghost of a magnificent hit, fresh as the life, though half a century has intervened. I see the ball running at Moulsey Hurst, that fetched ten runs off Beldham's bat in 1787, as plainly as if it were in my own field.



THE FIELD FOR SINGLE WICKET

(From *Games and Sports*, 1837)



Then the trick he played *Butler Danvers*, when he came into the field dressed as a countryman, and was taken in *unconsciously*, merely to fill up the eleven;—the sly look of Lord Winchelsea, as sly and as black as a gipsy's (the Finches were all black), (it had been planned between them); his delight, when they sent him down to the tent, to select whatever dress he chose to wear: his joy, when he heard 'Countryman, you take the bat to begin with', and the consternation among the enemy's forces, when eighty notches were scored by him. You should hear of the day, when Manchester saw the flower of youth fall before him; when he might have won *thousands*, if he had had them to stake. Or that single combat (nor Europe nor Asia ever beheld such, never seen from the Sigæan promontory, or on the banks of Simois) that even now (twice twenty years have passed since) will alone immortalize the plains of Wisbech. Midnight sounds in vain. Politics, scandal, Tories, Whigs, my Lord Grey, and the Bishop of Peterborough, and the last story about the Maids of Honour, and Lady Farquhar's splendid breakfast, and the unknown tongues, all solicit attention in vain; they seem as nothing, idle all and without interest; one wonders how the world can trouble itself about such toys. We fill the tumblers anew; and for the hundredth time I ask, 'What was young *Small's* favourite hit? How did *John Wells* get his runs?' Behold the advantage, ye parents, of bringing up your sons (why not your daughters?) to the love of subjects which cannot be exhausted, which never tire.

But we must hasten on.—The first time I see *Lord Fred. Beauclerk's* name, is on the 2nd June, 1791. He played with Marylebone against Kent. Fennex and his Lordship bowled, and they beat their adversaries by one innings and 113 runs; in fact, it appears by the score, that *Fennex*, *Beauclerk*, and *Beldham*, got out the whole field between them. For thirty years after this, his Lordship stood as the most accomplished cricketer in England. In batting he was brought up in the

school of Beldham, and he was quite as fine. He introduced a slow home-and-easy kind of bowling, which was very effective ; till Saunders and Beagley, and the new players, destroyed it, by rushing in, and driving it away. Though his Lordship has given up the bat some years, we have seen enough of his practice to say that his execution was eminently beautiful, and certainly not equalled now.

Excepting the name of *Hammond*, the famous wicket-keeper, and *Ray* (a good batter), among the players, and those of *Tufton*, *Col. Upton*, and *Bligh*, among the gentlemen, the old list of players remained much the same, till about the year 1804. Then the names of *Aislabie* (the father of cricket, and the great *fautor* of the Marylabonne Club), and of *Budd*, first appear. The latter gentleman resigned last year, after near thirty years' display of the finest science ; and his departure is much lamented. His fielding was excellent, his hits strong and scientific ; but his bowling, once good, was no longer of avail. A little before this, the name of *Lambert* first appears among those of the players. Take him in every department of the game, we believe he has been esteemed as the *first player* that ever appeared. His batting was straightforward, and driving, a good deal resembling that of Mr. Ward ; who appears to have been instructed by him. His bowling was excellent, and had a considerable twist. A splendid single-wicket match appears, in 1806, to have been played by him, Robinson, and Beldham, against Bennett, Fennex, and Lord F. Beauclerk, and won by the former. The play must have been very fine, for from 117 hits Lambert obtained only 13 runs.

[I break the article here because Mr. Mitford goes on to speak only of his contemporaries—Lillywhite, Caldecourt, Harenc, Marsden and Fuller Pilch (his particular hero), and these belong to the new round-arm age, and therefore, however great, are interlopers here. But if a time should come . . . . . E. V. L.]

# THE HAMBLEMEDON CLUB AND THE OLD PLAYERS

BY THE REV. JAMES PYCROFT.

WHAT have become of the old scores and the earliest records of the game of cricket? Bentley's *Book of Matches* gives the principal games from the year 1786; but where are the earlier records of matches made by Dehaney, Paulet, and Sir Horace Mann? All burnt!

What the destruction of Rome and its records by the Gauls was to Niebuhr—what the fire of London was to the antiquary in his walk from Pudding Lane to Pie Corner—such was the burning of the Pavilion at Lord's and all the old score-books—it is a mercy that the old painting of the M.C.C. was saved—to the annalist of cricket. 'When we were built out by Dorset Square,' says Mr. E. H. Budd, 'we played for three years where the Regent's Canal has since been cut, and still called our ground 'Lord's', and our dining-room 'the Pavilion'.

Here many a time have I looked over the old papers of Dehaney and Sir H. Mann; but the room was burnt, and the old scores perished in the flames. . . .

And now, the oldest chronicler is Old Nyren, who wrote an account of the cricketers of his time. The said Old Nyren borrowed the pen of our kind friend Charles Cowden Clarke, to whom John Keats dedicated an epistle, and who rejoiced in the friendship of Charles Lamb; and none but a spirit akin to Elia could have written like 'Old Nyren'. Nyren was a fine old English yeoman, whose chivalry was cricket; and Mr. Clarke has faithfully recorded his vivid descriptions and animated recollections. And, with this charming little volume in hand, and inkhorn at my button, in 1837 I made a tour among the cottages of William Beldham, and the few



surviving worthies of the same generation ; and, having also the advantage of a MS. by the Rev. John Mitford, taken from many a winter's evening with Old Fennex, I am happy to attempt the best account that the lapse of time admits, of cricket in the olden time.

From a MS. my friend received from the late Mr. William Ward, it appears that the wickets were placed twenty-two yards apart as long since as the year 1700 ; that stumps were then only one foot high, but two feet wide. The width some persons have doubted ; but it is rendered credible by the auxiliary evidence that there was, in those days, width enough between the two stumps for cutting the wide blockhole already mentioned, and also because—whereas now we hear of stumps and bails—we read formerly of ‘two stumps with one stump laid across’.

We are informed, also, that putting down the wickets to make a man out in running, instead of the old custom of popping the ball into the hole, was adopted on account of severe injuries to the hands, and that the wicket was changed at the same time—1779–80—to the dimensions of twenty-two inches by six, with a third stump added.

Before this alteration the art of defence was almost unknown : balls often passed over the wicket, and often passed through. At the time of the alteration Old Nyren truly predicted that the innings would not be shortened but better played. The long pod and curved form of the bat, as seen in the old paintings, was made only for hitting, and for ground balls too. Length balls were then by no means common ; neither would low stumps encourage them ; and even upright play was then practised by very few. Old Nyren relates that one Harry Hall, a gingerbread baker of Farnham, gave peripatetic lectures to young players, and always insisted on keeping the left elbow well up ; in other words, on straight play. ‘Nowadays,’ said Beldham, ‘all the world knows that ; but when I began there was very little length-bowling, very little straight play, and little

defence either.' Fennex, said he, was the first who played out at balls; before his day, batting was too much about the crease. Beldham said that his own supposed tempting of Providence consisted in running in to hit. "You do frighten me there jumping out of your ground", said our Squire Paulet: and Fennex used also to relate how, when he played forward to the pitch of the ball, his father 'had never seen the like in all his days'; the said days extending a long way back towards the beginning of the century. While speaking of going in to hit, Beldham said, 'My opinion has always been that too little is attempted in that direction. Judge your ball, and, when the least overpitched, go in and hit her away.' In this opinion Mr. C. Taylor's practice would have borne Beldham out: and a fine dashing game this makes; only, it is a game for none but practised players. When you are perfect in playing in your ground, then, and then only, try how you can play out of it, as the best means to scatter the enemy and open the field.

'As to bowling,' continued Beldham, 'when I was a boy (about 1780), nearly all bowling was fast, and all along the ground. In those days the Hambledon Club could beat all England; but our three parishes around Farnham at last beat Hambledon.'

It is quite evident that Farnham was the cradle of cricketers. 'Surrey,' in the old scores, means nothing more than the Farnham parishes. This corner of Surrey, in every match against All England, was reckoned as part of Hampshire; and, Beldham truly said, 'you find us regularly on the Hampshire side in Bentley's Book.'

'I told you, sir,' said Beldham, 'that in my early days all bowling was what we called fast, or at least a moderate pace. The first lobbing slow bowler I ever saw was Tom Walker. When, in 1792, All England played Kent, I did feel so ashamed of such baby bowling: but, after all, he did more than even David Harris himself. Two years after, in 1794, at Dartford Brent, Tom Walker, with his slow bowling, headed a side against David Harris, and beat him easily.'

‘Kent, in early times, was not equal to our counties. Their great man was Crawte, and he was taken away from our parish of Alresford by Mr. Amherst, the gentleman who made the Kent matches. In those days, except around our parts, Farnham and the Surrey side of Hampshire, a little play went a long way. Why, no man used to be more talked of than Yalden; and, when he came among us, we soon made up our minds what the rest of them must be. If you want to know, sir, the time the Hambledon Club was formed, I can tell you by this;—when we beat them in 1780, I heard Mr. Paulet say, “Here have I been thirty years raising our club, and are we to be beaten by a mere parish?” so, there must have been a cricket club, that played every week regularly, as long ago as 1750. We used to go as eagerly to a match as if it were two armies fighting; we stood at nothing if we were allowed the time. From our parish to Hambledon is twenty-seven miles, and we used to ride both ways the same day, early and late. At last, I and John Wells were about building a cart: you have heard of tax carts, sir; well, the tax was put on then, and that stopped us. The members of the Hambledon Club had a caravan to take their eleven about; they used once to play always in velvet caps. Lord Winchelsea’s eleven used to play in silver-laced hats; and always the dress was knee-breeches and stockings. We never thought of knocks: and, remember, I played against Browne of Brighton too. Certainly, you would see a bump heave under the stocking, and even the blood come through; but I never knew a man killed, now you ask the question, and I never saw any accident of much consequence, though many an *all but*, in my long experience. Fancy the old fashion before cricket shoes, when I saw John Wells tear a finger-nail off against his shoe-buckle in picking up a ball!

‘Your book, sir, says much about old Nyren.<sup>1</sup> This Nyren was fifty years old when I began to play; he

<sup>1</sup> Here Beldham is referring to Richard Nyren. Mr. Pycroft by ‘Old Nyren’ usually means John. E. V. L.



‘SILVER BILLY’

(Enlarged detail from the frontispiece)



was our general in the Hambledon matches ; but not half a player, as we reckon now. He had a small farm and inn near Hambledon, and took care of the ground.

‘I remember when many things first came into the game which are common now. The law for Leg-before-wicket was not passed, nor much wanted, till Ring, one of our best hitters, was shabby enough to get his leg in the way, and take advantage of the bowlers ; and, when Tom Taylor, another of our best hitters, did the same, the bowlers found themselves beaten, and the law was passed to make leg-before-wicket Out. The law against jerking was owing to the frightful pace Tom Walker put on, and I believe that he afterwards tried something more like the modern throwing-bowling, and so caused the words against throwing also. Willes was not the inventor of that kind of round bowling ; he only revived what was forgotten or new to the young folk.

‘The umpires did not formerly pitch the wickets. David Harris used to think a great deal of pitching himself a good wicket, and took much pains in suiting himself every match day.

‘Lord Stowell was fond of cricket. He employed me to make a ground for him at Holt Pound.’

In the last century, when the wagon and the pack-horses supplied the place of the pennytrain, there was little opportunity for those frequent meetings of men from distant counties that now puzzle us to remember who is North and who is South, who is Surrey or who is Kent. The matches then were truly county matches, and had more of the spirit of hostile tribes and rival clans. ‘There was no mistaking the Kent boys,’ said Beldham, ‘when they came staring into the Green Man. A few of us had grown used to London, but Kent and Hampshire men had but to speak, or even show themselves, and you need not ask them which side they were on.’ So the match seemed like Sir Horace Mann and Lord Winchelsea and their respective tenantry—for when will the feudal system be quite extinct ? and there



was no little pride and honour in the parishes that sent them up, and many a flagon of ale depending in the farms or the hop-grounds they severally represented, as to whether they should, as the spirit-stirring saying was, "prove themselves the better men". I remember in one match,' said Beldham, 'in Kent, Ring was playing against David Harris. The game was much against him. Sir Horace Mann was cutting about with his stick among the daisies, and cheering every run,—you would have thought his whole fortune (and he would often bet some hundreds) was staked upon the game; and, as a new man was going in, he went across to Ring, and said, "Ring, carry your bat through and make up all the runs, and I'll give you £10 a-year for life." Well, Ring was out for sixty runs, and only three to tie, and four to beat, and the last man made them. It was Sir Horace who took Aylward away with him out of Hampshire, but the best bat made but a poor bailiff, we heard.

'Cricket was played in Sussex very early, before my day at least; but, that there was no good play I know by this, that Richard Newland, of Slindon in Sussex, as you say, sir, taught old Richard Nyren, and that no Sussex man could be found to play him. Now, a second-rate player of our parish beat Newland easily; so you may judge what the rest of Sussex then were. But before 1780 there were some good players about Hambledon and the Surrey side of Hampshire. Crawte, the best of the Kent men, was stolen away from us; so you will not be wrong, sir, in writing down that Farnham, and thirty miles round, reared all the best players up to my day, about 1780.

'There were some who were then called "the old players",—and here Fennex's account quite agreed with Beldham's,—'including Frame and old Small. And as to old Small, it is worthy of observation, that Bennett declared it was part of the creed of last century, that Small was the man who "found out cricket", or brought play to any degree of perfection. Of the same school was Sueter, the wicket-keeper, who in those days had

very little stumping to do, and Minshull and Colshorn, all mentioned in Nyren. These men played puddling about their crease and had no freedom. I like to see a player upright and well forward, to face the ball like a man. The Duke of Dorset made a match at Dartford Brent between "the Old Players and the New".—You laugh, sir,' said this tottering silver-haired old man, 'but we all were New once ;—well, I played with the Walkers, John Wells, and the rest of our men, and beat the Old ones very easily.'

Old John Small died, the last, if not the first of the Hambledonians, in 1826. Isaac Walton, the father of Anglers, lived to the age of ninety-three. This father of Cricketers was in his ninetieth year. John Small played in all the great matches till he was turned of seventy. A fine skater and a good musician. But, how the Duke of Dorset took great interest in John Small, and how his Grace gave him a fiddle, and how John, like a modern Orpheus, beguiled a wild bull of its fury in the middle of a paddock, is it not written in the book of the chronicles of the playmates of Old Nyren ?—In a match of Hambledon against All England, Small kept up his wicket for three days, and was not out after all. A pity his score is unknown. We should like to compare it with Mr. Ward's.

'Tom Walker was the most tedious fellow to bowl to, and the slowest runner between wickets I ever saw. Harry was the hitter,—Harry's half-hour was as good as Tom's afternoon. I have seen Noah Mann, who was as fast as Tom was slow, in running a four, overtake him, pat him on the back, and say, "Good name for you is *Walker*, for you never was a runner." It used to be said that David Harris had once bowled him 170 balls for one run ! David was a potter by trade, and in a kind of skittle-alley made between hurdles, he used to practise bowling four different balls from one end, and then picking them up he would bowl them back again. His bowling cost him a great deal of practice ; but it proved well worth his while, for no man ever bowled like him,

and he was always first chosen of all men in England.'—*Nil sine labore*, remember, young cricketers all.—'“Lambert” (not the great player of that name<sup>1</sup>), said Nyren, “had a most deceitful and teasing way of delivering the ball; he tumbled out the Kent and Surrey men, one after another, as if picked off by a rifle corps. His perfection is accounted for by the circumstance that when he was tending his father's sheep, he would set up a hurdle or two, and bowl away for hours together.”

‘There was some good hitting in those days, though too little defence. Tom Taylor would cut away in fine style, almost after the manner of Mr. Budd. Old Small was among the first members of the Hambledon Club. He began to play about 1750, and Lumpy Stevens at the same time. I can give you some notion, sir, of what cricket was in those days, for Lumpy, a very bad bat, as he was well aware, once said to me, “Beldham, what do you think cricket must have been in those days when I was thought a good batsman?” But fielding was very good as far back as I can remember.’—Now, what Beldham called good fielding must have been good enough. He was himself one of the safest hands at a catch. Mr. Budd, when past forty, was still one of the quickest men I ever played with, taking always middle wicket, and often, by swift running, doing part of long-field's work. Sparks, Fennex, Bennett, and young Small, and Mr. Parry, were first-rate, not to mention Beagley, whose style of long-stopping in the North and South Match of 1836, made Lord Frederick and Mr. Ward justly proud of so good a representative of the game in their younger days. Albeit, an old player of seventy, describing the merits of all these men, said, “put Mr. King at point, Mr. C. Ridding long-stop, and Mr. W. Pickering cover, and I never saw the man that could beat either of them.”

‘John Wells was a most dangerous man in a single-wicket match, being so dead a shot at a wicket. In one

<sup>1</sup> Lamborn, the little farmer. See page 53. E. V. L.

celebrated match, Lord Frederick warned the Honourable H. Tufton to beware of John; but John Wells found an opportunity of maintaining his character by shying down, from the side, little more than the single stump. Tom Sheridan joined some of our matches, but he was no good but to make people laugh. In our days there were no padded gloves. I have seen Tom Walker rub his bleeding fingers in the dust! David used to say he liked to *rind* him.

'The matches against twenty-two were not uncommon in the last century. In 1788 the Hambledon Club played two-and-twenty at Cold Ash Hill. "Drawing" between leg and wicket is not a new invention. Old Small (*b.* 1737, *d.* 1826) was famous for the draw, and, to increase his facility, he changed the crooked bat of his day for a straight bat. There was some fine cutting before Saunders's day. Harry Walker was the first, I believe, who brought cutting to perfection. The next genuine cutter—for they were very scarce (I never called mine cutting, not like that of Saunders at least)—was Robinson. Walker and Robinson would wait for the ball till all but past the wicket, and then cut with great force. Others made good off-hits, but did not hit late enough for a good cut. I would never cut with slow bowling. I believe that Walker, Fennex, and myself first opened the old players' eyes to what could be done with the bat; Walker by cutting, and Fennex and I by forward play: but all improvement was owing to David Harris's bowling. His bowling rose almost perpendicular; it was once pronounced a jerk; it was altogether most extraordinary.—For thirteen years I averaged forty-three a match, though frequently I had only one innings; but I never could half play unless runs were really wanted.'

Little is recorded of the Hambledon Club after the year 1786. It broke up when Old Nyren<sup>1</sup> left it, in 1791; though, in this last year, the true old Hambledon Eleven

<sup>1</sup> Richard Nyren. E. V. L.

all but beat twenty-two of Middlesex at Lord's. Their cricket ground on Broadhalfpenny Down, in Hampshire, was so far removed from the many noblemen and gentlemen who had seen and admired the severe bowling of David Harris, the brilliant hitting of Beldham, and the interminable defence of the Walkers, that these worthies soon found a more genial sphere for their energies on the grounds of Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex. Still, though the land was deserted, the men survived; and imparted a knowledge of their craft to gentles and simples far and near.

Most gladly would we chronicle that these good men and true were actuated by a great and a patriotic spirit, to diffuse an aid to civilization—for such our game claims to be—among their wonder-stricken fellow-countrymen; but, in truth, we confess that 'reaping golden opinions', and coins, 'from all kinds of men,' as well as that indescribable tumult and those joyous emotions which attend the ball, vigorously propelled or heroically stopped, while hundreds of voices shout applause,—that such stirring motives, more powerful far with vain-glorious man than any 'dissolving views' of abstract virtue, tended to the migration of the pride of Hambledon. Still, doubtful though the motive, certain is the fact, that the old Hambledon players did carry their bats and stumps out of Hampshire into the adjoining counties, and gradually, like all great commanders, taught their adversaries to conquer too. In some instances, as with Lord Winchelsea, Mr. Amherst, and others, noblemen combined the *utile dulci*, pleasure and business, and retained a great player as a keeper or a bailiff, as Martingell once was engaged by Earl Ducie. In other instances, the play of the summer led to employment through the winter; or else these busy bees lived on the sweets of their sunshine toil, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*—that is, living like gentlemen, with nothing to do.

This accounts for our finding these Hampshire men playing Kent matches; being, like a learned Lord in



*Punch's* picture, 'naturalized everywhere,' or 'citizens of the world'.

Let us trace these Hambledonians in all their contests, from the date mentioned 1786, to 1800, the eventful period of the French Revolution and Nelson's victories; and let us see how the Bank stopping payment, the mutiny of the fleet, and the threatened invasion, put together, did not prevent balls from flying over the tented field, in a far more innocent and rational way on this, than on the other side, of the water.

Now, what were the matches in the last century—'eleven gentlemen against the twelve Caesars?' No! these, though ancient names, are of modern times. Kent and England was as good an annual match in the last, as in the present century. The White Conduit Fields and the Artillery Ground supplied the place of Lord's, though in 1787 the name of Lord's is found in Bentley's matches, implying, of course, the old Marylebone Ground, now Dorset Square, under Thomas Lord, and not the present by St. John's Wood, more properly deserving the name of Dark's than Lord's. The Kentish battlefields were Sevenoaks—the land of Clout, one of the original makers of cricket-balls,—Coxheath, Dandelion Fields, in the Isle of Thanet, and Cobham Park; also Dartford Brent and Pennenden Heath: there is also early mention of Gravesend, Rochester, and Woolwich.

Next in importance to the Kent matches were those of Hampshire and of Surrey, with each of which counties indifferently the Hambledon men used to play. For it must not be supposed that the whole county of Surrey put forth a crop of stumps and wickets all at once: we have already said that malt and hops and cricket have ever gone together. Two parishes in Surrey, adjoining Hants, won the original laurels for their county; parishes in the immediate vicinity of the Farnham hop country. The Holt, near Farnham, and Moulsey Hurst, were the Surrey grounds. The match might truly have been called 'Farnham's hop-gatherers v. those of Kent'. The



former, aided occasionally by men who drank the ale of Alton, just as Burton-on-Trent, life-sustainer to our Indian Empire, sends forth its giants, refreshed with bitter ale, to defend the honour of the neighbouring towns and counties. The men of Hampshire, after Broadhalfpenny was abandoned to docks and thistles, pitched their tents generally either upon Windmill Downs or upon Stoke Downs; and once they played a match against T. Assheton Smith, whose mantle has descended on a worthy representative, whether on the level turf or by the cover side. Albeit, when that gentleman has a 'meet' (occasionally advertised) at Hambledon, he must unconsciously avoid the spot where 'titch and turn'—the Hampshire cry—did once exhilarate the famous James Aylward, among others, as he astonished the Farnham waggoner, by continuing one and the same innings as the man drove up on the Tuesday afternoon and down on the Wednesday morning! This match was played at Andover, and the surnames of most of the Eleven may be read on the tombstones (with the best of characters) in Andover Churchyard. Bourne Paddock, Earl Darnley's estate, and Burley Park, in Rutlandshire, constituted often the debateable ground in their respective counties. Earl Darnley, as well as Sir Horace Mann and Earl Winchelsea, Mr. Paulet and Mr. East, lent their names and patronage to Elevens; sometimes in the places mentioned, sometimes at Lord's, and sometimes at Perriam Downs, near Luggershall, in Wiltshire.

Middlesex also, exclusively of the Marylebone Club, had its Eleven in these days; or, we should say, its *twenty-two*, for that was the number then required to stand the disciplined forces of Hampshire, Kent, or England. And this reminds us of an 'Uxbridge ground', where Middlesex played and lost; also, of 'Hornchurch, Essex', where Essex, in 1791, was sufficiently advanced to win against Marylebone, an occasion memorable, because Lord Frederick Beauclerk there played nearly his first recorded match, making scarce



#### GRAND CRICKET MATCH

Played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, on June 20 and following day, between  
the Earls of Winchelsea & Darnley for 1000 Guineas. 1793



any runs, but bowling four wickets. Lord Frederick's first match was at Lord's, on June 2, 1791. 'There was also,' writes the Hon. R. Grimston, "the Bowling-green" at Harrow-on-the-Hill, where the school played: Richardson, who subsequently became Mr. Justice Richardson, was the captain of the School Eleven in 1782.'

Already, in 1790, the game was spreading northwards, or, rather, proofs exist that it had long before struck far and wide its roots and branches in northern latitudes; and also that it was a game as popular with the men of labour as the men of leisure, therefore incontestably of home growth: no mere exotic, or importation of the favoured few, can cricket be, if, like its namesake, it is found 'a household word' with those whom Burns aptly calls 'the many-aproned sons of mechanical life'.

In 1791 Eton, that is, the old Etonians, played Marylebone, four players given on either side; and all true Etonians will thank us for informing them, not only that the seven Etonians were more than a match for their adversaries, but also that this match proves that Eton had, at that early date, the honour of sending forth the most distinguished amateurs of the day; for Lord Winchelsea, Hon. H. Fitzroy, Earl Darnley, Hon. E. Bligh, C. Anguish, Assheton Smith—good men and true—were Etonians all. This match was played in Burley Park, Rutlandshire. On the following day, June 25, 1791, the Marylebone played eleven yeomen and artisans of Leicester; and though the Leicestrians cut a sorry figure, still the fact that the Midland Counties practised cricket sixty years ago is worth recording. Peter Heward, of Leicester, a famous wicket-keeper, of twenty years since, told me of a trial match in which he saw his father, quite an old man, with another veteran of his own standing, quickly put out with the old-fashioned slow bowling a really good Eleven for some twenty runs—good, that is, against the modern style of bowling; and cricket was not a new game in this old man's early

days (say 1780) about Leicester and Nottingham ; for such a game as cricket, evidently of gradual development, must have been played in some primitive form many a long year before the date of 1775, in which it had excited sufficient interest, and was itself sufficiently matured in form, to show the two Elevens of Sheffield and of Nottingham. Add to this, what we have already mentioned, a rude form of cricket as far north as Angus and Lothian in 1700, and we can hardly doubt that cricket was known as early in the Midland as in the Southern Counties. The men of Nottingham—land of Clarke, Baker, and Redgate—next month, in the same year (1791) threw down the gauntlet, and shared the same fate ; and next day the Marylebone, ‘adding,’ in a cricketing sense, ‘insult unto injury,’ played twenty-two of them, and won by thirteen runs.

In 1790, the shopocracy of Brighton had also an Eleven ; and Sussex and Surrey, in 1792, sent an eleven against England to Lord’s, who scored in one innings 453 runs, the largest score on record, save that of Epsom in 1815—476 in one innings ! ‘M.C.C. v. twenty-two of Nottingham,’ we now find an annual match ; and also ‘M.C.C. v. Brighton,’ which becomes at once worthy of the fame that Sussex long has borne. In 1793, the old Westminster men all but beat the old Etonians : and Essex and Herts, too near not to emulate the fame of Kent and Surrey, were content, like second-rate performers, to have, though playing twenty-two, one Benefit between them, in the shape of defeat in one innings from England. And here we are reminded by two old players, a Kent and an Essex man, that, being schoolboys in 1785, they can respectively testify that, both in Kent and in Essex, cricket appeared to them more of a village game than they have ever seen it of late years. ‘There was a cricket bat behind the door, or else up in the bacon-rack, in every cottage. We heard little of clubs, except around London ; still the game was played by many or by few, in every school and village green in Essex and in Kent,



and the field placed much as when with the Sidmouth I played the Teignbridge Club in 1826. Mr. Whitehead was the great hitter of Kent; and Frame and Small were names as often mentioned as Pilch and Parr by our boys now.' And now (1793) the game had penetrated further West; for eleven yeomen at Oldfield Bray, in Berkshire, had learned long enough to be able to defeat a good eleven of the Marylebone Club.

In 1795, the Hon. Colonel Lennox, memorable for a duel with the Duke of York, fought—where the gallant Colonel had fought so many a less hostile battle—on the cricket ground at Dartford Brent, headed Elevens against the Earl of Winchelsea; and now, first the Marylebone eleven beat sixteen Oxonians on Bullingdon Green.

In 1797, the Montpelier Club and ground attract our notice. The name of this club is one of the most ancient, and their ground a short distance only from the ground of Hall of Camberwell.

Swaffham, in Norfolk, is now mentioned for the first time. But Norfolk lies out of the usual road, and is a county which, as Mr. Dickens said of Golden Square, before it was the residence of Cardinal Wiseman, 'is nobody's way to or from any place.' So, in those slow coach and pack-horse days, the patrons of Kent, Surrey, Hants, and Marylebone, who alone gave to what else were 'airy nothing, a local habitation and a name', could not so easily extend their circuit to the land of turkeys, lithotomy, and dumplings. But it happened once that Lord Frederick Beauclerk was heard to say, his eleven should beat any three elevens in the county of Norfolk; whence arose a challenge from the Norfolk men, whom, sure enough, his Lordship did beat, and that in one innings; and a print, though not on pocket-handkerchiefs, was struck off to perpetuate this honourable achievement.

Lord F. Beauclerk was now one of the best players of his day; as also were the Hon. H. and I. Tufton. They frequently headed a division of the Marylebone,



or some county club, against Middlesex, and sometimes Hampstead and Highgate.

In this year (1798) these gentlemen aforesaid made the first attempt at a match between the Gentlemen and the Players; and on this first occasion the players won; though when we mention that the Gentlemen had three players given, and also that T. Walker, Beldham, and Hammond were the three, certainly it was like playing England, 'the part of England being left out by particular desire.'

Kent attacked England in 1798, but, being beaten in about *half* an innings, we find the Kentish men in 1800, though still hankering after the same cosmopolitan distinction, modestly accept the odds of nineteen, and afterwards twenty-three, men to twelve.

The chief patronage, and consequently the chief practice, in cricket, was beyond all comparison in London. There, the play was nearly all professional: even the gentlemen made a profession of it; and therefore, though cricket was far more extensively spread throughout the villages of Kent than of Middlesex, the clubs of the metropolis figure in the score-books as defying all competition. Professional players, we may observe, have always a decided advantage in respect of judicious choice and mustering their best men. The best eleven on the side of the Players is almost always known, and can be mustered on a given day. Favour, friendship, and etiquette interfere but little with their election; but the eleven gentlemen of England are less easy to muster,—

‘*Linquenda Parish et domus et placens  
Uxor,*’—

and they are never anything more than the best eleven known to the party who make the match. Besides, by the time an amateur is at his best, he has duties which bid him retire.

Having now traced the rise and progress of the game from the time of its general establishment to the

time that Beldham had shown us the full powers of the bat, and Lord Frederick had (as Fennex always declared) formed his style upon Beldham's; and since now we approach the era of a new school, and the forward play of Fennex,—which his father termed an innovation and presumption 'contrary to all experience',—till the same forward play was proved effectual by Lambert, and Hammond had shown that, in spite of wicket-keepers, bowling, if uniformly slow, might be met and hit away at the pitch; now, we will wait to characterize, in the words of eye-witnesses, the heroes of the contests already mentioned.

On 'the Old Players' I may be brief; because, the few old gentlemen (with one of whom I am in daily communication) who have heard even the names of the Walkers, Frame, Small, and David Harris, are passing away, full of years, and almost all the written history of the Old Players consists in indiscriminating scores.

In point of style the Old Players did not play the steady game, with maiden overs, as at present. The defensive was comparatively unknown: both the bat and the wicket, and the style of bowling too, were all adapted to a short life and a merry one. The wooden substitute for a ball, as in Cat and Dog, before described, evidently implied a hitting, and not a stopping game.

The Wicket, as we collect from a MS. furnished by an old friend to the late William Ward, Esq., was, in the early days of the Hambledon Club, one foot high and two feet wide, consisting of two stumps only, with one stump laid across. Thus, straight balls passed between, and, what we now call, well pitched balls would of course rise over. Where, then, was the encouragement to block, when fortune would so often usurp the place of science? And, as to the bat, look at the picture of cricket as played in the old Artillery Ground; the bat is curved at the end like a hockey-stick, or the handle of a spoon, and—as common implements usually are adapted to the work to be performed—you will readily believe that in olden time the

freest hitter was the best batsman. The bowling was all along the ground, hand and eye being everything, and judgement nothing; because the art originally was to bowl under the bat. The wicket was too low for rising balls; and the reason we hear sometimes of the blockhole was, not that the blockhole originally denoted guard, but because between these two-feet-asunder stumps there was cut a hole big enough to contain the ball, and (as now with the schoolboy's game of rounders) the hitter was made out in running a notch by the ball being popped into this hole (whence popping-crease) before the point of the bat could reach it.

Did we say Running a Notch? *unde* Notch? What wonder ere the days of useful knowledge, and Sir William Curtis's three R's,—or, reading, writing, and arithmetic,—that natural science should be evolved in a truly natural way; what wonder that notches on a stick, like the notches in the milk-woman's tally in Hogarth's picture, should supply the place of those complicated papers of vertical columns, which subject the bowling, the batting, and the fielding to a process severely and scrupulously just, of analytical observation, or differential calculus! Where now there sit on kitchen chairs, with ink-bottle tied to a stump the worse for wear, Messrs. Caldecourt and Bayley ('tis pity two such men should ever not be umpires), with an uncomfortable length of paper on their knees, and large tin telegraphic letters above their heads; and where now is Lillywhite's printing press, to hand down every hit as soon as made on twopenny cards to future generations; there, or in a similar position, old Frame, or young Small (young once: he died in 1834, aged eighty) might have placed a trusty yeoman to cut notches with his bread-and-bacon knife on an ashen stick. Oh! 'tis enough to make the Hambledon heroes sit upright in their graves with astonishment to think, that in the Gentlemen and Players' Match, in 1850, the cricketers of old Sparkes' Ground, at Edinburgh, could actually

know the score of the first innings in London, before the second had commenced !

But when we say that the old players had little or nothing of the defensive, we speak of the play before 1780, when David Harris flourished : for William Beldham distinctly assured us that the art of bowling over the bat by 'length balls' originated with the famous David ; an assertion, we will venture to say, which requires a little, and only a little, qualification. Length-bowling, or three-quarter balls, to use a popular, though exploded, expression, was introduced in David's time, and by him first brought to perfection. And what rather confirms this statement is, that the early bowlers were very swift bowlers—such was not only David, but the famous Brett, of earlier date, and Frame of great renown : a more moderate pace resulted from the new discovery of a well-pitched bail-ball.

The old players well understood the art of twisting, or bias bowling. 'Lambert<sup>1</sup>, the little farmer,' says Nyren, 'improved on the art, and puzzled the Kent men in a great match, by twisting the reverse of the usual way,—that is, from the off to leg stump.' Tom Walker tried what Nyren calls the throwing-bowling, and defied all the players of the day to withstand this novelty ; but, by a council of the Hambledon Club, this was forbidden, and Willes, a Kent man, had all the praise of inventing it some twenty years later<sup>2</sup>. In a match of the Hambledon Club in 1775, it was observed, at a critical point of the game, that the ball passed three times between Small's two stumps without knocking off the bail ; and then, first, a third stump was added ; and, seeing that the new style of balls which rise over the bat rose also over the wickets, then but one foot high, the wicket was altered to the dimensions of

<sup>1</sup> Lamborn. E. V. L.

<sup>2</sup> John Willes's tombstone in Sutton Valence churchyard perpetuates his fame : 'He was a patron of all manly sports and the first to introduce round-arm bowling in cricket' (b. 1777, d. 1852). E. V. L.

22 inches by 6, at which measure it remained till about 1814, when it was increased to 26 inches by 8, and again to its present dimensions of 27 inches by 8 in 1817; when, as one inch was added to the stumps, two inches were added to the width between the creases. In the year 1700, the runner was made out, not by striking off the transverse stump—we can hardly call it a bail—but by popping the ball in the hole therein represented.

David Harris's bowling, Fennex used to say, introduced, or at least established and fixed, a steady and defensive style of batting. 'I have seen,' said Sparkes, 'seventy or eighty runs in an innings, though not more than eight or nine made at Harris's end.' 'Harris,' said an excellent judge, who well remembers him, 'had nearly all the quickness of rise and height of delivery, which characterizes over-hand bowling, with far greater straightness and precision. The ball appeared to be forced out from under his arm with some unaccountable jerk, so that it was delivered breast-high. His precision exceeded anything I have ever seen, insomuch that Tom Walker declared that, on one occasion, where turf was thin, and the colour of the soil readily appeared, one spot was positively uncovered by the repeated pitching of David's balls in the same place.' 'This bowling,' said Sparkes, 'compelled you to make the best of your reach forward; for if a man let the ball pitch too near and crowd upon him, he very rarely could prevent a mistake, from the height and rapidity with which the ball cut up from the ground.'—This account agrees with the well-known description of Nyren (on pages 75-76).

And Nyren agrees with my informants in ascribing great improvements in batting, and he specifies 'particularly in stopping' (for the art of defence, we said, was not essential to the batsman in the ideas of one of the old players), to the bowling of David Harris, and bears testimony to an assertion, that forward play, that is meeting at the pitch balls considerably short of a half



volley, was little known to the oldest players, and was called into requisition chiefly by the bowling of David Harris. Obviously, with the primitive fashion of ground bowling, called sneakers, forward play could have no place, and even well-pitched balls, like those of Peter Stevens, *alias* Lumpy, of moderate pace might be played with some effect, even behind the crease; but David Harris, with pace, pitch, and rapid rise combined, imperatively demanded a new invention, and such was forward play about 1800. Old Fennex, who died, alas! in a Middlesex workhouse, aged eighty, in 1839 (had his conduct been as straightforward and upright as his bat, he would have known a better end), always declared that he was the first, and remained long without followers; and no small praise is due to the boldness and originality that set at nought the received maxims of his forefathers before he was born or thought of; daring to try things that, had they been ordinarily reasonable, would not, of course, have been ignored by Frame, by Purchase, nor by Small. The world wants such men as Fennex; men who will shake off the prejudices of birth, parentage, and education, and boldly declare that age has taught them wisdom, and that the policy of their predecessors, however extensively stereotyped, must be revised and corrected and adapted to the demands of a more inquiring generation. 'My father,' said Fennex, 'asked me how I came by that new play, reaching out as no one ever saw before.' The same style he lived to see practised, not elegantly, but with wonderful power and effect, by Lambert, 'a most severe and resolute hitter;' and Fennex also boasted that he had a most proficient disciple in Fuller Pilch: though I suspect that, as '*poeta nascitur non fit*,'—that is, that all great performers appear to have brought the secret of their excellence into the world along with them, and are not the mere puppets of which others pull the strings—Fuller Pilch may think he rather coincided with, than learnt from, William Fennex.

Now the David Harris aforesaid, who wrought quite



a revolution in the game, changing cricket from a backward and a slashing to a forward and defensive game, and claiming higher stumps to do justice to his skill—this David, whose bowling was many years in advance of his generation, having all the excellence of Lillywhite's high delivery, though free from all imputation of unfairness—this David rose early, and late took rest, and ate the bread of carefulness, before he attained such distinction as—in these days of railroads, Thames tunnels, and tubular gloves and bridges—to deserve the notice of our pen. 'For,' said John Bennett, 'you might have seen David practising at dinner-time and after hours, all the winter through;' and 'many a Hampshire barn', said Beagley, 'has been heard to resound with bats and balls as well as threshing.'

*Nil sine magno  
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.*

And now we must mention the men, who, at the end of the last century, represented the Pilch, the Parr, the Wenman, and the Wisden of the present day.

Lord Beauclerk was formed on the style of Beldham, whom, in brilliancy of hitting, he nearly resembled. The Hon. H. Bligh and Hon. H. Tufton were of the same school. Sir Peter Burrell was also a good hitter. And these were the most distinguished gentlemen players of the day. Earl Winchelsea was in every principal match, but rather for his patronage than his play; and the Hon. Col. Lennox for the same reason. Mr. R. Whitehead was a Kent player of great celebrity. But Lord F. Beauclerk was the only gentleman who had any claim in the last century to play in an All England eleven. He was also one of the fastest runners. Hammond was the great wicket-keeper; but then the bowling was slow: Sparkes said he saw him catch out Robinson by a draw between leg and wicket. Free-mantle was the first long-stop; but Ray the finest field in England; and in those days, when the scores were long, fielding was of even more consideration than at



THE REVEREND LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERK

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present. Of the professional players, Beldham, Hammond, Tom and Harry Walker, Freemantle, Robinson, Fennex, J. Wells, and J. Small were the first chosen after Harris had passed away; for Nyren says that even Lord Beauclerk could hardly have seen David Harris in his prime. At this time there was a sufficient number of players to maintain the credit of the left-hands. On the 10th of May, 1790, the Left-handed beat the Right-by thirty-nine runs. This match reveals that Harris and Aylward, and the three best Kent players, Brazier, Crawte, and Clifford,—Sueter, the first distinguished wicket-keeper,—H. Walker, and Freemantle were all left-handed: so also was Noah Mann.

The above-mentioned players are quite sufficient to give some idea of the play of the last century. Sparkes is well known to the author of these pages as his quondam instructor. In batting he differed not widely from the usual style of good players, save that he never played forward to any very great extent. Playing under leg, according to the old fashion (we call it old-fashioned though Pilch adopts it), served instead of the far more elegant and efficient 'draw'. Sparkes was also a fair bias bowler, but of no great pace, and not very difficult. I remember his saying that the old school of slow bowling was beaten by Hammond's setting the example of running in. 'Hammond,' he said, 'on one occasion hit back a slow ball to Lord F. Beauclerk with such frightful force that it just skimmed his Lordship's unguarded head, and he had scarcely nerve to bowl after.' Of Fennex we can also speak from our friend the Rev. John Mitford. Fennex was a fair straightforward hitter, and once as good a single-wicket player as any in England. His attitude was easy, and he played elegantly, and hit well from the wrist. If his bowling was any specimen of that of his contemporaries, they were by no means to be despised. His bowling was very swift and of high delivery, the ball cut and ground up with great quickness and precision. Fennex used to say that the men of the present day had little idea of what the old under-

hand bowling really could effect ; and, from the specimen which Fennex himself gave at sixty-five years of age, there appeared to be much reason in his assertion. Of all the players Fennex had ever seen (for some partiality for bygone days we must of course allow) none elicited his notes of admiration like Beldham. We cannot compare a man who played underhand, with those who are formed on overhand, bowling. Still, there is reason to believe what Mr. Ward and others have told us, that Beldham had that genius for cricket, that wonderful eye (although it failed him very early), and that quickness of hand, which would have made him a great player in any age.

Beldham related to us in 1838, and that with no little nimbleness of hand and vivacity of eye, while he suited the action to the word with a bat of his own manufacture, how he had drawn forth the plaudits of Lord's as he hit round and helped on the bowling of Browne of Brighton, even faster than before, though the good men of Brighton thought that no one could stand against him, and Browne had thought to bowl Beldham off his legs. This match of Hants against England in 1819 Fennex was fond of describing, and certainly it gives some idea of what Beldham could do. 'Osbaldeston,' said Mr. Ward, 'with his tremendously fast bowling, was defying every one at single-wicket, and he and Lambert challenged Mr. E. H. Budd with three others. Just then I had seen Browne's swift bowling, and a hint from me settled the match. Browne was engaged, and Osbaldeston was beaten with his own weapons.' A match was now made to give Browne a fair trial, and 'we were having a social glass', said Fennex, 'and talking over with Beldham the match of the morrow at the 'Green Man', when Browne came in, and told Beldham, with as much sincerity as good-humour, that he should soon 'send his stumps a-flying'. 'Hold there,' said Beldham, fingering his bat, 'you will be good enough to allow me this bit of wood, won't you?' 'Certainly,' said Browne. 'Quite satisfied,' answered Beldham, 'so to-morrow you shall see.' 'Seventy-two runs,' said Fennex,—and the score-book attests his

accuracy,—‘ was Beldham’s first and only innings ’ ; and, Beagley also joined with Fennex, and assured us, that he never saw a more complete triumph of a batsman over a bowler. Nearly every ball was cut or slipped away till Browne hardly dared to bowl within Beldham’s reach.

We desire not to qualify the praises of Beldham, but when we hear that he was unrivalled in elegant and brilliant hitting, and in that wonderful versatility which cut indifferently, quick as lightning, all round him, we cannot help remarking, that such bowling as that of Redgate or of Wisden renders imperatively necessary a severe style of defence, and an attitude of cautious watchfulness, which must render the batsman not quite such a picture for the artist as might be seen in the days of Beldham and Lord F. Beauclerk.

So far we have traced the diffusion of the game, and the degrees of proficiency attained, to the beginning of the present century. To sum up the evidence, by the year 1800, cricket had become the common pastime of the common people in Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, and had been introduced into the adjoining counties; and though we cannot trace its continuity beyond Rutlandshire and Burley Park, certainly it had been long familiar to the men of Leicester and Nottingham as well as Sheffield;—that, in point of Fielding generally, this was already as good, and quite as much valued in a match, as it has been since; while Wicket-keeping in particular had been ably executed by Sueter, for he could stump off Brett, whose pace Nyren, acquainted as he was with all the bowlers to the days of Lillywhite, called quite of the steam-engine power, albeit no wicket-keeper could shine like Wenman or Box, except with the regularity of overhand bowling; and already Bowlers had attained by bias and quick delivery all the excellence which underhand bowling admits. Still, as regards Batting, the very fact that the stumps remained six inches wide, by twenty-two inches in height, undeniably proves that the secret of success was limited to comparatively a small number of players.



# PRACTICAL HINTS ON CRICKET

BY WILLIAM CLARKE,

Slow Bowler, and Secretary to the All England Eleven.

Dedicated  
to the

HON. FREDERICK PONSONBY.

SIR,

In making a few observations to my Brother Cricketers and the rising generation, I don't say that I lay down the only true method; but from many years' experience I have had (having played from my earliest years, and studied the game in all its various branches), I am able to declare that it will generally be found pretty correct. There are instructions out, such as keeping your right shoulder up, and your left elbow forward, and your right foot fixed firm on the ground, but so that you can turn round on it like a swivel. I shall pass over these, and place my remarks in as plain and simple a manner as possible; so that they will not only be intelligible to the Peer and the Squire, but also to the Artisan, the Peasant, and my Brother Cricketers; and if there be some things they don't agree with, there perhaps will be others that will take their attention. At any rate they are given with a good feeling; and when I am called to that bourn from whence no Cricketer returns, people won't have to say, 'what he knew he took with him.' So, Sir, here are my remarks in the form of—

## I. THE SCIENCE OF BOWLING.

The merit of Bowling in my opinion is delivering the ball according to a man's play, which you must ascertain

by strictly watching the movements of the batter ; that you will be able to do, by giving him what you would call a good-length ball, according to the speed ; for instance, Clarke  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards, Hyllier 5, Wisden  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . By giving him a few of those to begin with, *as near as you can*, you will be able to find out his particular play, and where he is most deficient. In the present day you will find they are most of them inclined to play back. I should say this has been caused by bowlers not working sufficiently with mind, but always pitching the ball at the same length. When you see this back play, you must force the ball onwards, so as to make the man play out ; and the ball is never tossed far enough, till that object is gained ; that is, the batsman made to play forward. Perhaps before that is the case, you will have caused him to retire ; for instance, in 1850 I drove twelve men on their wickets. If your man is particularly fond of playing back, you must keep repeating the dose ; for if he plays out once or twice, he is sure to go back to his old play. If he does not, but tries to hit you forward, he will very likely give a chance, not being used to that style of play. In case he should hit you forward, you will be well prepared for him, by having a man or two placed in the long-field. The hit will most likely fetch but one ; and if hit up, it may be caught. A short ball is the worst ball a man delivers ; the batsman can hit it almost where he chooses, and is likely to give no chances.<sup>1</sup>

A ball over-tossed on the contrary makes the batsman play out ; and if the ball is not well covered with an upright bat, he is almost sure to give a chance. Therefore, a ball should sooner be over-tossed than short. Many bowlers pay no attention to the most essential, and I should say the prettiest part of the game ; that is, the field. I have seen a man deliver a ball, and never look to the field, or see whether they are all there, even

<sup>1</sup> There are few exceptions as to bowlers whose style won't allow them to over-toss the ball. I shall explain this in another part.

before the long-stop has got to his place. A bowler must have a high opinion of his own abilities, to think he can beat his opponents without his field.

In laying out your field, you should be careful in selecting good men for your principal places, such as wicket-keeper, point, stop, short-slip; those posts being well secured, you will be able to move the others at leisure; which you will have to do, if your bowling is pretty correct, which it must be if you are to have an efficient field. How can you lay out a field for an uncertain bowler? How can you tell where the men will hit him? I mean one of the any-how style, happy-go-lucky, yard on this side, yard on the other, all men alike, one straight in about two overs. How careful the Public Schools ought to be in selecting bowlers of a good delivery for their instructors, men who go up to the wicket as if they were going to put the ball somewhere about the mark. On them depends the future style of the learners, who ought not to be taught to throw away all their manly strength in empty air. Why, a person who recommends a wild scrambling bowler to teach cricket ought to be took up under the Cruelty to Animals Act.

A Bowler should first try to get a *steady* style of delivery, easy, not distressing, and should be sure not to bowl at the very top of his strength, for in that case he must become wild and reckless, losing that precision, which is so necessary to defeat a good batsman.

It frequently happens that when a Bowler finds he is dropping the ball short, he will stoop forward and try to propel it with greater force, which will cause him to drop it still shorter and get him into greater difficulties; the very reverse should be the case, when he finds himself that way inclined, he should immediately rear himself as erect as possible, for the more upright a Bowler stands the greater the ease with which he will deliver the ball, and the more difficult will it be to play; the ball is delivered higher and there is more circle, and the greater the circle the greater the deception to the Batsman. This applies to all sorts of Bowlers. For

instance, if a Bowler has been forcing a man on his wicket, till he won't submit to it any longer, he may by tossing the ball a little higher and a little shorter so deceive the Batsman that he will play out, though he has been playing balls back that have been pitched a yard farther, and will very likely lose his wicket by this mistake : at the same time he must be careful to deliver with the same action, or he will be detected by the Batsman, who will be put on his guard.

The greatest proof that it is not speed alone that tells, but the length according to a man's play, with as much deception as possible, is that you will see a good slow Bowler do as much or more execution on a fine even damp or dead ground, than Bowlers of greater speed that have not equal precision. Why is this, but because many Bowlers never study the state of the ground, but deliver at the same speed and at the same place, as near as they can, on a dry as on a wet ground? On a dry and hard ground five yards would be a good length and difficult to play, but on soft and spongy ground such a ball would be hit away. Therefore it is necessary in such a case to put a little more speed on as well as pitch the ball a little further. This proves my argument that a man should not always bowl with all his strength, but have a little left for particular occasions.

I said it was not speed alone that tells, but I don't wish it to be supposed that I recommend very slow bowling without alteration; a ball must have some pace, or a man will walk into it and do as he likes, if he has got legs, though of late years those articles have not been so much exercised as of old, while padding has been substituted for their use.

Nothing tests the truth of Bowling so much as a good level ground, it will find out the bad balls soon enough, and will enable the batsman to hit them, and perhaps leave so few good ones that the Bowler will be obliged to retire, while on rough ground the same bad balls might have escaped and perhaps even proved effective. Suppose you have what I call a skimming Bowler, for

mind you, all straight-arm Bowlers don't deliver alike. Some sink their body in delivery and turn their elbows in close to the side, which makes the ball more like an underhand one, and causes it to come straight from the hand so that it is plain, as you can see it all the way, and by placing the bat full at it you will rarely make a mistake. Such a ball has no deception; as it is delivered from the hand, so will it rise from the bound. It is no use putting it further up, as there is nothing to deceive the batter, he will drive it forward. This is the part I said I would refer you to. Well, such a bowler is seldom any use on level or soft grounds. There is no fire in the ball. It won't get up, and being pitched rather short to keep it from being hit forward, can't do any execution. But on hard, uneven or glibby ground such bowling often tells well, but I question if under like circumstances a better style would not tell better.

Though I recommend you to get the style of delivery that is easy to yourself, I don't say that you should be careless or lazy; on the contrary, you must put all your body and mind in a determination to get your man out, and be guarded above all things not to lose your temper. At times it's enough to make you bite your thumbs to see your best balls pulled and sky-rocketed about—all luck—but you must console yourself with, 'Ah, that won't last long.'

Now as for the place for delivering the ball—the bowling crease is three feet on each side of the stumps. You will find most men deliver with the foot placed half-way betwixt the end of the crease and the wicket, some nearer the wicket. I think this is an error; they ought to deliver at the very end of the crease, for the ball then has to go more across the wicket and is more deceptive to the batter. It is a plan I generally adopt, and if it is advantageous to me that is only half round, how much more it must be to a straight-arm bowler.

Now a word as to the variation in delivery, such as raising the hand higher and lower (I am now speaking of Bowling according to the rules), variation of speed



and height, sometimes higher and sometimes lower, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, deceives the batsman. These are all little things, but though appearing trivial may amount to a great deal. But in all that has been said, I have never stated what is the most dangerous ball for a batsman, except the one that gets him out. It is the ball that catches him in two minds, so that he does not know whether to play forward or backward, but plays half-way; that’s the ball, if you can do it. How? By putting the ball exactly in the right place according to your man’s play.

From these hints and observations you must not expect to reap the advantage in a week or a fortnight. Some may profit perhaps in years, some never, for—

One science only will one genius fit,  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

## II. ON FIELDING

In placing the Field the men should be laid out according to the hitting; all batters have favourite hits. When in the Field you should be particular in watching the movements of the batsman; you should not take your eye off him when in the act of playing, but always expect to have the ball played to you. That will cause you to be on your legs; and, though the ball should be played on the opposite side to where you are, you will get a good start at it, and actually be on your way almost before the batter has played the ball. In returning the ball, you should be sure and try to throw it in breast high. I think the system of making the ball bound before it comes to the wicket is bad. It may shoot, or be turned out of its course, in either case the chance is gone; therefore it is better to throw straight at the man. In nine cases out of ten, it is bad to shy at the wicket. There is the uncertainty of hitting it; and very likely the field will not be prepared by backing up; and so you will cause one of those annoying



sights, an overthrow. Any fieldsman intentionally shying at the bottom of the wicket, when a man is there to receive the ball, ought to have 'a dozen' immediately. You will frequently see the ball returned hard in, when there is no chance of a run being attempted; this is bad, it affects the wicket-keeper's hands, as he is not prepared for it; when there is a chance he would not feel it, if you were to send it in like shot; his anxiety would take away the thought.

You should never hold the ball, but return it to the man at the wicket immediately; if you are in the outfield and the batsman is on the alert, he will steal a run, and you will get laughed at. In throwing in, avoid a long swing of the arm, but shy with as short and sharp a motion as possible.

In catching, you will frequently see the easiest chances missed. For why? men don't give way sufficiently with their hands. Thinking it easy, they hold their hands stiff, which causes the ball to rebound, and they lose it, with the old saying, 'I made too sure of it.' That's very little consolation to a bowler. Balls hit with the greatest force you will generally see caught; for the man seeing the ball come with such velocity, feels a little fear, which makes his hand give, and causes the very action that makes the ball stick. Most catches, particularly high or slow ones, are missed for want of humouring the ball.

In gathering to a ball, you should try to get it at the bound, which you will be able to do if well on your legs. At the same time be prepared, in case it should shoot; sometimes it is worth the risk of losing a run by darting in a little further to run the batter out, especially if he is a good one. I think there are no half-way places in the field where a man should stand, either to save the one or the three or four, except in extraordinary cases. The middle-off, cover-point, long-slip, and long-stop should all save one run. Those are places that give a man a fine chance of showing off to advantage; for, by being a good judge and a good gatherer, he may frequently

run a man out. The distance of those places depends much on the state of the ground. If it is soft, you can stand much nearer than when very hard; because the ball loses half its speed the moment it touches the ground.

When you have the office for moving in the long-field from the *general*, move a good distance. It is unpleasant to both parties to keep saying ‘further yet’; besides, he can sign to you to stop when you have got far enough. This point is difficult to give advice about. It depends on the quality of the bowling. Now, with respect to point, if you have that *any-how* stuff, that you can’t tell where it is coming to a yard or so, I should say it is better to fall back, and make yourself useful in the field. However fond a man may be of Cricket, he does not like to stand in a place where he has no chance of defending himself. If the bowling is nearly correct, I am an advocate for standing well up to the batter. There are some whose style of play won’t allow them to be dangerous, and to these you may stand very close.

The long-stop should place himself at such a distance that he can save the run, and not any nearer. If he could stop the ball close to the wicket, what’s the use? He loses the advantage of covering a great space of ground on each side, and saving the tips or touches that frequently occur. The great merit of a long-stop is getting to balls that are put a little out of their course, so as to save the run. If you see the batsman trying to get the best of you by stealing a run, gather in a little closer. It is better to prevent him attempting, than to give him the chance of getting it; which he will do, if the ball is not well handled in every way.

If a Batsman has only one good hit and is weak at all others, it ought to be very difficult for him to get runs; for if your field is good, and well laid out, and the bowler bowling at points, you can afford to make your field doubly strong in his favourite place. In altering your field, the bowler may have only one more ball to deliver in the over. Some one will be sure to say, ‘Oh,

never mind till next over.' I don't believe in that doctrine. I would have the field altered then and there, as the thing may come off that very ball. Delays are dangerous; and, as a great general said, 'There is a moment to decide a victory.' Though you should have a captain in the field (as you ought to have, for what is every one's business is never well done), it is proper for him to say to the bowler, 'Don't you think it would be better to do so and so?' It makes it appear as if somebody knew something as well as himself, and there is always a way of speaking to a fielder, so that it will be pleasant for him to receive it, unless it be one of those shake-yourself sort of men that seem to do everything reluctantly; with him you must do as well as you can. These little things always create a good feeling.

I have one more remark: I like to see every man steady at work. I am sure that every one has enough to do when at play in minding his own business, without gossiping or being careless. I used to admire a certain Gentleman, that has left off playing this last two or three years, at the change over, walking across the wicket as steady as old Time, and when I was starting to bowl, just glancing round the field to see if they were all ready. There he was sure to be, with his eye on every one to see if all was right. There is plenty of time for a little funny saying or something to laugh at, when a man is out, without keeping every one waiting between each over.

### III. THE SCIENCE OF BATTING

First, you should try to get that firm yet easy position that best suits you, so that you may have the freedom of action so requisite for both hitting the bad and middling balls, and defending the wickets from the good ones; and not be so fixed that you are only prepared to play or hit one or two particular balls. It is the man that hits all round, that is prepared to play the ball on the side it comes, that makes the awkward customer for

a bowler. Never get too fond of one particular hit. If you do, it will lead you into error; I have known it to occur to the very best batters. Sometimes a good leg-hitter, sometimes a good off-hitter will be getting so partial to his favourite hit, that he will be trying it with straight balls. If bowled out, will say for an excuse, 'I thought it was not straight.' A ball straight for the wicket should be played with an upright full-faced bat, back towards the bowler, with the handle of the bat inclined forward. There is as much room behind the bowler and often more than in any other part of the field.

There is no half-way play at a good ball : it should be played to the extent of your reach forward, so as to smother it, or back as near as you can safely get to your wicket, by that means there is a longer sight from the bound. Never let the ball get you in two minds, if you do, it will cause you to play half-way. Ah, there's where all the mischief lies. It is caused by an error in judgement, you are deceived as to the spot on which the ball will pitch ; that causes the mistake.

In playing forward take the upper part of your body with you, and have the top or left hand placed well on the top side of the handle of your bat, and not too far apart from the other hand ; by the handle of the bat being nearer the bowler than the blade (always bearing in mind to keep it straight), the ball will be prevented from rising. If you don't take your body with your arms when playing forward, it is undoing what the other is trying to do. Take care not to get a habit of sinking your body when hitting. It takes away your power, and not only that, but it will cause you to hit under the ball.

Don't strike with all your strength, a man is often out with hitting at a bad ball. For why? he wants to make too much of it, and by hitting past his strength loses precision. It is not always the long swinging hit that drives the furthest. No, it is hitting the ball at the proper time, with a quick or short motion of the

arms and wrists. If you go out of your ground to hit, you should forget the wicket-keeper : if not, your mind will be one way, your body the other. You must go far enough to cover the ball and drive it straight before you. Never try to pull a straight ball across you. There are many chances against you if you do. For you have only the width of the ball to hit at, while it may chance to rise suddenly or turn out of its course ; but if you take your bat upright, straight down the wicket, and play on to the ball, you have the whole length of the bat ; always taking care to play the ball with your bat, not the bat with the ball. Lay your bat on to the top of the ball, and don't pull your bat from the ground up to it. That is not Cricket. The bat was made to play the ball.

Never make up your mind for a certain ball before it is delivered. Your mind being prepared for one sort of ball and another coming, as is almost sure to be the case, there will most likely be an accident. How often you hear men say, 'I have not been used to this or that sort of bowling.' It's all nonsense, they ought to practise all kinds. If a fast underhand Bowler is put on for a change (what I call a trundling Bowler, who gives a ball that bounds three or four times before it comes to you), he often does execution, especially with the rising generation. Why?—they have only been practised at one style ; then they say, the twist of the ball, hop-stride, and jumping before it comes, deceives the eye ; they having been used to only one bound, and perhaps to one straight ball in the over, and the other being nearly always straight, they are rather alarmed, and, losing their confidence, the ball goes rolling through the wicket. In reality such balls are the easiest in the world to play. They want no judgement as to playing backwards or forwards. They only want a good full-faced bat put to 'em upright, with a bit of a drive forward. Play of that kind will beat any Bowler of that style. Though bowling shall be ever so bad, I don't say you shall hit away every ball. No, for it may by chance get up at the proper place, and make itself a good one. But you



will be fully prepared by playing in the method I have described. You will see, by what I have said, that it is well to have an hour of ‘all sorts’ now and then. Besides, it will teach you to be on your legs, and show you that there are many balls you have been in the habit of merely playing at and laying down, which you might hit away with confidence. For instance, balls over tossed, you will be able to drive forward hard by using your feet, while if you stand screwed to the ground you can only lay them down, and by that means you make a Bowler seem to deliver many more good balls than he really does. There is, in short, only one true method of play. That is, not to make up your mind till the ball is delivered, then if it be a little too far, play forward; if a little too short, play back. If it be put on the right place, be decided, and play either one way or the other, no half-way.

In running your runs you should always be prepared to take the advantage; which you will be able to do by leaving your ground as soon as the ball is out of the Bowler’s hand. That will give you the advantage, not only by being well on your legs, but by having a less distance to run. But bear in mind not to leave your ground till the ball has quitted the Bowler’s hand, or he will be justified in trying to put you out. Nothing looks worse than a man standing like a fixture, perhaps leaning on his bat. Then having to make a start, and calling that a hard run, which, if he had been prepared, he might have walked. Run your first run well, in case of any mishap in the field, and be sure always to let your partner know what you are going to do, by shouting at the top of your voice, so that he can’t mistake your meaning. How bad it looks to see two men getting into the middle between wickets and staring at each other, not knowing which way to go for want of decision and speaking out. If a man stands fast to his ground and seems to have no care about the runs, he deadens the play; the Fielders care nothing about him; what puts Fielders about more than



when two determined runners get in and take every advantage? I am not an advocate for *overrunning*, for I think men may lose more than they gain by being out of wind, and therefore not so well prepared to play the next ball.

Now you will see some, the harder they hit the more certain they are to run, though the ball be going straight to a man, when if it were hit very slowly they would not attempt it; that speaks badly for their judgement. It should be quite the reverse. The ball hit slowly may be a certain run, while the ball hit with greater force to the same place is not half one; as it gets to the Fielder so much quicker. There are many little advantages to be taken of Fielders, such as the ball going to a man's left or wrong hand, or a man not being able to shy, but always jerking in. These points want judgement: they may be done, and often are done by two decided men, who understand each other, but they will not answer with vacillating men. It is never right to risk your innings for the sake of a run. If your innings is only valued at a run, it is not worth much.

#### IV. ON MATCHMAKING, MANAGING, AND UMPIRING

When playing a match it is not always right to keep on the same bowling, though the bowlers be bowling ever so well. Suppose you have a fast bowler on, a batsman comes in that don't like slow; or the contrary; why, I say give him what he don't like, never mind persons saying, you dare not do this or you dare not do that, if you gain your object by getting the batter out, you may win the match through it. There are plenty of Gentlemen as well as Players, who cannot play both fast and slow. Some would shut their eyes at a fast one, but might perchance swipe away a slow one for four. It's bad judgement to put a fast bowler at a man who *can't hit*. Why? he may stick his bat down, the ball may hit it and glide away for three

or four runs without his having anything to do with it. Such a man with a slow bowler is probably a certainty.

In choosing your side don't choose all batters. In the first place make sure of your bowlers (that's the principal matter), your wicket-keeper, your long-stop. Then come the batters: five or six there will be no question about. Now as to the one or two last; if you have a middling bat and no fielder; if he gets ten and loses fifteen in the field, he is five worse than nothing: a bad bat and a good field saves fifteen in the match, his side have that fifteen less to get, so give me the good field.

Umpiring is a very arduous and often unthankful office, especially in country places, where a jealousy exists on each side, and a doubt of his doing his duty fairly and impartially. That is sure to be the case, when he belongs to one of the parties, and is not sufficiently acquainted with the game. It is better to choose men connected with neither party. If you have anything against a man, object to him at once, but not on suspicion; with some players Umpires never can be right. Don't let a man take his place and then be dissatisfied with his decisions, and in lieu of making the game a pleasure and creating a good feeling among all, make it quite the reverse. It is difficult for an Umpire to please both parties; but let each give him credit for good intentions. It is impossible for an Umpire to be always right; but I would always take his decision (if he understands the game) before the opinion of a spectator or one of the players, for he stands in the best position to judge correctly. It is on those nice points, which create a difference of opinion amongst spectators and the field, that the decision of the Umpire is required. How unjust it is to an Umpire, when he has given his best opinion on some nice point (such as the ball grazing a man's bat or glove), for the batsman to go away and say he was not out, and so create a bad feeling. I said before, there are some

(and they ought to know better), who never are out, unless the bowler makes the middle stump turn a sumerset.

Umpires have many points to attend to, they have not a moment to lose; and if they allow the eye to wander to any fresh object, that very moment a nice decision may be wanted, so they should let nothing but Cricket and their immediate duty in the game occupy their minds.

In Pitching Wickets I often hear Umpires say 'it'll do', when there is some little object that looks queer at the pitching place. In such case my opinion is, it'll not do. The wicket ought to be altered, till it is a good one. I don't like those 'it'll do' wickets. They may either spoil the batting or the bowling, and consequently there may be no play in the match. It is better, therefore, for both sides, that all objections should be removed, if possible, by having as good a wicket as can be got on the ground.

#### V. ADVICE TO PRACTICE BOWLERS

You will often see Practice Bowlers bowl away at all players, good and bad alike; that should not be. A Practice Bowler ought to bowl according to the batsman's play. Suppose a Gentleman thinks he should like Cricket, he joins a Club or engages a bowler. Say he has never played; do you think the bowler is justified in knocking down his wicket constantly, or perhaps giving him sundry hits and bruises? No, certainly not. Give him something he can hit to begin with, and that will please him and make him fond of the game, so that he will play again. Then bowl at him according to his improvement. He will so become a player, and perhaps, what is of more consequence to cricketing in general, a good supporter of the game. For mind you, it is the Gentleman that makes Cricket by his countenance and support. Besides, what's the merit in bowling out a person who has not learned to play? It don't

add anything to the reputation of the Bowler, while the Gentleman may be so disgusted, that he won't play any more : and so no one left for you to bowl at.

In practice it is often the way to pitch wickets anywhere. That is a bad system. You ought to be particular and have a good wicket, if you mean to have a good practice and be of any service to the person you bowl to. On a good ground he will have confidence and pleasure, all the balls will be playable ; on the contrary, if the ground is rough, the balls will be cut about, he will be hit and lose his confidence and his play. Not half the balls will be playable, so that half the time will be lost. Therefore there ought to be a good wicket. The roller should always be run over the ground at the pitch of the ball before commencing practice, it's well worth ten minutes' patience to get good Cricket instead of bad.

I recommend Practice Bowlers to take a little pains with their batting, and also to study the science of the game, for they will then be good men to be engaged, even if their bowling is not quite tip-top. Clubs, it is true, when first established usually begin by applying for a first-rate bowler. But I think that is a mistaken notion. Let them begin with a moderate bowler, who is a pretty good bat. The bowling will be quite good enough, while by having one who can bat, they will, by seeing him in now and then, catch the idea and learn to play in a correct method. More can be taught in a week by showing the manner of play, than by months of talking. Another consideration for Clubs may be that such men are not so expensive.

### THE CONCLUSION

Cricket is a noble, manly, and athletic game. It adds vigour and health to the whole frame. It is now established so strongly as a national game, that it will never be forgotten. I think I may fairly say that I Zingari and the All England Eleven have contributed

much to establish the good feeling that now exists towards Cricket, and Cricketers, in all parts of the kingdom, by showing the science as well as the true spirit of the game ; that is, by playing with all their skill and determination to beat their opponents, and at the same time to be the best of friends with them. Their system allows them to play in all parts of the kingdom more than any other Club, and wherever they have once been, I believe they are always welcome again. These matches bring all classes together ; men of all shades congregate, folks of all ages meet : if they can't join in the game, they take a delight in seeing their relations or friends excelling others. The wealthy and great derive advantage from them, as well as those inferior in station : they have an opportunity of seeing that there is good sense as well as good dispositions amongst their poorer neighbours, while these, by mixing in better society, gain an improvement in manners and morals.

Sir, I have gone rather minutely into different parts of the game : to some I may have been tedious, but as I had never read a book where these different points of the game had been sufficiently explained, I determined at your request to try my hand. It's my first attempt, and probably the last. If it was making a match or playing it I should be more at home. Take the will then, for the deed, and I only hope I shall live to see some who have profited by my remarks. I now conclude, Sir, and hoping that we (I mean you, I, and our readers) may all meet in the field in this and future years,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WM. CLARKE.





OLD CLARKE

(From the engraving in *The Cricket Field*)





# OLD CLARKE

BY THE EDITOR

I HAVE thought it well to bring together here a few testimonies as to the sterling merits and characteristics of Old Clarke, to follow his shrewd and valuable letter. I begin with Mr. Haygarth's memoir of him from vol. iii of Lillywhite's *Cricket Scores and Biographies*, against the score of North v. South on July 11 and 12, 1836.

'William Clarke's first match at Lord's, he being now thirty-seven years of age, thus appearing on this celebrated spot very late in life indeed for one who was afterwards so successful. His next match at Lord's did not take place till 1843, and, what is more extraordinary, he was never chosen for the Players in their match against the Gentlemen till 1846, at which period he had reached the mature age of forty-seven, and had already participated in the game for thirty seasons! He began cricket very young, his name being found in the Nottingham Eleven in 1816, but it was long before his merit was discovered at "Head Quarters". His bowling, which was slow under-hand, was wonderfully accurate in length and precision of pitch, cruelly deceptive, with a twist from the leg to the off, and getting up remarkably well. He obtained many wickets by the impatience of his adversaries, running in and trying to hit balls away for runs which could easily have been played down had the batsman stayed his ground. His general knowledge of the game and his skill in managing the field was also wonderful. He seemed to find out the defects of his adversaries' batting almost as soon as they had received a few balls, and he would arrange his field accordingly, generally with success. His only

fault in management was that he would continue to bowl too long, being very unwilling to be changed, "always expecting to get a wicket with his next over". As a batsman he made some good scores in excellent style, hitting freely and well, though his average will not be found high, but he was often "not out". In 1846 he was engaged as a practice bowler by the Marylebone Club at Lord's (which, indeed, was the means of bringing him into notice), and remained there a few seasons. In 1846 also he originated the "All England matches".

' Altogether, Clarke participated in the game, from first to last, for forty-one seasons—which has been done by few if any cricketers in matches of note. His career, therefore, may be considered as one of the most wonderful on record, for (as before stated) he did not come *much* into notice in the great matches till he was about forty-seven years of age, long before which time many a good cricketer has abandoned the game, as being too old. Clarke also greatly excelled in the game of fives, and met with a severe accident when between twenty and thirty years of age while so engaged, the ball striking him in the right eye, causing him to lose the sight of it. This was, of course, a great disadvantage to him during his cricketing career.

' He also had a good knowledge of betting on races, &c., and was a crafty and fox-headed cricketer altogether. His likeness, an exceedingly good one, by John Corbett Anderson, has been published by Frederick Lillywhite. There is also a good portrait of him in *The Cricket Field* [see opposite p. 174]. Clarke was originally by trade a bricklayer, but afterwards a licensed victualler, and for some years was landlord of the Bell Inn at Nottingham, opening in 1838 the famous Trent Bridge Ground, and retiring from business in 1847. He was born at Nottingham, December 24, 1798. Height 5 ft. 9 in., and weight 13 st. 11 lbs. Latterly, however, he lived in London, where he died, at Priory Lodge, Wandsworth Road, August 25, 1856, aged 57. He is buried in Norwood Cemetery . . . At the end of the year 1852

Clarke fell down (while playing) and broke his arm. It was thought he would not have been able to appear any more, but he continued to do so till the last year of his life.’

An article in the *Quarterly* for October, 1884, testifies not only to Clarke’s technical skill, but his humours too: ‘About 1836, W. Clarke, perhaps the most famous slow bowler of the century, appeared at Lord’s (making his *début*, oddly enough, when he was 37 years of age), and for many years held a most commanding position from the skill with which he used to defeat even the best batsmen. He carried, we think, further than any bowler before him, the theory of bowling not merely to hit the wicket but to get his opponent out. He used to study each man’s play, find out his weak points, and cruelly press his knowledge. “We shall have a ‘haccident’, sir, soon, I know we shall!”<sup>1</sup> was his favourite expression when a batsman had apparently mastered him—and accident we are bound to state there usually was. “How do you get out Mr. A.?” he was once asked. “Nothing easier,” he replied. “I bowl him three balls to make him proud of his forward play, and then with the fourth I pitch shorter twist and catch him at the slip.”

‘If Clarke had a fault, it was the somewhat English one of never knowing when he was defeated. He was always sanguine of a wicket next over. Lord Frederick Beauclerk had the same failing, if failing it be. “I knew I should get you!” he once said to Mr. Ward. “Yes, but I have scored eighty,” was the reply. It has been the same with other celebrated bowlers. “Do you not think we had better have a change?” was once said to one of the best slow round-arm amateur bowlers of the last decade, by a somewhat weary cover-point. “Yes, I think we had—I will *go on at the other end*.”’

In *The Cricket Field* Mr. Pycroft wrote of the veteran thus: ‘He is a man who thinks for himself, and knows men and manners, and has many wily devices, “*splendide*

<sup>1</sup> See p. 168.

*mendax.*” “I beg your pardon, sir,” he one day said to a gentleman taking guard, “but ain’t you Harrow?”—“Then we shan’t want a man down there,” he said, addressing a fieldsman; “stand for the Harrow drive between point and middle wicket.” The time to see Clarke is on the morning of a match. While others are practising, he walks round with his hands under the flaps of his coat, reconnoitring his adversaries’ wicket.’

I add further particulars from Mr. Pycroft’s *Oxford Memories*:—“Clarke’s,” said Barker, the Nottingham umpire, “was only the old bowling we had before the days of Lillywhite, only it had lain fallow till the old players who were used to it had passed away, and then it came up new to puzzle all England.” Clarke bore witness to the same effect. “Warsop of Nottingham,” said he, “was an excellent bowler in my style, and yet better was the celebrated William Lambert of Surrey, from whom I learnt more than from any man alive.”

‘As to Clarke, although he was too old and heavy to field his own bowling well—and this is indispensable for a slow bowler—I doubt if any bowler of my time ever exercised more influence on a game, nor was Clarke ever “found out”; he never was beaten till the last. You might sometimes score from Clarke rather freely, as you might from any bowler I ever knew. But while quite in his play, it required much patience and no little knowledge of the game to play him. I often hear it said, “Clarke would be nowhere in these days,” yet Tinley, Mr. V. Walker, and Mr. Ridley, though very far inferior, on their best days have done no little with slows—and slows too of low delivery—whereas Clarke always maintained that a certain elevation was of the very essence of slow bowling; and Clarke, like Mr. Budd, delivered from his hip. Clarke said, “My success depends not on what is called a good length, but on the exact pitch, the one ‘blind spot’, according to the reach and style of the player.” He was also always on the wicket with great spin and twist. “Also,” said Clarke, “I can vary my pace with-

out betraying the change by my action, and this few fast bowlers can do; and if a man takes liberties with me, I can send in a very fast one as a surprise; or I could not defend myself against a hitter." As to stepping in, Clarke's elevation was such that you could not judge him till very late; and he could foil you by a twist and a ball pitched a little wide, and then there was a case of stumping made easy.'

In Daft's *Kings of Cricket* there are also some very human reminiscences of the old man:—'I was well acquainted with William Clarke, who for years kept the Trent Bridge Inn and Ground. He was, as most people know, Captain and Secretary of the famous All England Eleven, before George Parr succeeded to both these offices. Clarke played until he was quite an old man; and as he had only one eye (the sight of the other having been destroyed at fives), George Parr used to say that in his latter days he played not by *sight* but by *sound*. The old man was very queer-tempered in these days, too (as I have since found to be the case with most of us cricketers as we grow older), and was consequently a considerable trial to the patience of many of the younger members of his elevens . . .

'Clarke's delivery was a peculiar one. He came up to the crease with the usual "trot" which nearly all slow under-hand bowlers adopt, but instead of delivering the ball from the height of, or between, the hips, he at the last moment bent back his elbow, bringing the ball almost under his right armpit, and delivered the ball, thus, from as great a height as it was possible to attain and still to be under-hand. He was by this delivery able to make the ball get up higher and quicker from the pitch than he would have done if he had delivered it in the same way as other lob-bowlers. I have often heard old cricketers say that they have received many balls from Clarke which got up quite "nasty" from the pitch, with a lot of screw on them. He seldom bowled two balls alike, and could vary his pace and pitch in a wonderful manner. He was able to detect the



weak points of a batsman quicker, perhaps, than any bowler that ever lived . . .

‘The veteran would always insist on going in to bat in one particular place—two wickets down, I think it was—but in a match in which George Parr, instead of himself, was captain, he was put down several places lower on the list. However, when his usual turn came, he stepped out, padded and gloved, and the batsman who was next to go in, arriving at the wicket at the same time, was obliged to return to the pavilion. But as years went on, the old gentleman dropped down to the last place of all ; and being run out once by the batsman at the other end (old Tom Box), when it came to the second innings he put on his pads to go in *first*, swearing he would never again go in within *ten* of the fool who had run him out in the previous innings !’

Old Clarke has been dead fifty years. He took a wicket with the last ball he bowled. I wonder how many cricketers have done that.

# LORD BESSBOROUGH ON CRICKET

BY THE RIGHT REV. H. H. MONTGOMERY

(Written in 1889.)

PERHAPS there is no living authority on cricket greater than Lord Bessborough. Years ago he figured in all the best matches as the Hon. Fred. Ponsonby, and now he has become a link between the past and present race of cricketers. I myself owe him a deep debt of gratitude for many hours' 'coaching' at Harrow. It was, I think, a happy thought to ask him his opinion upon many a point of the game. The questions and answers are given below.

*Did you know W. Lambert, the old Surrey player ?—* 'I never saw Lambert. He had been excluded from Lord's and from other great matches, but he continued to play in the country for many years, and Mr. R. Grimston once played a match with him in Surrey. He was old then, but Taylor told me he must have been a very fine bat, and was still a good bowler. On talking over the old players with old Clarke, the Nottingham bowler, he said, "Lord Frederick Beauclerk and Beldham were very good bats, but Lambert was the best batsman I ever saw, and Pilch comes next." Old Mr. Bowdler, an old Winchester cricketer, also told me he thought Lambert was the best bat he had ever seen till Pilch came out. That was before Grace's day. He used to stand with his left foot out a very long way and then draw it up rapidly on playing. He thought it put the bowler off his pitch.'

*Did you ever see Beldham play ?—* 'I never saw him play; but I always heard cricketers of old times speak of him

as a fair rival of Lord Frederick. I saw him once at Lord's when he was a very old man and came to see a Gentlemen and Players match. I felt very much complimented when I was told after my innings by Walter Mynn that he heard Beldham say that was "something like hitting".

*How should you describe Felix as a bat ?—* 'Felix became a first-rate batsman and a well-known cricketer when he was old for the game, but young in intellect, health, strength, and spirits. When I first saw him play in 1834, he was a beautiful and a splendid hitter. His positions and action were magnificent, but he was then very unsafe. He played with his bat held over his shoulder, and a quick shooter was most likely to be fatal to him. He played principally in suburban matches. But when he began to appear at Lord's he put the bat beside him in the usual way and studied defence. He became certainly one of the best batsmen that ever played, by means of practice to the best bowlers, and more constantly to the "catapulta", which he invented in order to get good practice at Blackheath, where he had a school. His disposition inclined him to be rather unsteady, as he was always longing for a sensational hit. But he was an enthusiastic lover of cricket without any jealousy of the play of others, though burning to distinguish himself; and he was one of the cleverest, most accomplished, kind-hearted, and truest friends I ever had. He sent me a little likeness of himself, done with his left hand when his right was paralysed, shortly before his death.'<sup>1</sup>

*Do you remember anything of Martingell and Day, the Surrey bowlers ?* 'I brought out Martingell in a match, Surrey v. Gentlemen of M.C.C., at Lord's, July 15th,

<sup>1</sup> Felix, whose real name was Nicholas Wanostrocht, was an excellent artist. In the Pavilion at Lord's are water-colour portraits from his hand of Alfred and Walter Mynn, Fuller Pilch and others.—E.V.L.

1839, when he was a very young cricketer, having heard of his bowling in the country against (I think) "the Montpelier". He bowled beautifully in that match, and was soon engaged in good matches. Up to that time Surrey had played no matches for many years. Martingell was a very regular bowler and very straight. He had a nice curl from the leg, but after the change in the law of leg-before-wicket this curl was against him, for good players put their legs in the way of his best balls. Day did not come into notice till he was getting on in years, but he was a very fine bowler, perhaps none better in his time, very accurate in pitch and with a fine rise and spring upon the ball. Altogether his was a very fine, bold style, in some respects resembling Beaumont, the present Surrey bowler.'

*Who was the best of the original round-arm bowlers ?—*' I suppose Lillywhite and Broadbridge without doubt.' (It is stated that Martingell was a very eager bowler, and was famous for bowling no-balls. In 1858, no less than 30 of these are credited to him. Broadbridge, mentioned by Lord Bessborough above, was once caught off a wide ; he was playing for Sussex against England, at Brighton, on July 23rd, 1827, and threw his bat at the ball and was caught off it.)

*What lesson would modern cricketers have to learn from any of the old worthies ?—*' Nothing, I think, which the play of W. G. Grace and of A. G. Steel would not teach them. I call the play of both of these "the old-fashioned play"—that is, the accurate timing of the ball, and seeing and playing it correctly after the rise from the ground, with the knowledge when to make exceptions to that rule.'

*How would you compare the best under-hand bowling of old days with the best modern round-arm ?—*' This is a very difficult question to answer : Old Clarke, of Nottingham, was the only first-class under-hand bowler

I played with in any good matches. But I think that he and Kirwan (when at Cambridge) and another bowler, a Hertfordshire man, would have held their own at any time, and have been most useful in matches now. I saw Lord Frederick Beauclerk, when very old, bowl a few balls, and his extreme accuracy of pitch must have made him an excellent bowler. He was very slow with a quick rise. Old Chad, our bowler at Harrow, could bowl very good balls at times, and if in his younger days he could have repeated them, as he used to declare he could, he certainly must have been a good man. I once saw Browne of Brighton bowl in a single-wicket match, but I do not think he would have been superior to Kirwan. The change in the law of leg-before-wicket would have told much against the under-hand bowlers, as they relied so much on the well-pitched balls with a curl on them. My opinion is that really good under-hand would be very useful now, particularly for change-bowling, but that, with the present grounds, round-arm must be depended upon. Many old bowlers told me that Harris was the best bowler they had ever seen. Under-hand had gone out when I began to see cricket. In fact it had nearly gone out before I went to Harrow. Old Clarke used to tell me that a Nottingham man from whom he learned a great deal was the best of all : his name was Warsop, I think.'

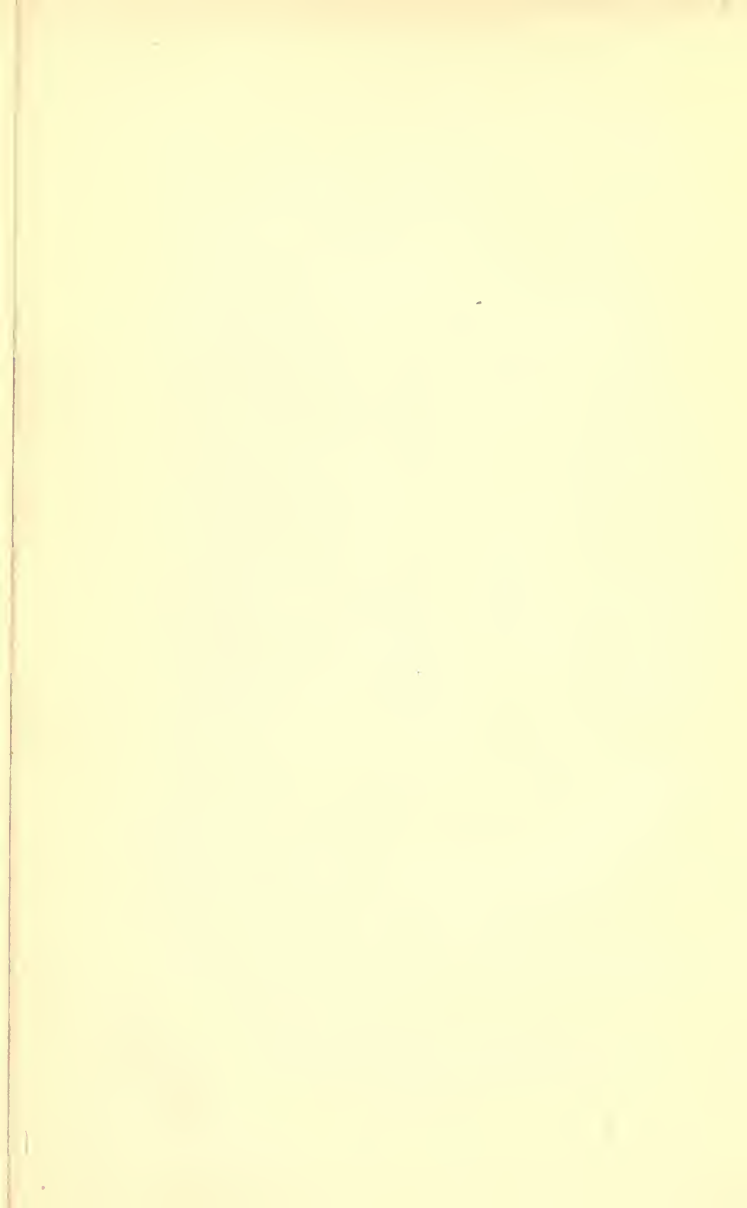
*Did you know Budd well? What were his strong points?* 'I never saw Budd but once, and then he was old and not as quick as he had been, but still active. He was a very good all-round man, and when I saw him he bowled a good sort of half-round slow, and fielded well. I did not think much of his style of batting, and only called him a dangerous man. There were no pads in his days; and he tried the hit to the on without pads when it would have been out leg-before-wicket if the ball pitched straight from the bowler to the wicket. This made him an unsafe player, but he was a fine hitter.'



‘THE BAT AND BALL’ ON BROAD HALFPENNY

(From a drawing by Mr. E. H. New)





# MEMOIRS OF THE OLD CRICKETERS

(From Lillywhite's *Cricket Scores and Biographies*)

BY ARTHUR HAYGARTH

EDWARD ABURROW's last recorded match was in 1782, he now being but 35 years of age, thus abandoning the game rather early in life, why is now unknown. In Nyren's book, it is stated that he always went by the nickname of 'Curry', but no explanation is given as to the reason. He was a native of Hambledon, where he always resided, following the trade of a shoemaker. As a batsman he was steady and safe and likewise a good change bowler. He was one of the best long-fields, being a sure and strong thrower, and able to cover a great space of ground. He was a strong and well-built man standing about 5ft. 9in. in height, had a plain honest-looking face, and was well beloved by his acquaintance. His tombstone, which (in 1858) was standing in Hambledon churchyard, bears the following inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
EDWARD ABURROW  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
THE 6TH DAY OF OCTOBER 1835  
AGED 88.

JAMES AYLWARD was a most renowned cricketer indeed, as his scores fully testify, and was besides an excellent manager of the game, being often chosen 'general' in the great contests. On June 18, 19, and 20, 1777, he scored 167 runs in one innings against the best bowlers and fields of the day. He was for some years one of the 'cracks' of the far-famed Hambledon Club till about 1779, when Sir Horace Mann took him away to Bishops-

bourne in Kent, where he made him his bailiff. After that date he is found opposed to that Club in their matches, and was a very great loss. He is one of the few Cricketers there are who from first to last continued the game for 30 seasons, as his name will be found in these pages as far on as September 13, 1802, when he was 61 years of age, though after 1793 he did not play regularly in the great matches. John Nyren (in his book) states he was introduced into the Hambledon Club by Tom Taylor, which however cannot be correct, as Taylor was his junior by several years. Aylward was a left-handed batsman, very free, but one of the safest in the club, having capital defence. He went abroad with Sir Horace, and had a son called Horace, to whom that great patron of the game stood godfather. His height was 5 feet 9 inches, being rather a bulky man for a cricketer; not a particular good field, but kept wicket well. He was born at Peak Farm, at Warnford, near Droxford, in Hampshire, but lived at Corhampton, close by, where himself and all his relations were farmers. Latterly he resided in London, and died in Edward Street, Marylebone. He was buried in St. John's Wood Churchyard, close to Lord's, December, 27, 1827, aged 86, but no tombstone was erected to his memory. He had two brothers, John and Thomas, who also played (though not in the great matches), and their tombstones are in Warnford churchyard. John reached the age of 88.

WILLIAM BARBER's last recorded match was in 1777, He no doubt played in many great contests previous to the commencement of this work in 1772. He was a shoemaker by trade, and resided latterly at Horndean, near Hambledon, where he also died. His native village was Walberton, near Chichester, but he was brought to Horndean by some gentlemen of the Hambledon Club who had seen him perform. The Barber and Brett family intermarried, and the former kept the 'Hut', or Bat and Ball Inn, on Broad-Halfpenny Down, at Hambledon, for twelve years, which Inn was still standing

there in 1858.<sup>1</sup> He was *buried* in Catherington Churchyard, September 10th, 1805, aged 71 ; but no tombstone was erected to his memory.

WILLIAM BELDHAM was born at Wrecclesham, near Farnham, in Surrey, February 5, 1766, but has lived a great part of his life since 1821 at Tilford, near the same place, where at one time he kept a public-house. He was for many years the ‘crack’ batsman of England, and his average is one of the largest that has ever been made, obtained too, against the best bowling and fielding of that time, being (says John Nyren in his book) ‘a most venomous hitter’. As a bowler he delivered high and well, pace moderate, yet bordering on the fast, and getting up quick. He was also an excellent judge of a short run, had a good knowledge of the game, and was a very fine field. Altogether his performances have been exceeded but by few cricketers (if any), combining as he did, batting, bowling, fielding, wicket-keeping, and single-wicket playing, excelling in all. A few have played longer from first to last, but no cricketer besides Beldham has ever run an *unbroken* career of 35 years in *great* matches, as his name will be found in the Gentlemen and Players match as far on as 1821, and he never missed a season. He stated that not near all the matches in which he played were published in ‘Bentley’, and therefore (as in the case with many other cricketers, especially of former days) many of his wonderful feats are lost. In one single-wicket match against John Wells’s bowling he made 131 runs, but the score is lost. He learned his cricket from Harry Hall, a gingerbread baker at Farnham, who used to give lessons on the ‘Noble Game’. He was a farmer’s son, had light coloured hair, with a fair complexion, and used to be called ‘Silver Billy’ by his fellow cricketers. His height is 5ft. 8½in. and his weight about 11 stones. He stated that when about twelve years of age, the size

<sup>1</sup> It is there still, as Mr. New’s picture opposite p. 184, from a photograph taken by Mr. C. B. Fry, testifies.—E. V. L.

of the stumps was 18 inches by 6 for *practice*, but in matches 22 inches by 6. In April, 1858, when he had completed his 92nd year, he was visited by the Compiler of this book, who found him at work in his garden before 8 o'clock in the morning. He was then well and hearty, very little deaf, and slightly blind with one eye, did not stoop in the least, or require a stick to walk with. On June 21, 1852, when 86 years of age, he walked from Tilford to Godalming, a distance of about 7 miles, to see the match there between England and Godalming. Beldham is the last surviving member of the once far-famed Hambledon Club, and no cricketer of note ever reached so great an age, though cricketers generally, and the Hambledon players especially, seem to have lived long. A photograph portrait of the above remarkable man, taken when he was 91 years of age, is in possession of the Compiler of this work. Beldham was still alive when this book went to press, having reached the patriarchal age of 96, and still residing (with his wife) at Tilford. 'Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.'<sup>1</sup>

WILLIAM BOWRA (pronounced, it is believed, Borra) was rather successful in the few matches in which his name is found; but he does not seem to have played more than thirteen seasons. He was one of the gamekeepers of the Duke of Dorset, and lived in consequence at Knowle, near Sevenoaks. 'The Duke' used often to sit on the railings looking on the Vine and watch him playing, frequently saying 'Bravo, my little

<sup>1</sup> I take from *Oxford Memories* the following :—'If Beldham, as I said, could master Brown at fifty-four, it is easy to believe what Fennex said—that Beldham was by far the best of his day, "hitting quick as lightning all round him, the very model of a batsman"; and it was said that Lord Frederick Beauclerk was formed after him. Beldham's was a green old age. Even when between sixty and seventy he was barred in county matches. When eighty-six years of age he was brought as an interesting relic of the old game into the pavilion at Lord's, much to the gratification of the few old gentlemen who remembered him.'—E. V. L.



WILLIAM BELDHAM

(‘SILVER BILLY’)

(Reproduced by permission from a painting from life  
in the possession of the M.C.C.)





Bowra !' In 1858, a wooden tablet was still standing to his memory in Sevenoaks Churchyard.

THOMAS BRETT was a native of, or at least resided at, Catherington, about five miles from Hambledon, where he had a farm called Tine Heads Farm, which had been in possession of his ancestors for many years. In 1857 no one of his name lived there, though in his time the family was so numerous 'that it ruled the village'. He seems to have left his native place for Portsmouth, that being perhaps the reason he left off playing for the Hambledon Club so young, being then but 31 years of age. His tombstone (in a falling condition in 1858) was still to be seen in Kingston churchyard, near Portsmouth, and bore the following inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
THOMAS BRETT  
WHO DIED DECEMBER 31, 1809,  
AGE 62 YEARS.

Two of his daughters (one aged 85) were still living at Cosham near Portsmouth in 1858.

JOHN FREDERICK (third) DUKE OF DORSET was educated at Harrow, but whether he played at cricket there is now unknown. He was one of the greatest admirers and supporters of the 'Noble Game', and kept in his employ several of the best cricketers of the day, including Miller, Minshull, and W. Bowra. The town of Sevenoaks is also much indebted to him, as he gave the Vine Ground there 'by deed of trust' to be a Cricket Ground for ever. He became Duke of Dorset in 1769, succeeding his uncle, and was before Earl of Middlesex and Baron of Buckhurst and Cranfield. He was also Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Kent and a Vice-Admiral of the County of Kent. In 1782 he was sworn of the Privy Council and made Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard and Master of the Horse ; in 1784 he was sent as ambassador and pleni-

potentiary to France. On his return he was elected a Knight of the Garter and Lord Steward of the King's Household, and was also a Colonel of the West Kent Militia. He was born at — March 24, 1745; and died at his seat, Knowle, near Sevenoaks, July 19, 1799, aged 54, but was buried at Withyham, in Sussex. The title became extinct with his son,<sup>1</sup> who was killed while out hunting, being thrown from his horse at Killiney<sup>2</sup> in Ireland, Feb. 14, 1815, aged 21.

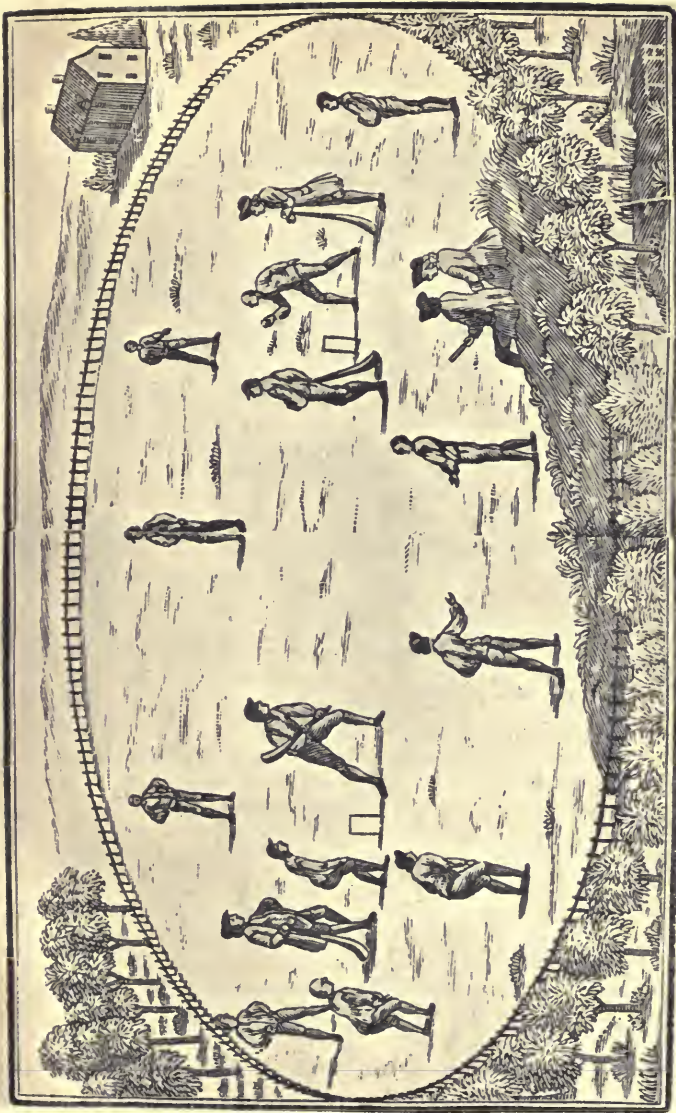
'The Duke' is celebrated in verse in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1773, as follows:—

Equalled by few he plays with glee,  
Nor peevish seeks for victory,  
His Grace for bowling cannot yield  
To none but Lumpy in the field,  
And far unlike the modern way  
Of blocking every ball at play  
He firmly stands with bat upright  
And strikes with his athletic might,  
Sends forth the ball across the mead,  
And scores six notches for the deed.

Though he gave up cricket when he went as ambassador to France in 1784, and did not (it seems) resume play on his return, still he nearly was the means of an Eleven of England going to Paris. He, while there, wrote to Yalden (who was captain of the Eleven) to get an eleven together to go over and show the art. The Eleven was chosen, and the following was the list. W. Yalden, H. Attfield, John Edmeads, Earl of Tankerville, —Wood, W. Bedster, Lumpy, G. Fry, D. Etheridge, Stephen Harding, and the Duke of Dorset. They had got to Dover on their way, when to their great surprise the Duke of Dorset had returned, being compelled to flee from France, upon the breaking out of the revolution there, and the match had therefore to be abandoned.

<sup>1</sup> According to Debrett this son was succeeded by Charles Sackville Germain, a great nephew, who became fifth Duke, and died in 1843 when his honours became extinct.

<sup>2</sup> Killarney in Debrett.



THE VINE GROUND AT SEVENOAKS IN 1780  
(From an engraving in the collection of Mr. A. J. Gaston)



WILLIAM FENNEX's first recorded match was for the Hambledon Club against Kent in 1786. He was a fine, free, and elegant batsman, hitting well from the wrist, and being also able to drive well forward. He was one of the first (or nearly so) who introduced the practice of forward play, the old cricketers before his time seldom or never adopting that style or going out of their ground to meet the ball at the pitch. He was also a very fine field and a fast bowler, with a short run up to the crease, and an easy action. For an under-hand bowler, he possessed the highest delivery ever seen, his hand being nearly on a level with his shoulder when propelling the ball; and he was still bowling capitally in practice when between 60 and 70 years of age. His name appears in these pages as far on as 1826, in a match between Bury and Saffron Walden; thus from first to last completing 40 seasons. After 1806, however, his name is not found in the great contests of the day, except in one match (Robinson's benefit), in 1816. He was perhaps more noted as a single-wicket player than anything else, having been engaged in many of that kind of contest. He was thus altogether one of the 'cracks' of the day, though his average as a batsman will not be found so large as several others of his contemporaries. His height was about 5ft. 10in. and his weight about 13 stones; being very muscular, as well as an abstemious man. He said that he could walk all day without being tired if he did not exceed three miles an hour. *The Sporting Magazine* of 1836 has the following about this celebrity:—"Fennex, about half a century since, beat on Mitcham Common, alone and unassisted, the three greatest cricketers of the day. He raised himself to such eminence by his skill, that he once kept three hunters, and was the bosom friend of Oldacre, the illustrious huntsman of the Berkeley pack, who lived with the Earl of Winchilsea and the Tuftons. As a proof of the strength as well as the self-denial of this veteran, it may be mentioned that at the age of 75 he walked 90 miles in three days, carrying an umbrella,



a bundle of clothes, and three cricket bats, and spent during that time but three shillings.' He was originally by trade a journeyman blacksmith, and was born at Jarrit's Cross, in Buckinghamshire; or, according to another account, at High Wycombe. He, however, played for Middlesex, living many years at Uxbridge, where he had a ground. At one time, also, he kept the 'Portman Arms', Marylebone, and also used to employ men to smuggle tea. Latterly he lived much in London, with the running men, being likewise a good trainer, as well as a 'wag', and was a facetious and comical old man. During his declining years he was hospitably appointed by the Rev. John Mitford, of Benhall, near Saxmundham, in Suffolk, to a sinecure office at that place, and was also seven out of the last ten years of his life employed as cricketing tutor to the Messrs. Ashfood, of Eye, in Suffolk. Fennex was married, but left no children. A few months before his decease he started up on foot to London, to visit one of his relations. Being attacked by bronchitis, he obtained admission to St. Thomas's Hospital, near Westminster Bridge, and soon recovered. Being, however, told he must now leave, he obtained permission to remain a fortnight more, during which time he caught a fever and died, ——— 1839 (or 1838), aged *about* 75, and is interred in the burial place of that institution.

JOHN FRAME (with Lumpy) was the most famous bowler of his day, but whether fast or slow is now unknown. All his early doings before 1772 are lost; but he certainly was well known and began to play in great matches early in life, as his name is among the list of those going to contend in a great single-wicket match in 1754 on the Artillery Ground, Finsbury Square, London. He was (it is believed) born at Wallingham in Surrey, but lived at Dartford in Kent, where he died October 11, 1796, age 63. No tombstone was erected to his memory, at least none was standing in Dartford churchyard in 1858. No further particulars

of this famous bowler could be obtained; and what trade he followed is now unknown.

RICHARD FRANCIS was a cricketer of much celebrity, both as a batsman and bowler. His bowling was considered a jerk, but was allowed by the Hambledon Club, the *then* law-givers. He was a Surrey man, but resided some time at Hambledon, and formed one of that famous Eleven; also playing for Kent. He was in stature a closely-made, firm and active little man. As his name is found in the Essex Eleven in 1793, he most probably removed to that county. Indeed, W. Beldham (in 1858), when asked to give some account of him, stated he had played with him there 77 years back.

ANDREW FREEMANTLE was younger brother of John Freemantle, whose name will be found in a few of the great contests. He continued to appear in the ‘tented field’ for about twenty-three seasons, and was also one of the ‘cracks’ of the Hambledon Club, when in its prime. He was a left-handed batsman, very steady and safe, and likewise a good hitter. He generally stood long-field, where he was very good, ‘and he was to be depended on, both at cricket as well as in other worldly matters.’ His height was 5ft. 9in. and his weight was 11st. He was born at Bishop Sutton, near Alresford, in Hampshire; but when about 30 years of age, he removed to Easton, near Winchester, where he kept the Bat and Ball Inn, also following the trade of a carpenter. He died at Easton, January 19th, 1837, aged 68; but no tombstone has been erected to his memory. [In another account his age was given as 69.] In 1858, his son Henry was keeping the same inn at Easton, and his son George (also a cricketer) was living at Winchester.

JOHN FREEMANTLE does not seem to have played long, but was the elder brother to the ‘crack’, Andrew

Freemantle. His bowling was tolerably fast and was delivered high and well. As a batsman he was good, but by no means first-rate, and when fielding he never flinched from the ball. He was a hearty 'John Bull', and bore a high character for straightforward, manly integrity, and was a stout-made man of about 5ft. 10in. in height. His native village was Bishop Sutton, in Hants, but he resided at Alresford, being a master builder in that town. His tombstone in New Alresford Churchyard bears the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF  
JOHN FREEMANTLE  
WHO DIED AUGUST 3, 1831,  
AGE 73 YEARS.

DAVID HARRIS's first recorded match was on the Vine ground in 1782, for the Hambledon Club against Kent, though John Nyren in his book expressly states, that he began to play in the great contests in 1778. Nyren also mentions that he came from Odiham, in Hampshire, but the compiler of this volume was informed by one of D. Harris's nephews, that the Harrises living at Odiham were no relations. Harris was a left-handed batsman, but did not excel in that department of the game, though curiously enough he got the score in this his first innings. He was also not much of a field, though game to the backbone. His bowling was right-handed, and in this capacity he was not to be excelled either in his own day or since. It must likewise be remembered and taken into consideration, that he had much smaller wickets to bowl at than those afterwards used. All the wickets likewise he got by catches, stumping, hit-w., &c., are lost, as in his day scores were imperfectly drawn up in that respect. His delivery was fast, and it is expressly stated that he got more wickets by catches off his bowling than the other cracks of his time. In bowling he never stooped in the least, and his balls when pitched were touch and up again. By holding the ball over his

## DAVID'S GOLD-LACED HAT TRICK 195

head before starting, he used to gain freedom of arm. To his fine execution the improvement in batting at that time was attributed. In the winter, and in wet weather, he used to practise in a barn, hence his superiority. It is recorded that often (no analysis was then kept) of an innings of 70 or 80, but 8 or 9 runs have been made off his end. During the latter part of his career (he was unable to play after 1798), Harris suffered much from the gout, and latterly, in fact, was quite a cripple. He often walked to the ground on crutches to play, when, after delivering a few balls, and getting warm, he would still perform splendidly. In one match his execution was so fine that a gold-laced hat was presented to him. Lord Frederick Beauclerk used to say that Harris's bowling was the grandest thing of the kind he ever saw, but even he could not have known him in his prime. He was considerably faster than William Lambert, and superior in style and finish altogether. David Harris was born at Elvetham, in Hampshire, but when quite a child, removed to Crookham, in the same county. He lived there all his life, following the business of a potter, and died there. The Parish Register did not give his age, merely stating he was *buried* at Crondall (close to Crookham), May 19, 1803. The compiler of this sketch was, however, informed by one of Harris's nephews (Mr. Timothy Hill, residing in 1858 at Ewshot, near Farnham), that he was only 48 at the time of his decease. He never was married, and no tombstone has been erected to mark the resting-place of this celebrated man.

WILLIAM HOGSFLESH's name only appears in eight matches in Lillywhite's book, his career commencing before 1772. He was very famous in his day as a bowler, and Nyren stated he had a high delivery. His place of residency was Southwick near Hambledon, where he was buried. No tombstone was erected to his memory, but the register states that William Hogsflesh was *buried* there April 29, 1818, age 74. Accord-

ing to this he was only 32 years of age when he left off playing in the great matches. (Though the above is believed to have been the old Hambledon Club player, still it is not quite certain, as, by another account, he lived and died at the village of Hambledon.)

WILLIAM LAMBERT's first match at Lord's was in 1801, for Surrey against England. He was one of the most successful cricketers that has ever yet appeared, excelling as he did in batting, bowling, fielding, keeping wicket, and also single-wicket playing. His hitting (he always raised his bat over his shoulder) was tremendous, his chief aim being to take the ball at the pitch and drive it away, and 'the bowler, instead of attacking him, always seemed to be at his mercy'. It must, however, be observed (as is the case with other cricketers of former days) that he had, during the greater part of his career, smaller wickets to defend than those afterwards used, as well as having only under-hand bowling to contend against. He was the first cricketer who ever made 100 runs *twice* in the *same* match, which feat he performed in 1817, scoring 107, not out, and 157, against two of the best bowlers of the day, namely, E. H. Budd, Esq., and Howard! He was also a noted single-wicket player; and in 1810, alone and unassisted (his partner, Mr. G. Osbaldeston, being unable through illness to play more than a few balls), beat at single wicket two of the best cricketers of that time, namely Lord F. Beauclerk and Howard! This was certainly a proof of his great superiority. His bowling was rather slow, and was very successful, being an approach to round, his arm being slightly extended from his side—in fact, it was a high under-hand delivery, twisting in from the leg-side. His fielding also was very fine, having huge hands, which were a great advantage to him. Altogether, this great cricketer, taking everything into consideration, has been surpassed by few, if any. His name will be found in the great matches at *Lord's* up to 1817, but after that he was not allowed to appear at that ground any more,





WILLIAM LAMBERT IN OLD AGE

(From a photograph in the possession of Mr. A. J. Gaston)





owing to his having (at least, so it was said) 'sold' the England v. Nottingham match of that year by not playing his best. He, however, continued to participate in minor matches at Reigate and the vicinity till he was about sixty years of age, but the scores of these are nearly all lost. His actual last match took place, it is believed, in 1839, at Crabbet Park, the seat of Mr. Blunt, at Worth, near Crawley, it being a gentlemen's match of no great note. About 1837-8 and 9 also, his son, Alfred Lambert, played for Reigate; and, owing to the absence of initials in the old scores, it will sometimes be found impossible to say which of the two is playing. He (W. L.) was born at Burstow, in Surrey, but resided at Nutfield, in the same county, where he followed the occupation of a miller; but he was also in the fuller's earth trade, having several men in his employ. His height was 5 ft. 10 in., and his weight was 15st., being also a very powerful man. Latterly he was a great ringer. He died at Nutfield, April 19, 1851, aged 72, but is buried at Burstow. No tombstone has been erected to the memory of this famous man.<sup>1</sup>

— LAMBORN's first recorded match was in 1777, and he appears only to have played for five seasons. John Nyren, in his book, calls him Lambert, which, however, is no doubt a mistake, as in the old score-book the name is spelt Lamborn throughout. He was always called 'The Little Farmer', and was a right-handed bowler, with an extraordinary delivery and twist from the off to the leg. He taught himself by (when tending his father's sheep) setting up a hurdle or two, and bowling away for hours together . . . He was, it is believed, a Surrey man; but

<sup>1</sup> I may add to this that from information I received from an old neighbour of mine, a cousin of Lambert's, I know him to have played in local matches after 1839. Lambert's name was put to a manual on the game published at Lewes in 1816, the frontispiece of which I reproduce opposite p. 216. It is a book without character, and was probably the work of the publisher or of some very dull journalist.—E. V. L.

his Christian name, native village, date of death, and age, could not be discovered. He was a regular country bumpkin, a very civil and inoffensive young fellow, but did not continue the game long, why is not recorded.

GEORGE LEER's last recorded match was in 1782, he being now only 33 years of age, thus discontinuing the game early in life, why is now unknown. He was a good and successful bat, but was mostly famous as long-stop to Brett's tremendous bowling in the Hambledon matches. He was always called 'Little George', and was a fine singer, having a sweet counter-tenor voice. In Nyren's book, he is stated to have been a native of Hambledon, but latterly he was a brewer, residing at Petersfield, where he died. He is, however, buried in Hambledon churchyard, where his tombstone (in 1858) was nearly illegible. The inscription was, however, as follows :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
GEORGE LEER,  
WHO DIED FEBRUARY 1ST, 1812,  
AGED 63.

He was a short man, of fair complexion, and of a pleasing aspect. It may also be stated that his name is spelt as above, and not Lear, as in Nyren's book, and in the old scores.

'LUMPY's' last recorded match was for England against Hampshire, on the Vine in 1789, he being now 54 years of age. His real name was Edward Stevens, though he always played under the former appellation, which was given him (said Beldham in 1857) because he was so fat. A Hampshire paper of 1859, however, states that he acquired the name because he once, at one of the dinners of the Hambledon Club, 'did eat a whole apple-pie.' By a third account, however, he acquired this nickname from some peculiarity in his bowling.

The compiler of this book has (contrary to his usual custom) not inserted his real name in the matches in which he appears, because he was so much better known by that of 'Lumpy'. He was no batsman, but was most celebrated as a bowler, being able to deliver more balls of a length than any other man, and he never used to tire; his pace was faster than Lord F. Beauclerk's, but much slower than David Harris's. It must be remembered, also, and allowed for, that (as is the case with other bowlers of his time) he had during the greater part of his career only two stumps to attack, it being then not considered out when the ball passed between these two. Only since 1775, or thereabouts, did he have three stumps to bowl at; and even then the height and breadth were much smaller than those afterwards used. 'Lumpy' was always pleased when wickets fell to him by shooters, and always tried to get the stumps pitched for this end, with a rising piece of ground.

For honest Lumpy did allow,

He ne'er could pitch but o'er a brow.

Like David Harris, he did not get so many of his opponents out by catches off rising balls. The Earl of Tankerville once bet £100 (and won it) that Lumpy would hit a feather once in four balls while bowling on the Burway Ground, at Chertsey. Most of his earliest, and no doubt best, performances are lost, as when this book commences (in 1772) he must have reached the age of 37. His native village was, it is believed, Send, in Surrey; but, when quite young, he was brought to live at Chertsey by Mr. Porter, a brewer and staunch supporter of the game. Latterly he was gardener to the Earl of Tankerville, at his seat near Walton-on-Thames. 'Lumpy' was a thick-made, round-shouldered man, about 5ft. 7in. in height, and weighed about 11st. When young, he was, it is supposed, 'a bit of a smuggler;' but in John Nyren's book he is stated to have been 'plain in all his dealings'. Hambledon was his favourite spot, and he used to visit the scene of his former exploits

long after he had abandoned the game. There is (1860) in the Waterloo Inn, Barn Green, near Hambledon, a picture of him dancing with a jug of ale in his hand ; for he was a curious and eccentric character, full of fun and humour. He is buried in Walton-on-Thames churchyard, and his tombstone (which was erected by his patron, the Earl of Tankerville) bears the following inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY OF  
MR. EDWARD STEVENS,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
THE 7TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1819,  
AGED 84.

SIR HORACE MANN's last recorded match was in 1782, for six of Kent against six of the Hambledon Club. His name is not to be found in these pages since 1773, and why he did not play between these periods is now unknown. Most of his matches, however, probably took place before this book commences in 1772. In the old song he is mentioned as,

A batter of great might.

He was one of the greatest patrons and admirers of cricket there ever has been ; and at one of his country seats, Bourne House, Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury, several great county matches came off. He had another fine place at Linton, near Maidstone ; also at Sissinghurst ; and nearly one half of the parish of Frittenden, being an extensive landowner in Kent. He was 'agreeable, gay, and affable'. When anxious about a match (says John Nyren in his book), he would walk about outside the ground, cutting down the daisies with his stick. He had several famous cricketers in his employ, including John and George Ring ; who were his huntsman and whipper-in. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1814 has the following : 'He was a member of the House of Commons for five successive Parliaments, for Sandwich, from 1774

to 1807. His life was rather dedicated to pleasure than business. Enjoying a good constitution, he was much attached to gymnastic exercises, especially cricket, which as he advanced in life he relinquished for the more sedate amusement of whist. Of late years (after his bankruptcy), he regularly passed his time between Bath and Margate, and was a warm promoter of every institution and improvement in those places.' At Dandelion, near Margate, also several good matches came off under his patronage, after he had left Bishopsbourne. He had three daughters, but no sons, so the title is extinct. He died at Margate, April, 1814, aged 70, but is buried at Linton, near Maidstone. No tablet or memorial has been erected to him there.<sup>1</sup>

NOAH MANN's first recorded match was Barber's last. [He made 23 and 11; Barber spectacles.] Born at Northchapel, in Sussex, November 15th, 1756; he was a shoemaker by trade, and kept an inn at his native village. He was left-handed, both as a batsman and a bowler, and, like all left-handed men, was a very hard hitter. His left-handed bowling (under-hand of course) had an extraordinary curve the whole way, and was very deceptive; he was also wonderfully active, could cover an immense deal of ground, darting about like lightning. He could also perform extraordinary feats of agility on horseback, being able to pick up from the ground handkerchiefs while going at full speed. Was one of the swiftest runners of his day, and won many matches which were often got up after the games were over. He used to go, in the summertime, every Tuesday to Hambledon, to practise, a distance of about 20 miles. In stature he was short, swarthy as a gipsy, broad-chested, with large hips, and spider legs, all muscle, and always played without a cap or hat. His son, Noah, was afterwards engaged by the Marylebone

<sup>1</sup> It might be added to this that Sir Horace Mann was the nephew of the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole.



Club as a practice bowler for about sixteen years, and his name will be found in some of the matches at Lord's. His youngest son was named Horace, after Sir Horace Mann, who kindly consented to stand godfather to him. He, however, died when only 18 years of age. 'Poor Noah,' his death was a melancholy one: he had been out shooting, and on his return to the Half Moon Inn, at Northchapel, wet and tired, he had a free carouse with his companions; refusing to go to bed, he persisted in sleeping all night in his chair in front of the fire. It was and still is the custom in that part of the country to heap together all the ashes on the hearth, for the purpose of keeping the fire in till the next day. During the night, having fallen asleep, the sparks ignited his clothes (or, as stated in Nyren's book, he fell upon the embers), and he was so severely burnt that he died the next day, not surviving twenty-four hours. His death took place at the early age of 33, in December, 1789. But few cricketers will be found to have done so much in such a short career, taking his batting, bowling, and wonderful fielding all into consideration. An inquest was held on his body, when a verdict of 'Accidental Death' was returned. No tombstone was erected to his memory.

JOSEPH MILLER's average in the few matches in which his name appears is very good, but his best performances are lost. He was (says Nyren) gamekeeper either to the Earl of Tankerville or the Duke of Dorset, but most probably with the latter, as he formed one of the Kent Eleven. His style of batting was beautiful, 'firm and steady as the Pyramids,' to be depended on, and very active. He was also a kind-hearted and amiable man. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1773, he is celebrated as

Miller, of England's cricketers the best.

There seems, byreferring to the Hampshire match played July 20, 1774, to have been two, but it is almost certain

that J. was the 'crack' and played in the great contests of the day. Latterly he seems to have lived with Sir Horace Mann, as he died at Bridge near Canterbury, close to Sir Horace's country seat at Bishopsbourne. The register at Bridge stated that he was buried October 20, 1799, but no age was added.

MINSHULL's last recorded match was in 1790. With Miller he was considered the best batsman opposed to the Hambledon Club. He was gardener to the Duke of Dorset and was a thick-set man about 5ft. 9in. in height and not very active. He is believed to have come out of Middlesex, but his native village, Christian name, date of death and age, could not be discovered. The name is found spelt Minshall and also Minchin.

RICHARD PURCHASE's first recorded match for Hambledon was against England in 1773, he being now but 16 years of age, having been born at Liss, near Petersfield, September 24, 1756. His name will not be found in these pages from 1774 to 1781; and why he did not play between those periods is now unknown. He was a member of the Hambledon Club when in its prime, being a slowish bowler of a good length, his balls getting up uncommonly well. He was also a fair hitter, and a tolerable field. He had no cunning about him, nor was he up to the tricks of the game; in playing, as in all other actions in life, he was the same straightforward, honest fellow. Once in a match (score not preserved), Richard Purchase and William Harding, of Frensham, in Surrey, went in first in the second innings for 228 runs. They got 200 before they were parted, when all the rest of their side made but 20 more between them, thus losing the game! In stature, he was a slightly-made man, of a dark complexion. By trade, he was a blacksmith in his native village, where he lived all his life, but was very poor latterly, giving up his business to his sons, who supported him. He used to be called 'Old Doctor Purchase', which name he obtained because he used occasionally 'to bleed the

villagers'. He died at Liss, April 1st, 1837, aged 80; but no tombstone was erected to his memory. In 1858, one of his sons was residing at the same village, following his father's trade; and another was keeping the White Horse Inn, at St. Cross, near Winchester.

JOHN RING's first recorded match was Kent v. the Hambledon Club, in 1782. He was born at Darenth, near Dartford in Kent, 1758. He lived at Sutton-at-Hone, with—Mumford, Esq., till he was 21 years of age, when Sir Horace Mann took him to Bishopsbourne, as his head huntsman. He was for some time considered the 'crack' batsman in Kent, steady and scientific, and to be depended on, as well as a famous leg-hitter. He was also a noted single-wicket player, being engaged in several of that kind of contests. In the field he generally stood cover-point. His height was only 5 ft. 5 in., and his weight 11 st., strong-limbed, and thick-set. John Nyren (in his work), curiously enough makes no mention of him among the opponents of the Hambledon Club; his name no doubt was accidentally omitted. Of this player, *The Cricket Field* (speaking through Beldham), remarks:—'The law for leg-before-wicket was not passed, nor 'much wanted, till Ring, one of our best hitters, was shabby enough to get his leg in the way and take advantage of the bowlers, and when Tom Taylor, another of our best hitters, did the same, the bowlers found themselves beaten, and the law was passed to make leg-before-wicket Out.' It must, however, be observed, that in the old laws of 1774, the rule about leg-before-wicket is found, and as this was several years before the appearance of Ring as a cricketer, it is impossible to say how these facts can be reconciled. Ring died of a fever, which it is believed was partly caused by the following circumstance:—In the summer of 1800, George Ring (his brother) was bowling to him, when the ball suddenly rose and broke his nose. In consequence he was laid up for several weeks, and though his death did not immediately ensue, still it was attributed to the

above accident. A bat of Ring's is to be seen at the Pavilion at Lord's with the addition of 'Little Joey' affixed to it, which nickname, it is believed, also belonged to Ring. He died at Bridge near Canterbury, October 25, 1800, aged 42, under the same roof that the 'crack' Miller had expired beneath, the year previously. A tombstone was erected to his memory, but was not in existence in 1859.

ROBERT ROBINSON's first recorded great match was in 1792, he then, though he must have appeared several years previously, being 27 years of age. In Nyren's *Cricketer's Guide*, his name (though no description of him is given) is inserted among the list of the crack Hambledon Eleven; but he could not have played with that club for long, nor indeed is his name found in any of their contests. He was a left-handed batsman, and a terrific hitter, being for several years one of the best in England, and for his off-hitting or cutting he was most renowned. His average will be found one of the highest, though he only once (it is believed) made 100 runs in one innings in great matches, and that curiously enough in the first season in which his name appears. That he should have obtained such a celebrity is more wonderful, because when a boy he accidentally lost (through fire) a finger of his right hand; he was, in consequence, obliged to have all his bats 'grooved' to fit his deformity. They had to be cut in one place of the handle, and then strengthened by iron let in. [One of them is still to be seen at Lord's.] When fielding or catching, he could only use his sound hand, being in fact, a cricketer under difficulties. He was nicknamed 'Long Bob', and likewise 'Three-fingered Jack'. He was engaged some time (it is believed just before his death) at Dereham, in Norfolk, and at one time he was gamekeeper to J. Laurell, Esq. He introduced spikes of monstrous length for one shoe, and also made for himself 'pads' of two thin boards placed angle-wise, off which the ball went with great noise; but being

laughed at, he discontinued them.<sup>1</sup> Robinson was a fine, tall, and powerfully-built man, 6 ft. 1 in. in height, and weighed about 16 st. He was a farmer's son, and was born at Ash, near Farnham, in Surrey, where he resided for much of his life, and died there September 2nd, or October 2nd, 1822, aged 57; but no tombstone has been erected to his memory. His career continued till 1819, when he was 54 years of age, thus playing later in life than the generality of cricketers. In 1860, one of his sons was residing at Frimley, in Surrey.

THOMAS SCOTT was a very successful batsman indeed with the Hambledon Club, for several seasons. John Nyren, however, gives no account of him in his book, though he inserts his name in a list of the best Eleven of that famous club. By trade he was (it is believed) a glover, at Alton, in Hampshire, where he resided, and was probably born. In 1857, his tombstone was standing in Alton churchyard, with the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF

THOMAS, SON OF THOMAS AND SARAH SCOTT,

Who departed this life November 5, 1799,

AGED 33 YEARS.

There were also some verses on the tablet, but they could not be deciphered. With the exception of Noah Mann (who was burnt to death) and Scott, most of the old Hambledon players, and their opponents, seem to have lived to a good old age; indeed this remark will apply to cricketers generally.

<sup>1</sup> Concerning the early use of sawdust, Mr. Pycroft writes :—“ Beldham, Robinson, and Lambert played Bennett, Fennex and Lord F. Beauclerk, a notable single-wicket match at Lord's, 27th June, 1806. Lord Frederick's last innings was winning the game, and no chance of getting him out. His Lordship had then lately introduced sawdust when the ground was wet. Beldham, unseen, took up a lump of wet dirt and sawdust, and stuck it on the ball, which, pitching favourably, made an extraordinary twist, and took the wicket. This I heard separately from Beldham, Bennett, and also Fennex, who used to mention it as among the wonders of his long life.”—E. V. L.



JOHN SMALL, SEN.'s last recorded match was for Hampshire against the M.C.C. at Lord's in 1798, he being then 61 years of age; and but few, if any, cricketers have continued playing so late in life in *county* matches. He is said to have commenced his career in great matches in 1755, when only 18 years of age. If so, he played longer than any other cricketer ever has done; but he certainly appeared in no *county* match after the present one, though probably he played in the vicinity of Petersfield some years longer. Small's average, though very good, will not be found so high as Beldham's, T. Walker's, and a few others of that period; but this is to be accounted for from the fact that none of his innings previous to 1772 can anywhere be found, and therefore all the scores he made when in his prime are lost, as he had completed his 35th year when his name is first found in this book. As a bat, Small was 'tip-top', using his wrists well, and was a capital judge of the short run. He was also a most splendid field, active as a hare, and generally taking the post of middle-wicket. This 'admirable old man' was originally a shoemaker, but relinquished that trade to follow the game of cricket. He was long the 'crack' batsman of the Hambledon Club, of which he was one of the original members. (It would be interesting to know the names of the great players when Small began to play.) He also excelled in making bats and balls, keeping a shop for the sale of them. Indeed the latter were considered matchless; and when 80 years of age, he sold the last half dozen balls he ever made to E. H. Budd, Esq., from whom W. Ward, Esq., afterwards wished to purchase them at a guinea a piece! When he first began cricket, of course the crooked bat and scraping style of play must have been in use, and therefore more credit is due to Small in being able, when about 38 years of age, to change his play to the straight and defensive system! Small was also an excellent sportsman, and a capital shot. He held the deputation of the manor of Grantham and Foley many years, as



gamekeeper, under Madame Beckford, and retained it under her son, till it was given up, and then he was 70 years of age. Such was his activity and strength at that period of his life, that before he began his day's amusement, he regularly took his tour of 7 miles, frequently doing execution with his gun, and he followed the hounds on foot till three or four years before he died ! Besides being a good skater, and figuring frequently on Petersfield pond, he was an excellent musician, performing both on the violin and violoncello, and was one of the choir of Petersfield church for 75 years, namely, from the time he was 14 years of age, till his death ! He played on the tenor violin, and that too without the aid of spectacles, till the last year of his life. The Duke of Dorset once sent him as a present a fine violin, and Small returned the compliment with some fine bats, *also paying the carriage*. Once when returning in the evening from a party which he had been attending as a musician (which he often did when he was young) he was attacked by a bull. By playing however on his violin, the bull (so it was said) stopped, and thus his skill saved his life. He was father of John and Eli Small. John Small, sen., was born at Empshott, in Hampshire, April 19, 1737, but removed to Petersfield when about six years old, and resided there all his life. His equal as a cricketer has seldom been met with, and it is only to be regretted that no particulars of his early career, or any account of how he first came to excel so in the game, now remain. His tombstone, standing (in 1860) in Petersfield churchyard, bears the following inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SMALL,

Who died December 31, 1826,

AGED 89 YEARS.

‘ Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,  
A man's good name is his own monument.’

The following verses seem also to have been written to his memory, and are copied from ‘Death’s doings’.

Here lies, bowled out by Death’s unerring ball,  
A Cricketer renowned, by name John Small.  
But though his name was Small, yet great his fame,  
For nobly did he play the noble game ;  
His life was like his innings, long and good,  
Full ninety summers he had death withstood,  
At length the ninetieth winter came, when (fate  
Not leaving him one solitary mate)  
This last of Hambledonians, old John Small,  
Gave up his bat and ball, his leather, wax, and all.

And again—

John Small make bat and ball,  
Pitch a wicket, play at cricket  
With any man in England.

JOHN SMALL, JUN.’s last recorded match was on High-down Hill in Sussex, in 1811, for Sussex against Storrington. He was son of John Small, sen., and was born at Petersfield, in Hampshire, where he resided all his life. Like his father, he was a capital field at middle-wicket, an excellent judge of a short run, besides possessing a superior knowledge of the game ; he was also for several years one of the ‘crack’ batsmen of the day, though certainly he was not equal to the ‘Old Small’, nor did he continue the game in great matches so late in life, being now 46 years of age, while his father’s name appears in a *county* match when he had reached the age of 61. When only 19 years old, however, his name will be found in the Hambledon Club Eleven, of which he was a member. He was a handsomely made man, with well-knit, compact limbs and frame, about 5 ft. 9 in. in height. He was the playfellow and club-mate of John Nyren, who in his account of the Hambledon cricketers gives him an excellent character as a strictly honest man, as

well as being a first-rate hitter. In addition to his other accomplishments, he was an excellent musician. His tombstone in Petersfield churchyard, close to those of his father, brother, and his two wives, bears the following inscription :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SMALL,

Who departed this life the 21st of January, 1836,

AGED 70 YEARS.

His son John is (1860) a draper, &c., at Petersfield, carrying on a good business in the same house as his father and grandfather used to live in.

PETER STEWART'S last recorded match was in 1779. The name of Stewart indeed appears again in Hambleton and Hampshire matches, but as no initials are prefixed generally, it is impossible to say which of the brothers (and there were several), it is playing. The name is spelt as above, and not Steward, as in Nyren's book. Peter was nicknamed 'Buck' and was a carpenter and shoemaker by trade. He played long-field, being a very steady man there. As a bat he could cut very well to the off. Was a dark-looking man, slimly built, very active, and was ambitious to be thought a humourist. He no doubt played in many matches before this book commences in 1772 and was at one time landlord of the 'Green Man' at Hambleton. No tombstone exists to his memory in Hambleton churchyard (though there is one to his wife), but by searching the register it was found he was buried at Hambleton, February 15, 1796, but the age was not added. Only four of the *true* old Hambleton eleven, which used from about 1770 to 1790 to play against All England, seem to have been buried there, namely Thomas Sueter, Edward Aburrow, George Leer, and Peter Stewart.

THOMAS SUETER, whose last recorded match was in 1791, is stated in John Nyren’s book to have been a most famous wicket-keeper to Brett’s tremendous-paced bowling; but in the contests in which his name appears, no one is found to have been got out in that way by him. But in his day, when a man was stumped out, it seems not to have been *scored* down as such. As a bat, he was one of the best, and, like all left-handed hitters, could cut well to the off. Nyren does not state that he was a left-handed player; but as his name is found on that side in their match against the right in 1790, it is taken for granted that he was so. ‘He is said to have been the first (or one of the first) who departed from the custom of the old players, who deemed it a heresy to leave the crease for the ball; but he would get in at it, hit it straight off and straight on, and, egad, it went as if it had been fired.’ He was also an excellent judge of a short run. (It may here be remarked, that all wicket-keepers of note have also, almost without exception, been tip-top batsmen.) A Hampshire paper of 1859 stated, that when only 17 years of age he went to play a match at the Earl of Tankerville’s, and stayed in three whole days; but the score is lost. For the last few seasons in which he played his name is found in the Surrey Eleven, and *against* Hambledon; why is now unknown. Perhaps for a short time he migrated into that county. His name is occasionally spelt Souter, and Suter, but both ways are incorrect. Over Hambledon church door is affixed the following: ‘Thomas Sueter and Richard Flood, builders, 1788.’ He had a fine tenor voice, was a handsome man, measuring about 5ft. 10in., of an amiable disposition, his word being never doubted. He was a native of Hambledon, and by trade a carpenter and builder. He belonged to the choir at his native village, and when he died there he left behind him a sovereign, in order that an anthem should be sung in the church over his corpse, which was done. His tombstone was standing (in 1858) in

Hambledon churchyard, and bears the following inscription :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
THOMAS SUETER  
Who departed this life  
the 17th day of February, 1827,  
AGED 77 YEARS.

The (4th) EARL OF TANKERVILLE was a successful batsman in the few matches his name appears, but most probably he scored best before Lillywhite's book commences in 1772. He was a great patron and admirer of the 'noble game' and kept several good cricketers in his employ, including Lumpy and Bedster. In the old song he is celebrated as 'The active Earl of Tankerville', and in 1773 made the famous match Surrey v. Kent, which he won, and about which a poem has been composed. His country seat was Mount Felix at Walton-on-Thames, in Surrey, where he had no ground, but had (it is believed) a small one for practice at Byfleet, adjoining Chertsey. Many good country matches however were played under his patronage, on the famous Laleham-Burway Ground near Chertsey. He was born at ———, November 15, 1743, and died [in 1822] at Mount Felix. He is buried at the family vault at Harlington near Hounslow, where no monument has been erected to his memory.

THOMAS TAYLOR was a very fine off hitter indeed, though too fond of cutting straight balls, which, indeed, was often the cause of his losing his wicket. Was a short well-made man, but strong and active, and one of the best fields ever seen. Of his bowling, John Nyren in his book makes no mention, but he seems to have obtained several wickets. Taylor was one of the two men (J. Ring, it is believed, being the other) of whom it is recorded that he was 'shabby' enough to put his leg purposely before the wicket when batting, which caused the law about 'leg before wicket' to be



made by the Hambledon Club. In 1774, however, before Taylor's first match, this improvement in the game will be found in the laws, and it is therefore now impossible to reconcile these conflicting statements. He was a native of Ropley, in Hampshire, but lived some time at Alresford, where he kept an inn. He is buried in Old Alresford churchyard; but no tombstone was erected to his memory, nor was his name or age to be found in the register of burials, which was searched. The *Sporting Magazine*, however, of April 29th, 1806, states that 'Thomas Taylor, the famous cricketer of the Globe Inn, died lately.' On searching the register of baptisms at Ropley, his name is found inserted there October 18th, 1753; his age, therefore, was, as nearly as possible, 52. Nyren, in his account of the Hambledon Club men, states that 'he was without guile, and an attached friend'.

RICHARD AUBERY VECK's first recorded match. He was one of the most successful batsmen of the Hambledon Club when in its prime, though (owing to his marriage) he did not continue the game above nine seasons. Curiously enough John Nyren in his history of Hambledon Cricketers makes no mention of him, though he does nearly all the others. His name was no doubt accidentally omitted. Was born at New Alresford, in Hampshire where he resided (being engaged in mercantile pursuits till 1784, when he removed to Bishops Waltham in the same county). His height was about 5ft. 9½in. and he was a well-grown man. He is buried in a vault in Old Alresford churchyard over which a handsome monument to his memory bears the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF  
RICHARD AUBERY VECK  
WHO DIED AT BISHOPS WALTHAM  
ON THE 13TH DAY OF NOVEMBER 1823.  
AGE 67 YEARS.



HARRY WALKER, whose first recorded match was in 1784, was born at Hide Farm, Churt, near Frensham, in Surrey, where all his family were farmers, their land being at Hindhead, near the Devil's Punch Bowl. Harry's average altogether will be found good, but he was not quite so famous as his brother Tom, though a far superior hitter, indeed 'his half hour at the wicket was considered better than Tom's whole afternoon'. He was left-handed, and, like all left-handed batsmen, could cut very finely to the off; in fact, it was said that he was the first who brought this kind of hit to any perfection. From his name first appearing in a great single-wicket match, it is presumed that he was already a player of some celebrity, but his earlier contests, if any, are lost. About 1794, he left Churt, and resided at Brook, near Witley, in Surrey, following the business of a maltster. In height he was about 5ft. 11in., and in weight about 13 stones. No tombstone has been erected to his memory, but he was *buried* in Witley churchyard, July 22, 1805, aged 45. Was married, but left no children.

THOMAS WALKER's first recorded match was in 1786. He was born at Hide Farm, at Churt, near Frensham, in Surrey, November 16, 1762, and was a brother to Harry and John Walker, who also played in the Surrey Eleven. Tom was one of the steadiest batsmen that has ever appeared, and made some extremely long innings (often going in first and carrying out his bat), especially as to time, frequently remaining at the wicket several hours. So great was his steadiness, that he is reported once to have received 170 balls from David Harris (the great bowler of that time), and only to have scored one run from them! He could, however, drive well on and off. Walker had a thorough knowledge of the game, being also a foxheaded and crafty player. About two years after he joined the Hambledon Club, he began the system of jerking, or the round-armed delivery. This, owing to its tremendous pace, was for-

bidden by a council of the Hambledon Club (the then law-givers), called on purpose. He then took to underhand lobs of the tedious slow school, which were very successful, though of course all those wickets he got by catches off his balls and stumpings are lost, owing to the imperfect way scores were kept in his day. Walker (like David Harris) used to practice in a barn in wet weather as well as in winter time. He was for four years gamekeeper to Mr. Windel, of [Pepper] Harrow in Surrey, who was a great patron of the game at that time. About 1794, he left his native place for Thursley, near Hindhead, where his father, brothers, and himself were all farmers, their land being near the Devil's Punch Bowl. About 1796, Walker's name is found for a few matches opposed to his native county, why, is now unknown. It is supposed that he at that time was engaged by the M.C.C. at Lord's. Latterly, however, he resided at Chiddingfold, in Surrey (following the occupation of a grocer), where he died. His widow was still alive and hearty at the same place in 1859, aged 84. A bat with which Walker used to play, is still (1860) in existence at Lord's, in the Pavilion. In stature he was tall and thin, being 6ft. 1in. in height, and weight about 13 stones. His tombstone in Chiddingfold churchyard has the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF  
THOMAS WALKER,  
Who died March 1, 1831.

AGED 68.

It may be added that this player was nicknamed ‘Old Everlasting’ by some of his fellow cricketers, owing to the very lengthened stay he generally made when batting. This fact was remembered by William Beldham, as far on as 1861.

JOHN WELLS's first recorded match was in 1787. The name of Wells indeed is found in 1783, but it is believed to have been his brother James, who occasionally played.

If this is his first match, he was now 28 years of age, which is rather late in life for so good and successful a cricketer, and for one who afterwards played so long, to commence his career. He was one of the 'crack' players of England for several seasons and of the Hambledon Club when in its prime. His batting was good and effective, and to be depended on. His bowling was fast with a good delivery, being very successful. His fielding also was exceeding fine, and he was a dead shot at the wicket, being a noted single-wicket player; likewise was a short thick-set man, active and laborious, possessing an excellent knowledge of the game. When questions were mooted his opinion would often be appealed to. His character was plain, simple, and uncompromising, civil, and differential, yet no cringer. He always went by the name of honest John Wells. He married the sister of William Beldham, and was born at Wrecclesham near Farnham, always residing there, following the trade of a baker. To show that this cricketer as well as his famous brother-in-law are not yet forgot in their native village, it may be stated that a small public house exists (1861) at Wrecclesham bearing the following extraordinary sign, 'The Rendezvous of the Celebrated Cricketers Beldham and Wells.' His name will be found in a great match as far on as 1815, and his brother James also, who played occasionally. His son (?) George Wells participated in some of the great contests of the day from 1814 to 1821. It may be here also mentioned that Farnham, or rather 20 miles circuit of that town, produced at that time most of the famous cricketers of the day. Wells died at his native village, but is buried at Farnham and in the churchyard there his tombstone (along with that of his wife bears the following inscription):—

ALSO

JOHN WELLS

WHO DIED DECEMBER 15, 1835

AGE 76.



1 Long Slip  
2 Long Slip  
3 Wicket Keeper  
4 Short Slip

5 Umpire  
6 Batter  
7 Point  
8 to cover Point & Middle Wicket

# CRICKETING.

9 Middle Wicket  
10 Batter  
11 Scorer  
12 Leggs

13 Umpire  
14 Long Field off side  
15 Bowler  
16 Long Field on side

## CRICKET AT LEWES IN SUSSEX

(From the frontispiece to Lambert's *Instructions and Rules for Playing the Noble Game of Cricket*, 1816)



THOMAS WHITE's early doings are all lost, as he played several years before 1772 when Lillywhite's book commences, he being then 32 years of age. He was called 'Shock White' and also 'Daddy White' at Reigate, where he resided, but why is now unknown. He was a short and stoutly-made man, and his average in the few matches in which his name is found is very good. He was also a successful change-bowler. He is the cricketer who (as stated in Nyren) about 1776 brought a bat to play a match, which being the width of the stumps effectually defended his wicket from the bowler. In consequence a law was passed limiting the future breadth of the bat to four inches and a half. He was a great admirer of the noble game, and used to frequent all the great matches in the vicinity of Reigate up to the time of his death. His tombstone standing, in 1860, in Reigate churchyard bears the following inscription.

ALSO OF THOMAS WHITE,  
WHO DIED JULY 28, 1831.  
AGED 91 YEARS.

THE EARL OF WINCHELSEA made some good scores in the best matches for several seasons ; was a great supporter and admirer of the ' Noble Game ' and especially of the Hambledon Club. The *Hampshire Chronicle*, of July 25, 1797, states that the Earl of Winchelsea has made an improvement in the game of cricket, by having four stumps instead of three, and the wickets two inches higher. The game is thus rendered shorter by easier bowling out. The improvement (?) however must have only been used in practice, as no record exists of a match with four stumps having ever come off except in that between the Gentlemen and the Players, July 3, 1837 ; the latter defended four stumps of monstrous size. The Earl was born at ———, November 4, 1752, and died at his house, 32, South Street, Park Lane, London, August 2, 1826, aged 73. He is buried in the family



vault at Ravenstone, in Buckinghamshire, but no monument has been erected to his memory. He was educated at Eton.

WILLIAM YALDEN was a licensed victualler of Chertsey, and managed the famous Laleham-Burway ground situated close to the town, supplying refreshments during the great matches. He is mentioned in Nyren's book, as being a wicket-keeper opposed to the Hambledon Club, but no record (except in one instance) is found of his having stumped any one out. The same occurs with Tom Sueter of the Hambledon Club, and therefore it is believed that stumping out was first scored down as 'run out' or 'put out'. He left off cricket for one season because he thought his eyesight was failing, but the Earl of Tankerville saying to him 'Try again, Yalden', he resumed play with better success than before. He once when fielding, jumped over a fence, and when on his back still caught the ball!!! He was born at Chertsey (or according to another account at Ripley), in Surrey, in 1740, but died at Chertsey, January 1824, aged 84. Height 5ft. 10in. and weight 12st. 7lbs. No tombstone existed in 1858, to his memory. He had a son alive in 1859, at Chertsey, who curiously enough had then also attained the great age of 84 years.

Nyren speaks also of John Wood and May. Mr. Haygarth writes :—

There were two MAYS, noted cricketers, whose names will be found a few times in these pages; but no doubt most of their best performances are lost. Owing to the initials being frequently omitted in the old scores, it is impossible to distinguish one from the other in every match.

Tom was for batting, Dick for bowling famed.

Of Thomas, nothing could be discovered; and of Richard, all that could be gleaned was, that he died

in a drunken fit *about* 1796, aged *about* 46. 'His dying request to George Ring was, that he (Ring) would kill his favourite dog, and bury it with him. This was done in despite of the remonstrance of the officiating clergyman, on the score of sacrilege.' There were two cricketers of the name of Wood playing about this time in the great matches (no relation, but both opponents of the Hambledon Club). John Nyren in his book mentions but one, John Wood. John Wood resided at Seal, near Sevenoaks, in Kent ; was a change bowler, and a good general player ; tall, stout, and bony. The Seal register has no entry of his burial ; the date of death, age, &c., therefore remains unknown. Thomas Wood, the other player, was a miller, residing at Pirbright, in Surrey. It is sometimes impossible to distinguish one from the other (as is the case with several other old cricketers), owing to the initials being often omitted in the old scores.

## MR. BUDD AND HIS FRIENDS

BY THE EDITOR

GLIMPSES of Mr. Edward Hayward Budd we have already had in Mr. Pycroft's chapter on the Hambleton Club and the Old Players; but more are needed. Mr. Budd was to the youthful cricketers of the first thirty years of the last century, before Alfred Mynn's zenith, very much what Dr. Grace was to the youth of the last thirty years of it; and it is time that his genius was celebrated. Moreover he was of the greatest service to Mr. Pycroft in writing the historical part of *The Cricket Field*. Mr. Pycroft, when he was beginning work on that book in 1850, approached Mr. Budd by letter: 'How can it be done without the assistance of E. H. Budd Esq.?' he asked. "'Hamlet—the part of Hamlet left out"—will never do.' Mr. Budd complied.

The account of Mr. Budd in the *Scores and Biographies* is against his first match at Lord's, on September 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1802, between Twenty-Two of Middlesex, for which he played (9 and 5), and Twenty-two of Surrey. For Middlesex played also Lord Frederick Beauclerk (3 and 7), Fennex (4 and 9), Aylward (4 and 2), and John Nyren (11 and 2). Mr. Budd was then seventeen, says Mr. Haygarth, adding: 'He was chosen in the Gentlemen v. Players match in 1806, but did not commence to participate regularly in the great contests of the day till 1808. After 1831, he partially abandoned the game, though he formed one of the Wanstead Park Eleven v. M. C. C. match, at Lord's, in 1837. He left London in 1825, after which he became an active playing member of the Purton Club; his actual last match being when making one of that Eleven against Marlborough College, June 16, 1852—thus, from first to last, completing fifty-one seasons! He also continued to practise about four years longer—in fact, till he was

past seventy years of age. His career as a batsman, bowler, wicket-keeper, single-wicket player, and field, has been most brilliant, his average, altogether, being one of the highest on record. As a field, he was most active, generally taking middle-wicket, being a very fast runner. In the England *v.* Twenty-two of Nottingham match, June 23, 1817, he caught out nine, a number equalled at present (1860) by H. Wright, and exceeded only by R. C. Tinley. He was also very successful as a bowler, being one of the best of his day; it was of middle speed, a sort of half-round-armed, with his hand slightly extended from his side. As a proof of the tremendous power of his hitting, it may be mentioned that, in the Surrey *v.* England match, June 6, 1808, he hit clean out of Lord’s ground. Again, June 15, 1818, in the M.C.C. *v.* Woolwich match, he drove a ball forward for nine, it being a clean hit and no overthrow, though Mr. Parry, a very fast runner indeed, went after it. He also got a nine in a match on the Vine, at Sevenoaks. When playing, he generally used a bat of 3lbs. weight; but at that period of under-hand bowling much heavier ones were required than on the introduction of the round-armed delivery. Mr. Budd joined the M.C.C. soon after his first match, and continued to be a member till 1825, after which his name for some time was kept on the list as an honorary member. In a Purton *v.* Lansdown match he once got four wickets in six balls, and another time he bowled five wickets in an over of six balls. Once, on Ripley Green, he and W. Ward, Esq., bowled seventeen overs (of four balls) and no runs were got from either end! He also shot with a licence for fifty years, which can be recorded of few sportsmen. ‘Squire’ Budd was born at Great Missenden, in Buckinghamshire, February 23, 1785. Height 5 ft. 9 in., and weight 12 st. In 1860 he was residing at Elcombe House, Wroughton, near Swindon, when the compiler of this work [Lillywhite’s book] was greatly indebted to him for much valuable information about cricket during the early part of the present century.’

Mr. Budd claimed to be an innovator too. Says Mr. Wheeler in *Sportascrapiana* :—

‘With regard to balls out of reach being considered “no ball”, Mr. Budd informs us the regulation was at his suggestion. At a great match, one player, being a much better batsman than the other, the bowler began to pitch the ball over the head of the better batsman when he was at the wicket. To meet this Mr. Budd proposed the existing rule that the umpire may call “no ball”, and a run be added to the score.’

Here is Mr. Pycroft in *The Cricket Field* :—‘Lambert’s bowling was like Mr. Budd’s, against which I have often played : a high under-hand delivery, slow, but rising very high, very accurately pitched, and turning in from leg-stump. “About the year 1818, Lambert and I,” said Mr. Budd, “attained to a kind of round-arm delivery (described as Clarke’s), by which we rose decidedly superior to all the batsmen of the day. Mr. Ward could not play it, but he headed a party against us, and our new bowling was ignored.” Tom Walker and Lord Frederick were of the tediously slow school ; Lambert and Budd were several degrees faster. Howard and John Wells were the fast under-hand bowlers.

‘Lord Frederick was a very successful bowler, and inspired great confidence as a general : his bowling was at last beaten by men running in to him. Sparkes mentioned another player who brought very slow bowling to perfection, and was beaten in the same way. Beldham thought Mr. Budd’s bowling better than Lord Frederick’s ; Beagley said the same.

‘His Lordship is generally supposed to have been the best amateur of his day ; so said Caldecourt ; also Beagley, who observed his Lordship had the best head and was most valuable as a general. Otherwise, this is an assertion hard to reconcile with acknowledged facts ; for, first, Mr. Budd made the best average, though usually placed against Lambert’s bowling, and playing almost exclusively in the great matches. Mr. Budd was a much more powerful hitter. Lord Frederick said,



LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERK

(Enlarged detail from the frontispiece)





“ Budd always wanted to win the game off a single ball ” : Beldham observed, “ If Mr. Budd would not hit out so eagerly, he would be the finest player in all England.” When I knew him his hitting was quite safe play. Still Lord Frederick’s was the prettier style of batting, and he had the character of being the most scientific player. But since Mr. Budd had the largest average in spite of his hitting, Beldham becomes a witness in his favour. Mr. Budd measured five feet ten inches, and weighed twelve stone, very clean made and powerful, with an eye singularly keen, and great natural quickness, being one of the fastest runners of his day. Secondly, Mr. Budd was the better fieldsman. He stood usually at middle-wicket. I never saw safer hands at a catch ; and I have seen him very quick at stumping out. But, Lord Frederick could not take every part of the field ; but was always short-slip, and not one of the very best. And, thirdly, Mr. Budd was the better bowler. Mr. Budd hit well from the wrist. At Woolwich he hit a volley to long-field for *nine*, though Mr. Parry threw it in. He also hit out of Lord’s old ground. “ Lord had said he would forfeit twenty-five guineas if any one thus proved his ground too small : so we all crowded around Mr. Budd,” said Beldham, “ and told him what he might claim. ‘ Well then,’ he said, ‘ I claim it, and give it among the players.’ But Lord was shabby and would not pay.”

Mr. Budd made a slight correction of Beldham’s memory for the second edition of *The Cricket Field*. He wrote :—‘ I return the proof-sheets of the History of my Contemporaries, and can truly say that they do indeed remind me of old times. I find one thing only to correct, which I hope you will be in time to alter, for your accuracy will then, to the best of my belief, be wholly without exception :—write *twenty* guineas, and not *twenty-five*, as the sum offered, by old Thomas Lord, if any one should hit out of his ground where now is Dorset Square. You invite me to note further particulars for your second edition : the only omission

I can at present detect is this—the name of Lord George Kerr, son of the Marquis of Lothian, should be added to your list of the Patrons of the Old Surrey Players; for, his lordship lived in the midst of them at Farnham; and, I have often heard Beldham say, used to provide bread and cheese and beer for as many as would come out and practise on a summer's evening: this is too *substantial* a supporter of the Noble Game to be forgotten.'

I resume, from *The Cricket Field*: 'Lambert was also good in every point. In batting, he was a bold forward player. He stood with left foot a yard in advance, swaying his bat and body as if to attain momentum and reaching forward almost to where the ball must pitch.

'Lambert's chief point was to take the ball at the pitch and drive it powerfully away, and, said Mr. Budd, "to a slow bowler his return was so quick and forcible, that his whole manner was really intimidating to a bowler." Every one remarked how completely Lambert seemed master of the ball. Usually the bowler appears to attack, and the batsman to defend; but Lambert seemed always on the attack, and the bowler at his mercy, and "hit", said Beldham, "what no one else could meddle with."

'Lord Frederick was formed on Beldham's style. Mr. Budd's position at the wicket was much the same: the right foot placed as usual, but the left rather behind, and nearly a yard apart, so that instead of the upright bat and figure of Pilch, the bat was drawn across, and the figure hung away from the wicket. This was a mistake. Before the ball could be played Mr. Budd was too good a player not to be up, like Pilch, and play well over his off-stump. Still Mr. Budd explained to me that this position of the left foot was just where one naturally shifts it to have room for a cut: so this strange attitude was supposed to favour their fine off-hits.'

Mr. Wheeler in *Sportascrapiana*, which is a joint

anecdotal biography of Mr. Budd and his two friends Mr. Osbaldeston and Captain Ross, published in 1867, referring to the foregoing passage, says :—‘ We wished to fully understand Mr. Pycroft’s description of Mr. Budd’s attitude in batting, and the latter at once took a bat from a corner of the dining-room, and, with all the vigour of the most powerful athlete in the prime of life, he threw himself into the attitudes for his “slashing hits”, the “cut”, and each possible change. The bat was one of Lord Frederick’s, with his name *written at full length by the noble lord himself*; and we take this opportunity to remark that the name is spelt “Beauclerck,” though we are now accustomed to always see it minus the “k”. Seeing the action and attitude of our worthy friend, and fully aware of the tremendous strength he used to and does (even now) possess, and the enthusiasm of his character, we could at once feel the justice of Lord Frederick’s remark given in next page.’<sup>1</sup>

Apropos of Mr. Budd’s own bat, Mr. Pycroft, in his *Oxford Memories*, writes as follows :—‘ Being a man of great strength and quickness, with fine wrist-play, five feet ten inches in height, and twelve stone in weight, no wonder he was a hard hitter, especially in days when bats were heavy. Mr. Budd’s bat weighed three pounds, but there were heavier bats than his. Mr. Ward used one that weighed four pounds. When I was at Oxford (1832–6) two pounds ten was a common weight for a bat. Light bats with cane handles were then unknown.

‘ It was from playing Mr. Budd’s bowling that I derived my practical knowledge of what the old bowling was. Mr. Budd bowled, like Clarke, from his hip, with good elevation, and could make the ball rise very high, even when much past his best, above fifty years of age; and his power of spin, which is the characteristic of all

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Budd always wanted to win the game off a single ball.’ It should be added that at the time Mr. Budd was thus exhibiting his method of batting he was eighty years of age.—E.V.L.

first-rate bowling, is what the tired bowler loses at the end of an innings ; it is what the used-up professional loses in the course of a school or college engagement ; and, above all, it is what old men rarely retain.

To write of Mr. Budd without saying much about Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. Ward is impossible ; for at that time they were inseparably associated in men's minds as the four great amateurs of the game. Mr. Osbaldeston lives in history mainly for his career in the hunting field, but his cricketing days, though brief, were brilliant. Mr. Haygarth writes thus of him :—‘ Mr. George Osbaldeston's first match at Lord's was for the M.C.C. against Middlesex in 1808. Used to play when at Eton and Oxford, being, it is believed, in both Elevens, but no scores remain. Was a hard, slashing hitter, making many a good innings in fine style, but was mostly noted for his tremendous-paced under-hand bowling. It was “all but” as fast as that of George Brown, sen.'s ; indeed, there was scarcely any difference in the speed, always requiring two long-stops. Also a famous single-wicket player, having been engaged in many of that kind of contest with varied success. His career will be found rather short, not participating in the great contests after 1818, except one match in 1827, and another in 1830. The reason of this was that, owing to the result of the great single-wicket contest in 1818, he removed his name from the list of members of the Marylebone Club. Mr. Osbaldeston was also a famous hand at all other kinds of sport, including racing, hunting, steeplechasing, pigeon-shooting, billiards, &c., &c., being a crack shot and a famous rider. On November 5, 1831, carrying 11 st. 2 lbs., he rode 200 miles in eight hours and forty-two minutes, having backed himself to go that distance in ten hours. Is called “The Squire” by several of his sporting friends, and has been the master of various packs of hounds for no less than thirty-five seasons, from 1809–10 to 1844, including the Quorn, Atherstone, and Pytchley hunts. He had a seat in Parliament for



one season, but relinquished it, "as it was not exactly in accordance with his taste." He was also high sheriff for Yorkshire. Is son of Mr. Osbaldeston, of Hutton Bushell, near Scarborough, and was born in Welbeck (or Wimpole) Street, Cavendish Square, December 26, 1786 (or 1787, according to another account). Height 5 ft. 6 in. and weight  $10\frac{1}{2}$  st. In 1861 he was residing at 8, Park Road, Regent's Park, London, but used formerly to live in Yorkshire. An excellent photograph of this celebrity will be found in one of the early numbers of *Baily's Magazine*.

Here are some of Mr. Budd's memories of his friend 'The Squire', as quoted by Mr. Pycroft in *The Cricket Field* :—"In 1817, we went with Osbaldeston to play twenty-two of Nottingham. In that match Clarke played. In common with others I lost my money, and was greatly disappointed at the termination. One paid player was accused of selling, and never employed after. The concourse of people was very great: these were the days of the Luddites (rioters), and the magistrates warned us, that unless we would stop our game at seven o'clock, they could not answer for keeping the peace. At seven o'clock we stopped; and, simultaneously, the thousands who lined the ground began to close in upon us. Lord Frederick lost nerve and was very much alarmed; but I said they didn't want to hurt us. No; they simply came to have a look at the eleven men who ventured to play two for one.—His Lordship broke his finger, and, batting with one hand, scored only eleven runs. Nine men, the largest number perhaps on record, Bentley marks as "caught by Budd".

Lord Frederick with Beldham once made a match with Mr. Osbaldeston and Lambert. "On the day named," said Mr. Budd, "I went to Lord Frederick, representing my friend was too ill to stand, and asked him to put off the match. "No; play or pay," said his Lordship, quite inexorable. "Never mind," said Osbaldeston, "I won't forfeit; Lambert may beat them both; and, if he does, the fifty guineas shall be his."—I asked Lambert how



he felt. "Why," said he, "they are anything but safe." His Lordship wouldn't hear of it. "Nonsense," he said, "you can't mean it." "Yes; play or pay, my Lord, we are in earnest, and shall claim the stakes!" and in fact Lambert did beat them both. For, to play such a man as Lambert, when on his mettle, was rather discouraging; and "he did make desperate exertion," said Beldham: "once he rushed up after his ball, and Lord Frederick was caught so near the bat that he lost his temper, and said it was not fair play. Of course all hearts were with Lambert."

"Osbaldeston's mother sat by in her carriage, and enjoyed the match; and then," said Beldham, "Lambert was called to the carriage and bore away a paper parcel: some said it was a gold watch—some, bank-notes. Trust Lambert to keep his own secrets. We were all curious, but no one ever knew"—nor ever will know. In March, 1851, I addressed a letter to him at Reigate. Soon, a brief paragraph announced the death of "the once celebrated cricket player William Lambert."

A pleasant account of another of Mr. Osbaldeston's matches, in 1813, I take from Mr. Wheeler's pages:—

'His next performance was for £50 a side, against the two best players of Nottingham. Harry Bentley went down from Lord's to stand umpire, and, on the evening before the match, went to see the Nottingham men practise in the King's Meadow; but Tommy Brewster would not allow him, saying, "What we know in Nottingham we keep to ourselves." When the match came off, the Nottingham players were unable to get "The Squire" out, and, after scoring 84 runs, he gave up his bat. He then bowled them out, they only scoring 17 runs in their four innings. After the match was over, Bentley said to Brewster, "Well, Tommy, what you know at Nottingham you certainly do keep to yourselves, for I am sure we have seen nothing of it."

The Squire's removal of his name from the list of members of the M.C.C. was done in a fit of anger at the result of a match—the defeated man performing



*Painted & Engraved by R. M. Mayling.*

GEORGE OSBALDESTON, ESQ., M.P.

(From an engraving reproduced by permission of the M.C.C.)



the task so thoroughly that he obliterated also the names of the two other members beginning with his rather unusual initial. Said Mr. Budd to Mr. Wheeler:—"Often afterwards I could find that he regretted at leisure the act he had in haste committed; and, about a month after the event, I asked him if he would like to get his name on the list again, as I thought I could get it done. He said he should much like it, and I went to Lord Frederick and Ward, stating that I had a great favour to ask, would they grant it? And the reply was, "You have done so much for the game, there's nothing you can ask but we will grant." But on my explaining, they said "the insult was so great, they could not accede to my request.""

Mr. Osbaldeston died in 1866, in his house at No. 2 Grove Road, St. John's Wood, very near Lord's. Having taken to racing without much discretion he had lost his fortune, and he had lost his health too, perhaps having to pay for his great feats of endurance in the saddle. But his name will never die among hunting men. He could hunt six days a week; as a breeder of hounds he was inspired; and he was master of the Burton, the Quorn, and the Pytchley. The cup which was presented to him in 1834 by the Pytchley bore these brave words, and they were no idle compliment: 'To the best sportsman of any age or country'. When master of the Quorn Mr. Osbaldeston's chief whip was the great Tom Sebright, who to the end kept over his mantelpiece a copy of the engraving of 'The Squire' that is reproduced on the opposite page.

'The Squire's' shooting feats were not less remarkable than those in the saddle: he once killed 98 out of 100 pheasants, and backing himself (he always backed himself) to kill 80 brace of partridges in a day, he killed, says Mr. Budd,  $97\frac{1}{2}$  brace, while the  $5\frac{1}{2}$  brace which were picked up afterwards brought the total to over a 100 brace. And this before the days of breech-loaders. 'The Squire' won notoriety also by his duel with Lord George Bentinck in 1831, at Wormwood Scrubs, when

Lord George fired into the air, and Mr. Osbaldeston put a bullet through his hat.

Of Lord Frederick Beauclerk we have seen much from time to time, for no name is so influential in early cricket. Here is Mr. Haygarth's account of him in *Lillywhite*: 'Lord Frederick Beauclerk's first match at Lord's was for the M.C.C. against Kent in 1791, he being now but 18 years of age. After one more match this season, his name does not again appear till 1795. He was introduced into the cricketing world by the Earl of Winchelsea, who had seen him bowl at Cambridge, where he was one of the Eleven's best bowlers, Colonel Allen, formerly M.P. for Pembroke, being the other. At first he was no batsman, but subsequently became the most accomplished and graceful performer of his day. His hitting (especially to the off) was very fine indeed, though he sometimes lost his wicket by trying to cut straight balls. His average will, it is believed, be found one of the highest on record; but it must be remarked, that several of his longest scores were made against very inferior bowling and fielding. It must also be observed, that (like other cricketers of former days) he had during the greater part of his career to defend wickets of smaller dimensions than those afterwards used. It is believed he never made two noughts, or "a pair of spectacles", in any match of note! This must be considered a wonderful feat, especially as his career extends, from first to last, for 35 seasons, scoring well up to the finish. His under-hand bowling, which was slow, was wonderfully accurate as to pitch, and with a remarkably quick rise from the ground. In addition to those he bowled, he got many wickets by catches from, and stumpings off, his balls; all these, however (owing to the imperfect way scores were compiled in his day), are lost to him, and they were not a few. He retained his precision of pitch to the last, though he latterly lost the sudden leap from the ground which his bowling once had. His place in the field was mostly slip, but he was a very fast runner between wickets,



being also the winner of many races of 100 yards. His height was 5ft. 9in., and his weight between 11 and 12st. His profession was the church, being Vicar of St. Albans from about 1828 till his death. He did not, however, abandon the game in consequence, as has been the case with many other celebrated gentlemen cricketers. From his good play, rank, and influence, he became a sort of "autocrat" at Lord's, where his name in a match was "Legion". No one was more distinguished there, and he was admitted to be the best general in the field, "where his word was law". When years and infirmities stole upon him, he did not desert the scene of his favourite sport, but enjoyed the game and its social qualities as long as health allowed him, leaving behind him a name among cricketers "familiar as household words". From first to last, therefore, he must have frequented Lord's for nearly, if not quite, 60 years! as he was present at some of the great matches on that ground as far on as 1849, when he used to be driven there in his carriage, and still witness the game with interest. His son, Charles, played in the Oxford Eleven in 1836, and was a good hitter. Where Lord Frederick was born cannot now be said; but he died at his town residence, 68, Grosvenor Street, at the advanced age of 76. He is buried at Winchfield, in Hampshire, where a tablet inside the church is erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
RIGHT HON. AND REV. LORD FREDERICK  
BEAUCLERK, D.D.,  
Of Winchfield House,  
FOURTH SON OF AUBREY, FIFTH DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.  
In humble record of his many virtues,  
this monument is erected by his affectionate Wife.  
Born 8th of May, 1773;  
Died 22nd of April, 1850.'



Mr. Pycroft's *Oxford Memories* says this of his Lordship's bowling:—‘His slow bowling, delivered with a bent elbow and as it were by a push, which seemed to give it “spring”, was for a long time triumphantly successful. But a player called Hammond set the example of running in to hit him, and not only did Lord Frederick lose much of his confidence in and his fondness for bowling, but for a time slow bowling was forced to yield place to fast.’

The fourth of the great quartette, Mr. Ward, is thus described by Mr. Haygarth against his first recorded match, for England against Surrey, in 1810. In the second innings Robinson and John Wells collared the English bowling and Surrey won. ‘He was born at Islington, London, July 24th, 1787, and was a large and powerfully built man. Height 6 ft. 1 in., and weight 14 st. He was educated at Winchester College, where he first played at cricket, but whether he was in the Eleven there is now unknown. His average is one of the largest ever obtained by any cricketer, and had he not continued the game too long, it would perhaps have been exceeded by none. From the years 1816 to about 1828, his scores will be found enormous, but as he continued to participate in the game up till 1847 (in minor matches) so his average gradually decreased. He made the second highest innings on record, namely 278, in the year 1820, and on four other occasions he scored (it is believed) 200 runs in a match with both his innings combined. Some (indeed many) of his greatest feats with the bat were (it must be remarked) made against very inferior bowling and fielding. He was a hard forward hitter, and is one of the few there are who scored largely against round-arm, having begun his career against the under-hand delivery, and having never, it is supposed, obtained two noughts or a “pair of spectacles” in any match of note. He played with bats which generally weighed as much as 4 lbs., but much heavier ones were in use at the time of the under-hand bowling. He also got many

wickets with his slow under-hand, but was not famous as a bowler or as a field, where he generally stood point. He was a great supporter of the game, and used to frequent Lord's regularly up to the time of his death. About 1825, he purchased from Thomas Lord (who was then just retiring) the lease of 'Lord's' cricket ground, and is thus entitled to great praise from all cricketers in preventing the 'favoured spot', where so many great contests have taken place, from being built upon. He could only obtain the lease at a most exorbitant rate, and thus deserves more credit than had it been otherwise. In 1836, J. H. Dark purchased the remainder of the lease from him.

And of all who frequent the ground named after  
Lord,

On the list first and foremost should stand Mr. Ward.

No man will deny, I am sure, when I say

That he's without rival first bat of the day,

And although he has grown a little too stout,

Even Mathews is bothered at bowling him out.

He's our life-blood and soul in this noblest of  
games,

And yet on our praises he's many more claims ;

No pride, although rich, condescending and free,

And a well-informed man, and a city M. P.

Mr. Ward's name is always found in the Hampshire Eleven, having at one time (it is believed) some land in the Isle of Wight. Once he had a beautiful marble statue of a 'Cricketer in play' made by the sculptor Rossi. Two of Mr. Ward's sons played in the Winchester Eleven, one in 1830, and another in 1834. A third also formed one of the Cambridge Eleven in 1853. Latterly Mr. Ward resided at 14, Windham Place, Bryanston Square, where he died at the age of 61. (Another account stated he died at 76, Connaught Terrace.) He is buried in Hammersmith churchyard, where a raised slab stone marks the spot where this great cricketer lies, being interred in the same grave

with his wife and daughter. The inscription is as follows :—

ALSO THE ABOVE,  
WILLIAM WARD,

For some years M. P. for the city of London,

Born July 24, 1787,

DIED JUNE 30, 1849.'

Mr. Wheeler, in *Sportascrapiana*, gives from Mr. Budd's lips this account of Mr. Ward's purchase of the Lord's lease :—'It was reported that the ground was for sale, and Mr. Ward remarked to Lord, "It's said you are going to sell us." Lord said he would dispose of the ground if he could get his price. "What is your price"? said Ward; and having the reply, £5,000, Mr. Ward said, "Give me pen and ink." A cheque was at once drawn for the amount, and the purchase was thought a good investment. "I have heard," said Mr. Budd, "that he settled it on his sisters."' 'He often used,' says Mr. Wheeler, 'to back Mr. Budd thus: according to who was bowling against Mr. Budd, Mr. Ward would give £20 to £25 to any one who would give him £1 for every run scored by Mr. Budd at the one innings, knowing that he was making a pretty safe thing, Mr. Budd's average being twenty-nine in all the great matches.'

And here is an anecdote of Mr. Ward from Mr. Pycroft :—'Caldecourt, who had a plain, though judicious, style of bowling, once observed a weak point in Mr. Ward's play, and levelled his stumps three times in about as many balls. Many men boasting, as Mr. Ward then did, of nearly the first average of his day, would have blamed the bowler, the ground, the wind, and, in short, anything but themselves; but Mr. Ward, a liberal patron of the game, in the days of his prosperity, gave Caldecourt a guinea for his judgement in the game and his useful lesson.'

Mr. Ward, who was a Bank of England director, was also invincible at picquet.

From Mr. Pycroft's supplement to *The Cricket Field*, his *Cricketana*, 1865, I take some remarks on Lord Frederick Beauclerk, and indeed on all of these four friends:—  
'Lord Frederick Beauclerk is the greatest name in cricket. He was a frequent attendant at Lord's, either as a player or a looker-on, for nearly sixty years. A vivid description of his Lordship, as the very picture of life, activity, and spirits, has more than once crossed our mind as a sorry contrast, when, in his declining days, he appeared at Lord's only in his brougham, and always, as it seemed, with a lady-nurse at his side, looking a striking illustration of the strong man becoming weakness at the last.

'Neither can we forget, as another illustration of *sic transit*, that at Lord's in 1859, when some exciting match was being played, one of Mr. Ward's old friends being heard to remark to us, "Poor Ward is now about his last, dying of a diseased kidney—very painful." Whereupon, some distinguished young players of the day remarked, "Ward—who's Ward"?

'Lord Frederick's batting was certainly not superior to Mr. Budd's; his fielding, usually at short-slip, was not as good. Indeed, as to Mr. Budd, Clarke said he remembered him the best fieldsman he had ever seen, having played against him at Nottingham, when Mr. Budd caught nine at middle-wicket. But, nevertheless, Thomas Beagley, no doubt, spoke the general feeling of the players of his day, when he said that Lord Frederick *would have been the first chosen*. Caldecourt said the same.

'Lord Frederick was the best bowler of his day at Cambridge, but was not there distinguished as a bat. The story is that the Earl of Winchelsea, seeing him bowl at Cambridge, brought him out at Lord's. In batting, his lordship was a very easy, graceful player, formed on the model of Beldham. He played thirty-five seasons, and yet scored so well up to the last, that his average was the highest on record.

‘No doubt an average is a very uncertain criterion. Mr. Ward used to complain that the manager of matches had a great advantage in putting himself in when the light, the bowling, or the time of day was more favourable. To be ordered to go in at a quarter to seven o’clock in the evening tries your average hard, as compared with the man who can reserve himself for the next morning.

‘Again, a good average is all in favour of the man who thinks more of his own innings than of the game.—Beldham told us that he “could never half play unless runs were really wanted”. And this is very characteristic of a great player. Therefore, without depreciating Lord Frederick, we think it fair to observe, that while his position and his talent placed him high over all, he had no slight advantage where judged by the scorebooks.

‘John Sparks told us that Lord Frederick lost all fondness for bowling from the time that Hammond set the example of running in to slow bowling. Hammond once hit back a ball so hard, that it whizzed dangerously past his lordship’s head. Mr. Budd also said that there was something so powerful and menacing about Lambert’s hitting—standing, as he used to do, so as to cover much ground before his crease, and swinging his bat in a wide-sweeping circle—that it was rather trying to the nerves of a bowler. What we have related of Hammond was not the only danger to which Lord Frederick was exposed during his long career. He broke a finger at Nottingham, and was threatened with lock-jaw. He had been scolding Sherman for slack play, and the next ball that came to him Sherman threw hard with a vengeance.

‘Beagley and Caldecourt both said that his lordship was truly valuable as a general—not least because he was sure to be obeyed. Still, he was a perfect judge of the game; and, said Beagley, “he did find out a man’s hit so very soon,” and set his field to foil it without loss of time. Lord Frederick used to say of Budd, that he always wanted to win the game off one hit. The truth



was, Budd was a man of commanding strength and quickness, *audax viribus*, and he confessed to us—"I used to delight in hard hitting, and in seeing the ring obliged to fall back further and further as I warmed in my play. To step in to an overpitched ball, and drive with all the impetus of my heavy bat, weighing *three pounds* of good stuff, was my favourite play." Lord Frederick might naturally envy that dashing, powerful style, which was not in the nature of his play; yet his lordship was a compact, strongly-built man, large about the loins, and one of the best men at a hundred-yard race, of which he ran no small number—five feet nine inches high, and weighing about eleven stone and a half.

'Lord Frederick was one of the slowest of the slow bowlers of that day. Mr. Budd was certainly almost as slow as he could be to make good bowling, but Lord Frederick was slower still; but, being a good judge of play, pitching within an inch of where he desired to pitch, and with a delivery which caused a quick and abrupt rise, he was very effective, especially in days when "going in to hit" had not become the fashion. . . .

'Mr. Budd, holding an appointment in the War Office, played in all the great matches at Marylebone from the year 1805 to 1825. He then left London, but gladdened the eyes of many by making his appearance with the Wanstead Park Eleven in 1837. The success of his bowling in the first innings made the veteran rather chuckle at the thought of showing that old ways were sometimes best; but next innings Mr. Ward went in with Mr. Charles Taylor, and then Mr. Budd's game was up. Of course Mr. Ward knew all about it, having regularly encountered him for many years—not forgetting the occasion of his great innings. Mr. Budd played full fifty years in town and country, playing for Purton against Marlborough College as late as 1851, when, to his great disgust, some boy umpire gave the old man out "leg-before-wicket"—a thing next to impossible with Mr. Budd's style—and which, he declared, had never happened in his whole life.'



I end by quoting the description of Mr. Budd in old age from the pen of his friend Mr. Wheeler in 1867 :—  
‘When, in 1829, I first took up my abode at Swindon, I found Mr. Budd the cricket-king, and right happy seemed those subjected to his dominion. When he had reached fourscore years, I have often known him play the game in good style, on his own ground at Elcombe, though for some ten years before he had declined playing in matches. I have heard him say he could never recollect having lain awake half an hour from any vexation, having made up his mind that “what can’t be cured must be endured”; and after he had seen eighty summers, he has stated to me that he has never lain a-bed a day in his life through positive illness. Much of his exemption from disturbance may be attributed to his great love for, and indulgence in, athletic out-door amusements, in most of which his iron frame, muscular power, steady nerve, and quick eye, made him *au fait*. Though fond of hunting, he never liked coursing. In shooting, as well as cricket, I shall have something to say hereafter; but it may be as well here to state, that though he never actually published a challenge, it was well known among his sporting friends that he was prepared to back himself against any man in England (and it may, therefore, be said the world) for five manly sports—cricket, shooting, running, jumping, and sparring. Though his celebrity was more especially for the first of the five, I have heard him say, “If there is one thing I can do better than another, it is the last-named.” And I have good reason to believe that, rather than have missed a chance, he would have accommodated any gentleman by adding tennis and billiards, and thus make it seven events. In fact, he seemed to so excel in all he took in hand, that he was not averse to “go in” for almost anything in the “ring”.

‘When not engaged in any of the amusements referred to, he might for many years past, and still may, be found superintending his pets—canine, ovine, bovine, or por-



AN OLD CRICKETER

(Reproduced by permission from a painting in the possession  
of the M.C.C.)



cine. In the latter he has much excelled. As a florist he has had great local celebrity. His wallflower varieties have been notorious; while in forty years he had collected 20,000 tulips, tending them carefully and protecting the beds with awnings and other devices. At length the "sporting" he prized so much in his wallflowers, much to his annoyance set in with his tulips, while many of them failed to put in an appearance. It occurred to the owner that the failure in the tulips might be attributed to the vine and apricot roots, the trees of which, trained against the house-walls, had in the course of many years run out their roots to the tulip-beds. Unwilling to sacrifice the splendid crops of fruit which were generally produced, the tulips had to be removed. Mr. Budd has since then cared less for the tulip hobby he had so long ridden.'

In connexion with this happy athletic old gentleman let me quote Mr. Ffinch's cordial song 'The Fine Old English Cricketer', from the text given by Mr. Haygarth. Whether the poet had Mr. Budd in mind I know not; but let us think of him as we read it :—

## THE FINE OLD ENGLISH CRICKETER

Tune—'*The fine Old English Gentleman,*' or  
'*The Highland Home.*'

I'll sing you a good old song, made to a good old  
rhyme,  
Of a fine old English cricketer, who lov'd his old  
pastime;  
Who deemed it nothing better than the very greatest  
crime  
That cricket should be e'er forgot in any age or clime.  
Oh! the fine old English cricketer, &c.

His house so old was hung around with bats, and  
stumps, and balls,  
And many scores of games played out were placed  
against the walls,  
And many books were laid about, in which with care  
he wrote  
The names and style of playing of each cricketer of  
note.

Oh ! the fine, &c.

And who, like him, could hand the bat at this old  
English game,  
And who could bowl such good length-balls, with such  
continued aim ?  
At point, long-stop, long-leg, or slip, all equally the  
same—  
And whoe'er took the wicket, that could rival him in  
fame ?

Oh ! this fine, &c.

When a winter's blast blew keenly past, this good old-  
fashioned soul  
Would *bale* his goblet brimful from a rare old-fashioned  
*bowl* ;  
He lov'd full well to sing or tell of some contested  
match ;  
And oft would he declare with glee he ne'er had  
missed a *catch*.

Oh ! this fine, &c.

And so it was when good old age, like snow, had  
blanched his hair,  
That youthful heat yet warmed his heart—no coldness  
e'er dwelt there ;  
And when, at length, his *stumps* gave way, yet still  
would he repair  
The game to see, or umpire be, though seated in  
a chair.

Oh ! this fine, &c.

## THE FINE OLD ENGLISH CRICKETER 241

But life's a game which all must play, and none can  
ever doubt  
That though for years we may keep *in*, we must at  
length go *out*.  
When eighty and ten notches full this rare old man  
had scored,  
He fell. The rich and poor his loss most bitterly  
deplored.

Oh ! this fine, &c. .

The *bat* now flits o'er his remains—near yonder church  
they lie ;  
Go—mark ! this simple epitaph will surely meet your  
eye :  
' Here lies an honest cricketer, who never heaved  
a sigh,  
Save when he found that some old friend had passed  
his *wicket* by.'

Oh ! this fine, &c.

But tho' he's gone, yet still let us all imitate his  
ways—  
Like him respected live and die, blest with each good  
man's praise.  
Our good old games we'll cherish still, and prize them  
one and all,  
And 'cricket ne'er shall be forgot while we can play  
a ball.'

Oh ! this fine, &c.

Mr. Budd died at Rose Cottage, Wroughton, in  
Wiltshire, on March 29th, 1875, aged ninety.

And here comes to an end this rambling history of a  
simple folk, Nyren's friends and contemporaries, fathers  
of the game. That the charge of triviality may be  
brought against it I am quite prepared to learn ; but  
their very triviality is part of the attraction of these  
old records. I like to think that Mr. Haygarth thought



it worth while to gather together with such patience and industry his facts about obscure villagers whose only claim on his notice was that they were adepts at hitting a ball or bowling one. How well, according to our modern standards, they played we shall never know ; but we know that they played as well as they could, and, so doing, laid the foundations not only of sound cricket theory, but of sound cricket character. The game has always assayed very thoroughly, and only the fittest survive.

That cricket would ever reach the place that it holds to day among English Industries, and that it would be keeping feverishly busy so many editors and pens, telegraph wires and printing machines, is a result probably never dreamed of by any one mentioned in this book ; nor is it too much esteemed by some who will read these pages. It was a little in the hope that such might find rest in the backward glance to the old leisurely days of cricket that I have compiled the work—probably, when all is said, quite as much for my own pleasure as any one else's.

## ENGLAND, PAST AND PRESENT

1770—1900.

(After reading Nyren's *Young Cricketer's Tutor*)

BUT for an hour to watch them play,  
 Those heroes dead and gone,  
 And pit our batsmen of to-day  
 With those of Hambledon!  
 Our *Graces*, *Nyrens*, *Studds*, and *Wards*,  
 In weeks of sunny weather,  
 Somewhere upon Elysian swards,  
 To see them matched together!

Could we but see how *Small* withstands  
 The three-foot break of *Steel*,  
 If *Silver Billy's* 'wondrous hands'  
 Survive with *Briggs* or *Peel*!  
 If *Mann*, with all his pluck of yore,  
 Can keep the leather rolling,  
 And, at a crisis, notch a score,  
 When *Woods* and *Hearne* are bowling!

No doubt the *Doctor* would bewitch  
 His quaint top-hatted foes,  
 Though, on a deftly chosen pitch,  
 Old *Harris* bowled his slows;  
 And *Aylward*, if the asphodel  
 Had made the wicket bumpy,  
 Would force the game with *Attewell*,  
 And *Stoddart* collar '*Lumpy*'

When Time of all our flannelled hosts  
Leaves only the renown,  
Our cracks, perhaps, may join the ghosts  
That roam on Windmill Down,  
Where shadowy crowds will watch the strife,  
And cheer the deeds of wonder  
Achieved by giants whom in life  
A century kept asunder.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

*'The ball is over, gentlemen.'*

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